

LIFE

PT SKIPPERS

THEIR STORY IN THIS ISSUE

MAY 10, 1943 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

These are the things we are fighting for



...the fields we have plowed...the home we have built...
the land that we love

Some day we will again be making the Community Silverware you love, but now all our skills and facilities are being devoted to the war that must be fought and won. Meanwhile, in messages like this, we try to express the things for which America is fighting.*

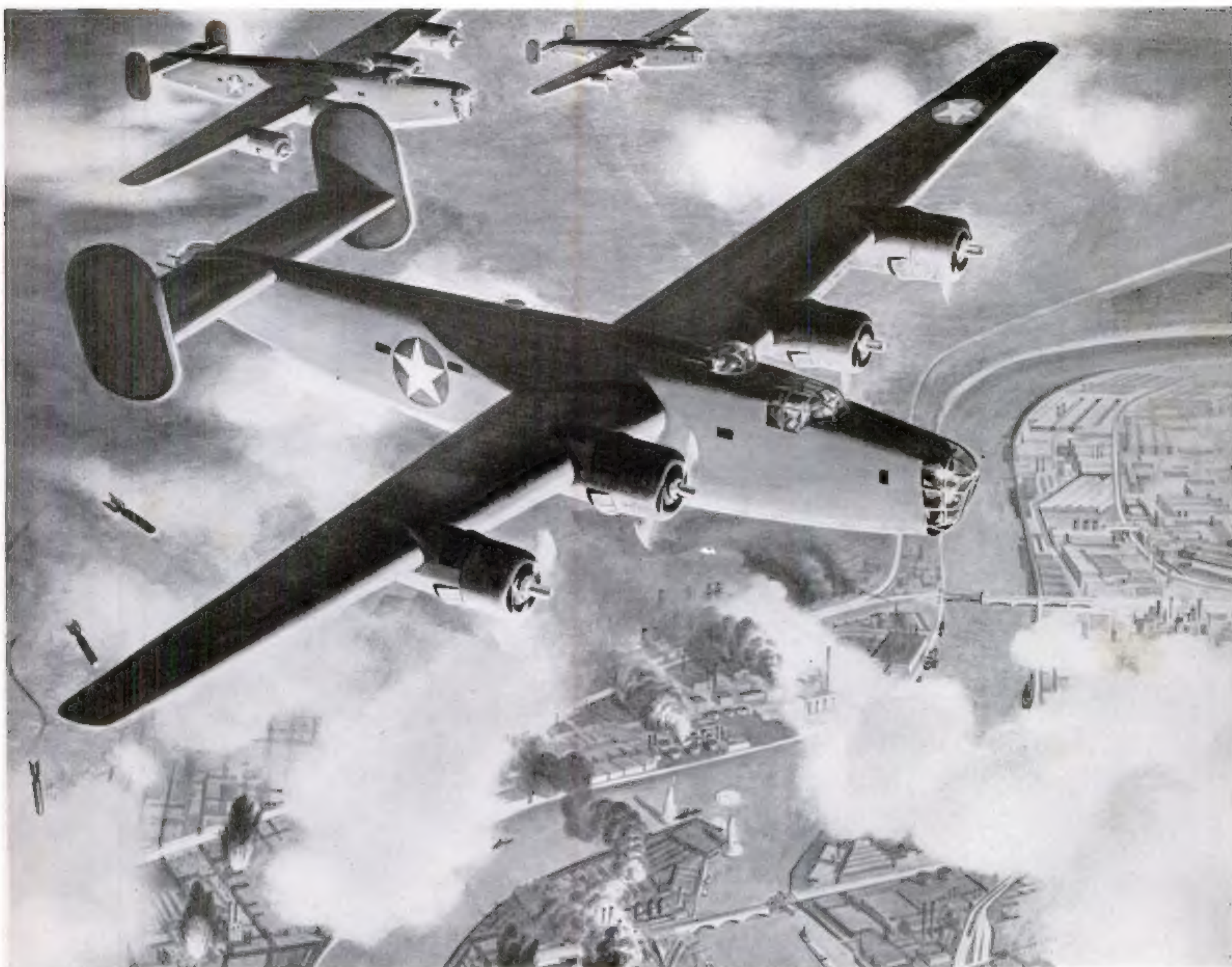


*TRADEMARK

**ARMY-NAVY "E" AWARDED
TO ONEIDA LTD.**

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POWERING THE BOMBERS OF VICTORY

With Chevrolet-Built Pratt & Whitney Engines

For many months, Chevrolet craftsmen have been hard at work on the manufacture of Pratt & Whitney engines for America's powerful bombers and fighting planes.

Chevrolet's production schedule, already large, was recently increased *five-fold*.

It's important to build these engines quickly—and in great quantities—but it's even more important to build with quality. For our fighting men want their equipment *ready* and they also want it *right*.

At least, that is the way we of Chevrolet feel about all the many different kinds of war equipment we are manufacturing

today; and you may be certain we are meeting the demand for quality, just as we are meeting the demand for quantity.

For example, in every Pratt & Whitney airplane engine we build there are over 6,000 individual parts. *Over 6,000 of them!* And our engineers, craftsmen and supervisors handle every part with surpassing care—hold it to the finest limits of precision.

So . . . when our fighting men fly a bomber powered by Chevrolet-built Pratt & Whitney engines, or use any other type of Chevrolet-built equipment . . . they will find that it serves with a fidelity matching their own.



CHEVROLET
DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS



This One



GQG2-T6F-2296

He loves his old Jeep more than Me



THE GIRL: Here I am, the very picture of dainty, feminine allure, and he spends his time fooling around with that puddle jumper!

US: Maybe you just look dainty, my dear! The big secret is knowing how to be dainty, too . . . knowing the secret of bathing body odor away, the feminine way . . .

THE GIRL: The feminine way? There's no such thing! Doesn't a soap to remove body odor have to have that strong, "mannish" smell to be effective?

US: Not this one, honey . . . here's a truly gentle, truly feminine soap that leaves you alluringly scented . . . and daily use absolutely stops all body odor! Try it and see . . .



US: Y' see, the rich, fragrant lather of today's Cashmere Bouquet Soap is specially-made, and it bathes away every trace of body odor instantly!

THE GIRL: Bless me, it's true! Such creamy suds . . . and — m-m-m — I love that heavenly perfume! Smells like \$20 an ounce!

US: (proudly) Yes — that's Cashmere Bouquet's famous "fragrance men love"! And remember . . . not even the most "mannish" soaps can remove perspiration better than feminine Cashmere Bouquet!

THE GIRL: Hope I'm as irresistible as I feel! My soldier-boy's comin' callin' in that Jeep again today!



THE GIRL: Now he's got his Jeep and me too. Does Cashmere Bouquet guarantee marriage proposals every time?

US: Your own loveliness guaranteed the proposal, dear girl . . . Cashmere Bouquet just insures the perfection of tender moments by guarding your daintiness.

THE GIRL: Whoops! You could hardly call this a tender moment . . . but we are on our way to the preacher's!

US: Then there'll be tender moments every day from now on . . . if you remember the secret of Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

Stay dainty each day...
with **Cashmere Bouquet**

THE SOAP WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS FRANCO'S SPAIN

Sirs:

Your excellent article on Franco's Spain (LIFE, April 18) should prove of immeasurable help in enabling your readers to tell our friends from our enemies. *Appeasement's Child*, mentioned by you, gives an account of Franco's regime which dispels the illusion that fascism necessarily implies order and efficiency. Spain is today a land of chaos as well as brutality. But to dispel another illusion, the Catholic Church is by no means 100% pro-Franco. The Basque people, for example, are devout Catholics and were ardent Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War. Priests protested against the cruelty of Franco's revenge upon his fellow countrymen.

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD
Hingham, Mass.

Sirs:

At a time when the Government of the U. S. is pursuing a policy of friendliness with Spain, when by your own admission nine of Franco's 26 divisions in Spanish Morocco threaten the Americans in North Africa, your article on Spain is not only in extreme bad taste but very dangerous.

REV. JOHN B. STOKES
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

More fearful, more chilling and more horrible than all the gruesome pictures you have published of men rotting in the fields of battle, is the rotting of the human soul pictured in your article "Spain Shows the Fascist Post-War World."

That article will be of inestimable value in rallying the forces of democracy in the Americas. Many Latin Americans read LIFE in English and many more look at its pictures. We know that a publication as successful as LIFE must reflect the feelings of a very high percentage of the North American people. We welcome, indeed, your bold denunciation of Franco's "Spanish State."

During the past hundred years we Latin Americans have fought against the regular troops of the King of Spain and won our political independence. We fought against the medieval practice of putting the religion of the greatest champion the common people ever had at the service of the privileged classes and won our own hearts and souls. We won the right to worship God without having our Church subordinated to the State, or our Government subordinated to the Church.

We had to pay a high price in blood and almost abandon our economic development in the struggle to establish the spiritual basis of our civilization. Now, in the 20th Century, when we thought we could develop our resources to give our children a richer and more wholesome life, we saw our old enemy appearing again. This time in Europe — streamlined, with new names and modernized ideologies, but with the same old stench of medievalism and contempt for the people.

When I say "we" I am not talking about the few articulate intellectuals, but about *el pueblo*, the ordinary people of South America. As captain of a Colombian warship I knew my seamen as I know my own children — and loved them as well. I could see their worried, puzzled faces as they asked me to explain the news of the Spanish Civil War. They felt and understood the meaning of the struggle of the Spanish people to defend hard-won liberties. We were refitting our ship in a Brazilian dockyard at the mouth of the Amazon River when news arrived of the siege of Madrid. Silently, without speeches, apparently without emotion, my boys gathered what they had of their pay and asked me to change it to pounds sterling and send it to Madrid.

Sometime later, in October 1937, my ship was riding at anchor at Cartagena, Colombia. I was surprised to hear from my own foredeck the men cheering to

(continued on p. 4)

FOOT-O-GRAPHS



To ease the shock of speedy take-offs, modern fighter planes are equipped with special resilient pads behind the pilot's head.



Your feet need protection, too. Cushion the constant pounding of extra wartime walking with Porto-Ped Air Cushioned Shoes.



THE REX
Model 2276-3
Tan Calf

\$7.85
Some Styles
Higher

Get the most foot-protection with your ration stamp by turning it in for Porto-Ped Air Cushioned Shoes. From the very first day, you'll enjoy the greater comfort of the resilient air cushion — plus the support given by the exclusive Arch Lift. See your Portage Dealer for Porto-Peds, or write us for his name. Portage Shoe Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.



PORTO-PED
Air Cushioned SHOES
by PORTAGE



IN THE summer of 1937, Lieutenant John K. W.,*, junior officer in a CCC camp near Jamestown, Tenn., was hit by lightning. When he woke in a hospital, the silence was oppressive. Doctors came in, and nurses . . . but not a sound. It got on his nerves, and when in answer to his insistent queries, his nurse wrote on a pad that he had been hit by lightning and was deaf, Lt. W., in his best drillmaster's voice, roared that when you're hit by lightning you're *dead*, not deaf!

Fortunately, Lt. W. . . . was very much alive, but his hearing was seriously impaired and he was honorably discharged to the reserve. With the common sense of youth, he decided that he wasn't going to let his hearing trouble stand in his way. So he got a Sonotone, went into the real estate business, and in his spare time served as a Captain and adjutant in the Georgia State Guard. He was getting along so well that when, after Pearl Harbor, he applied for active service, he was able to prove his fitness and was restored to duty. Today he is a company commander in a Port Battalion of the Transportation Corps.

Lt. W. . . . 's experience is especially stimulating on two counts. One is his sane, sensible facing of the fact that his hearing was damaged and that it *could* be helped by scientific means. No false pride about wearing a hearing aid got in his way. The other is how little his hearing trouble really interfered with his activity, owing largely to the promptness with which he sought medical and scientific help. He didn't let himself get in the habit of being deaf!

One lesson this war is teaching many patriotic Americans is that hearing difficulties are no longer insurmountable. Today thousands of men and women are serving in the armed forces or working in America's war plants, thanks to that "little black button" that brings *better* hearing. See your doctor, and then, if you need a hearing aid, visit the nearest Sonotone office.

*Name omitted in accordance with medical principles



If you wish to have an Audiogram made of your hearing, look in your local 'phone book under SONOTONE for the address of the nearest of Sonotone's 142 offices and come in. Or write Sonotone Corporation, Elmsford, N. Y. In Canada, write 229 Yonge Street, Toronto. In England, write 144 Wigmore Street, London, W. 1.

© 1942 Sonotone Corp.

How to get the Vitamins you need in spite of Food Rationing

JUST FOLLOW THESE TWO SIMPLE RULES!

1. Get all the vitamins Government experts say are essential
2. Get them in the balanced formula doctors endorse

VIMMS MEET THESE RULES!

But that's not *all* Vimms do. They give you ALL THE MINERALS COMMONLY LACKING!

For Vimms are not just another vitamin tablet. They are scientifically designed to help make rationed meals *complete*!



Youngsters love Vimms (and so do grown-ups) because they taste so good. They're easy to swallow, too. So there's no sense in letting any member of your family get tired, nervous, run-down because of a vitamin-deficient diet. Vimms cost only a nickel a day in the Family Size. No calories, non-fattening. *Lever Brothers Co., Pharmaceutical Div., Cambridge, Mass.*

See what 3 Vimms a day supply

(in terms of a good food source of each vitamin and mineral)

| Vitamin A as much as in | Vitamin B ₁ as much as in | Vitamin B ₆ (G) as much as in | Vitamin C as much as in | Vitamin D as much as in | Vitamin P-P (Biotin, Nicotinamide) as much as in | Calcium as much as in | Phosphorus as much as in | Iron as much as in |
|----------------------------|---|---|----------------------------|----------------------------|--|--------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 20 pats. BUTTER | 3/4 lb. cooked LIVER | 1/2 QUART MILK | 5 oz. TOMATO JUICE | 2 TSP. COD LIVER OIL | 1/2 lb. STEAK | 1 1/2" AMER. CHEESE | 1 1/2 EGGS | 2 cups SPINACH |

All the vitamins known to be essential and all the minerals commonly lacking. 24 tablets 50¢; 96 tablets \$1.75; 288 tablets \$5.00... At your Druggist's.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

the strange cry of *Viva el Presidente Roosevelt*. Newspapers had arrived on the supply boat carrying a full account of your President's speech against dictators. The men were cheering and when they saw me, one of them handed me the paper saying, "Mi Capitan, look who is on our side!"

That is the chief reason why the Latin American nations are for you in this war. You are "on our side." By "us" I don't mean the "super-cultured South American" with whom you must be fed up by this time, but the 80% to 90% of the people who are too busy working for a living to be lecturers or writers or goodwill ambassadors. That great invisible Latin America which feels ever closer to the North Americans because they have made life clean and decent and free for ordinary people like themselves.

Your article, showing keen North American understanding of one of the cardinal issues of this war, and coming at a time when another North American has won our affection by speaking our language and grinning his way into our hearts, is an immeasurable contribution that the American people make through their press toward Western Hemisphere solidarity.

CARLOS FALLON

Chicago, Ill.

MISSIMO'S RECEPTION

Sirs:

In the April 19 LIFE you show Madame Chiang Kai-shek during her visit to Hollywood. But despite her enthusiastic reception there and in New York (LIFE, March 15), the Missimo was re-



YOUNG MISSIMO FANS

ceived with more sheer fervor in San Francisco than anywhere else, since San Francisco has the largest Chinese population of any city outside the Orient.

The enclosed picture is a snapshot which I took of a few of the Missimo's younger admirers during the parade in her honor.

CONSTANCE PHILLIPS

San Francisco, Calif.

NO. 1 ILLUSTRATOR

Sirs:

In your April 19 issue you mentioned that Gladys Rockmore Davis is the wife of America's No. 1 illustrator, Floyd Davis. This is the first time I have ever seen the No. 1 illustrator called that in cold type, although many of his fellow illustrators have called him that among themselves. Either Norman Rockwell or Harold von Schmidt could have been called No. 1 without encountering much opposition. However, because of his versatility, I think few will quarrel with your designation of Davis for the No. 1 spot.

Most of your art articles are about the so-called fine arts. Your readers get the impression that the "art for art's sake" boys are the most important contemporary artists, yet any top-flight illustrator has as much talent, imagination and integrity as any of them.

GLEN FLEISCHMANN

New Rochelle, N. Y.

As Reader Fleischmann argues, the line between illustrator and painter has never been sharply drawn. Other artists regard Floyd Davis as one of the better easel painters as well as No. 1 illustrator.—ED.

(continued on p. 6)



Debutante... 1940 style... she stays sweeter with NEET!

Stay Sweet... Get NEET!

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is answering the call to arms... the arms of thousands of war-active women who need more than ever the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

New Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, stainless, greaseless cosmetic-type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

Try New Neet Cream Deodorant today! Won't dry in jar, 10¢ and 29¢ sizes, plus tax.

KEEP NEAT WITH...



Let yourself be won over to Tampax

Think of all the women who treasure it for its great "help" every month

Some women positively regret the month or two they may have hesitated about Tampax—longing for the freedom it promised but wondering a little, too. Yet millions of women—women much like you—now regard Tampax as one of the greatest helps in the field of modern hygiene. Tampax was perfected by a doctor. It is trim, dainty and comfortable—pure surgical cotton worn internally. Think of the difference—no belts or pins, no bulge, no chafing, no odor. And no embarrassing disposal problem. Tampax is sold in 3 absorbencies at all drug stores and notion counters. Don't miss another month. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

"Promise that a few good headlines won't make you complacent. Promise you'll work like hell to make up for lost equipment rusting away in the cold, black depths of the Atlantic!

"Think of the fellows fighting fever, filth and the enemy... Their only quitting signal will come with death or victory.

"Read the casualty lists... read 'em aloud to yourself... then work, Brother, work and pray.

"But that's not all... not by a long sight!

"Promise to have a good America waiting when I return. This time I'll want a job instead of your dimes... this time I'll want peace which is lasting... a world that's designed for living together. I'll want freedom and bread... justice and plumbing... equality and a stout pair of shoes!

"It's up to you thinking people back home to see that I get 'em. Out here, we're too busy fighting to do anything about it!"

They're beginning to ask these things... fighting Americans all over the world. They are reasonable and just. They must be answered.

One small way that every one of us can help is by buying more War Bonds... bonds to put weapons on the production lines... bonds to provide jobs for the men who come back! War Bonds to help win the Victory... War Bonds to help win the Peace!

For 48 years Stromberg-Carlson has been developing communications equipment that is reliable... that is durable. Today we've turned this skill entirely to war production. We're proud to be numbered among the concerns who have won the Army-Navy "E" Award. We're doing our utmost for Victory... But we're also thinking of tomorrow, when we'll make radios and communications equipment for you... and the entire world. We hope our products will play a part in breaking down the barriers of language and distance that have cost the world so much grief in the past. We know the world will be smaller for it... we believe the world will be better for it.

In Radios, Telephones, Sound Systems
... There Is Nothing Finer Than a

STROMBERG-CARLSON

© 1942, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Pequot pays a tribute to SOLDIERS IN HOUSEDRESSES



**Be proud—if your "uniform"
is a housedress!**

WHEN a great nation goes to war, many must serve at home. Our children must grow up sturdily. Meals must be prepared—from less food. Clothes must be provided—but fewer new ones.

These are your problems. And you've buckled to them with the courage and patriotism of the fighting soldier.

More foods rationed? You're planting Victory gardens, studying nutrition charts, canning, preserving.

More and more Pequots going to soldiers? You'll guard yours more vigilantly, wash and iron them more carefully.

To Pequot, as well, have come new problems. Not sheets alone—but many other fabrics are needed by our fighting forces.

Fortunately, Pequot has had long, long experience in weaving sturdy fabrics. This

skill we rejoice to place at the country's disposal. More than we'd have thought possible a year or so ago, Pequot has expanded production.

Still—some Pequots for you

Some Pequots for home use are still being made. If you must buy sheets, you'll want Pequots more than ever. Because more than ever you need the extraordinary wear in which Pequot specializes.

Pequot is conscious of your needs—proud of your confidence—determined to serve you to the limit of our capacity.

War or no war, the quality of Pequot sheets remains the same.

PEQUOT MILLS, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

BUY ONLY NECESSITIES—
and the first and the greatest necessity to invest in, for our future safety, is—
WAR BONDS.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Sirs:

I was very much interested in the cover of the April 19 LIFE showing the pathos in the faces of Lieutenant and Mrs. John Hancock Spear at the time



LIEUT. AND MRS. SPEAR

of Lieutenant Spear's departure for Camp Blanding, Fla.

I had the pleasure of photographing this couple at their wedding (see picture) which took place just four days before the departure. Being the beginning and not the end of the story, the expressions are in sharp contrast to the one published.

ROLAND CHILTON JR.

Ridgewood, N. J.

Sirs:

In the April 19 issue of LIFE you show pictures of the war-jammed concourse of Pennsylvania Station. You may be interested in this picture which



STATION IN PEACE & WAR

I took of the concourse Nov. 11, 1941 at 11 a. m. to show how such scenes contrast with peacetime activity there.

HARRY S. BLOOM

Corpus Christi, Texas

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Sirs:

Your Picture of the Week for April 19, "Uniformed Waves at a New York style show gaze upon the forbidden fruit of fashion," is most timely and appropriate. However, the caption does an injustice to one of the newest, most energetic and most needed branches of the armed services.

The young lady second from left in the spectator group is not a Wave but a Spar. The Spars as you should know,

(continued on p. 8)



**FAST! CLEAR!
CONVENIENT!
TICONDEROGA WRITTEN
V-MAIL**

Write your V-Mail with a pencil—a Ticonderoga pencil! Ticonderogas are fast, convenient, dependable as V-Mail itself. Just as Uncle Sam gets your V-Mail there in half the time, a Ticonderoga pencil enables you to write it with half as much energy as with an ordinary pencil. And remember, your fighting man will write more often if you send him a box of Ticonderogas.

A fine American Pencil
with a fine American name...

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 43-15, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

*Smooth fingernails
save nose*

• We know you'll understand if your favorite store can't supply you with the La Cross manicure implement of your choice. For the same skill that yesterday made La Cross implements America's finest, today goes into the making of vital surgical instruments for the armed forces.

No. 343 Nail File.
Smooth action—leaves
no rough edges to snag
nose—45¢

La Cross

AMERICA'S FINEST MANICURE IMPLEMENTS

Schnefel Bros. Corporation, Newark, N. J. • Est. 1903



"A.E.F. AFRICA"

Because MARLIN BLADES are popular in the armed forces, we suggest—make yours last longer!

The Marlin Firearms Co.

PEQUOT  **SHEETS**

"Leave me out of this. I'm only the Mother-in-Law!"

1. **KATE:** Mama, will you please tell me how this brilliant lawyer of a husband can be such a nit of a wit about shirts?

MAMA: Don't worry your pretty head, Kate. If he's ninny enough to wear tight shirts, let him. It's *his* neck.



2. **KATE:** But he *doesn't* wear 'em. He tosses 'em and gets new ones. From where I sit it looks just plain everyday unpatriotic. It takes valuable men and materials to make new shirts... Besides I'm very fond of his neck.

JIM: I object! How should *I* know whether a shirt will shrink or not?



3. **MAMA:** Objection overruled! If you had the sense to look for the "Sanforized" label on your shirts, they'd fit *right*—not for just a week, not for just a year, but *forever*.

KATE: Can the corn, Mama, and tell him the facts of life. The "Sanforized" label means the fabric *cannot* and *will not* shrink more than one paltry per cent!

JIM: Ringing in new evidence, eh? Pretty snide, bride.

Look for the "Sanforized" label on all washables. It's your assurance that the fabric can't shrink more than 1% in men's and women's work clothes...men's shirts, shorts, pajamas...women's sportswear, housedresses, slips...boys' and girls' washables...slip covers and draperies.



4. **MAMA:** New evidence, my foot! They've had "Sanforized" labels on washables for years. We gals get wash dresses, slips and what-not with the "Sanforized" label.

KATE: Now let that be a lesson to you. *BUT* don't go buying a dozen shirts with the "Sanforized" label. *Buy only what you need*—but look for the label!

JIM: Boy, they could sure use gals like you in Washington!

•SANFORIZED•

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

AVOID WASTE ... GET PERMANENT FIT ... LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

"See-ability" tells the tale...



THE LITTLE LADY is having fun now, but at the same time, she is proving how priceless "See-ability" is for little folks. They need good light for study and for play. By following the suggestions here, you can have good light, and still conserve lamps for our war effort.



This is a wasteful way of using light—the lamp is too far away, and shadows on the paper are cutting down "See-ability." The next picture shows how the lamp should be placed—close to the table, lighting it without shadows, without glare, and without waste. Fur-



ther suggestions on making your present lamps do more work are included in a booklet "How To Get More Light For Your Money." Write to the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Department S-3, Bloomfield, N. J.

Wartime demands thrifty use of lamp bulbs. To get the most value from them, keep shades, bulbs, and reflectors clean. Turn out lamps when not in use. When necessary, replace with long lasting Westinghouse Mazda Lamps.

Westinghouse
★ MAZDA LAMPS ★
FOR GREATER "SEE-ABILITY"



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

are the women's branch of the U. S. Coast Guard and can be readily distinguished from their Wave sisters by the Coast Guard insignia worn on the collar lapels, and further by the shield worn on the right cuff. The Spar pictured is an ensign.

GORDON FOERESTER

U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary
Seattle, Wash.

● LIFE's apologies to the Coast Guard and Spars.—ED.

TWO GOOD FRIENDS

Sirs:

Noel Busch's "Two Good Friends or The Old Dead Tree" (LIFE, April 19) is the wittiest piece of correspondence I have read in years. There is too little of this kind of stuff from our many correspondents abroad.

WILLIAM S. ANDRE

Moline, Ill.

Sirs:

Mr. Noel Busch's four photographs of the Egyptians and the old dead tree do not support his story.

There are several trees in the pictures which serve as excellent sundials, notably the very tall royal palm. The angle



GOOD FRIENDS AND TREE

which the shadow of the latter makes with the edge of the lawn is almost the same in all four pictures.

If Mr. Busch took the first picture at 8 a. m., then by 4 p. m. the sun would have been shining right in his eyes. If all four pictures were indeed taken on the same day, then they were all snapped inside of half an hour at most, so the Egyptians were not so slow after all.

STANLEY A. OKELL

Cranford, N. J.

Sirs:

Noel Busch's fascination with the Egyptian tree incident must have been shared by the celestial bodies. Even the sun stood still for eight hours!

ARTHUR SALZER

Jamaica, N. Y.

Sirs:

It appears that Busch overlooked the biggest scoop in Cairo, and the whole world for that matter.

GRANT A. PURINGTON

Jersey City, N. J.

Sirs:

... Confidentially, I think Egypt you.

HENRY DE BRITO

New York, N. Y.

● Mr. Busch, who has only recently taken up photography, will learn from sharp-eyed LIFE readers that it is less flexible than writing for storytelling purposes.—ED.



TAKE A TIP FROM UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING MEN

Whenever skin or foot comfort is at stake use this long-established health and comfort powder. It absorbs perspiration—it soothes irritated tissues—it guards against bacterial growth. Now in use by Army, Navy and Marines all over the world.



ON SALE
AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S
**TRIPLE ACTION
AMMEN'S
POWDER**
It's better because
• it's ABSORBENT
• ANALGESIC
• ANTISEPTIC
CHARLES AMMEN
COMPANY, LTD.
Alexandria
Louisiana, U. S. A.

A Testimonial for a Razor Blade FROM A WOMAN!

My husband never looked shaver. One day I brought him a sample Pal Blade. Now he uses them all the time—gets the best and cleanest shaves he ever had.

Mrs. Lannon Chapman
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



The Secret! HOLLOW GRINDING for
"FEATHER-TOUCH" shaving.

PAL

"hollow-ground"
RAZOR BLADES



4 for 10¢

10 for 25¢

Double or
Single Edge

Pal Blade Co., 595 Madison Ave., N. Y.

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer



This girl is proud of her shiny nose

ORDINARILY the very thought of a shiny nose would make this girl scream

Between 8 and 5 at Agfa Ansco . . . she's proud of it.

Because she knows that Ansco film has such an unusually sensitive surface, that even one tiny speck of powder could mar it.

That speck of powder might spoil a prize shot for you or . . . even more important . . . hide an important salient

on an aerial reconnaissance film. So she wears no powder.

A fairly *simple* precaution . . . but *necessary* to insure the consistently better performance of Ansco films.

To folks who want that *little extra* in their pictures, this is all important.

For *little extras* have made Agfa Ansco quality a lasting quality. A hundred years of quality . . . A *little better* than top quality. Ask the professionals.

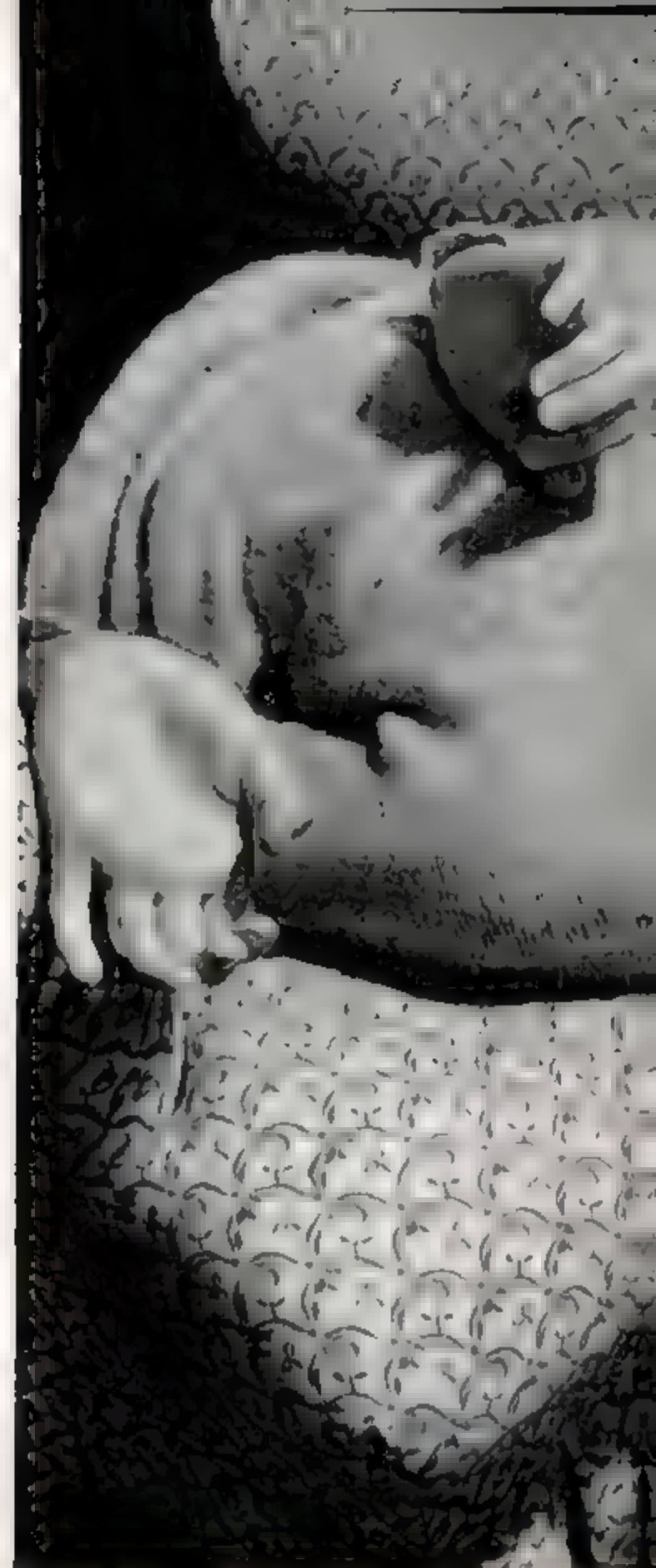
Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. Made in U. S. A.

**Agfa
Ansco**

Keep your eye on Ansco—first with the finest



DOROTHY MCGUIRE SHOWS HOW HOLLYWOOD, IF PERMITTED, MIGHT USE A SWEATER IN "THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"

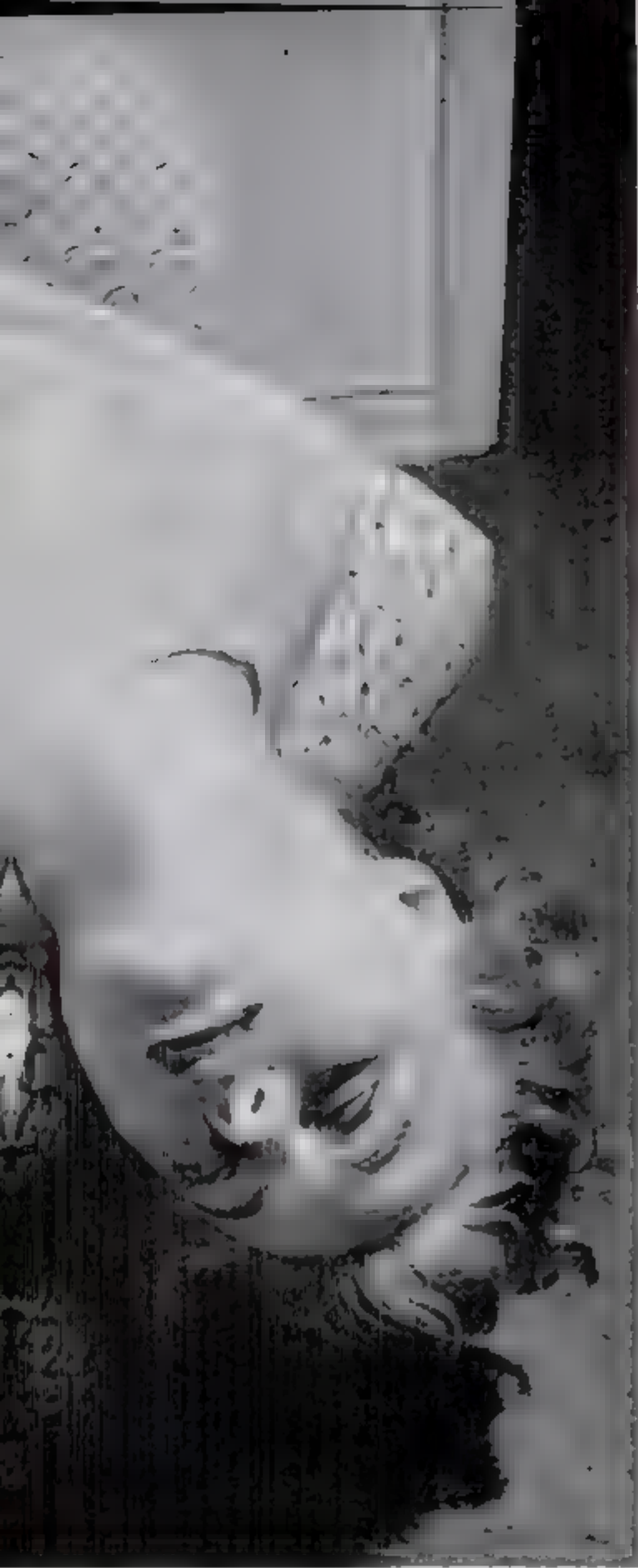


DOROTHY DEMONSTRATES HOW SWEATER COULD FIT INTO

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . THESE LIFTED THE HOLLYWOOD SWEATER BAN





GLAMOR! PHOTOGRAPHY OF GEORGE HURRELL SCHOOL.

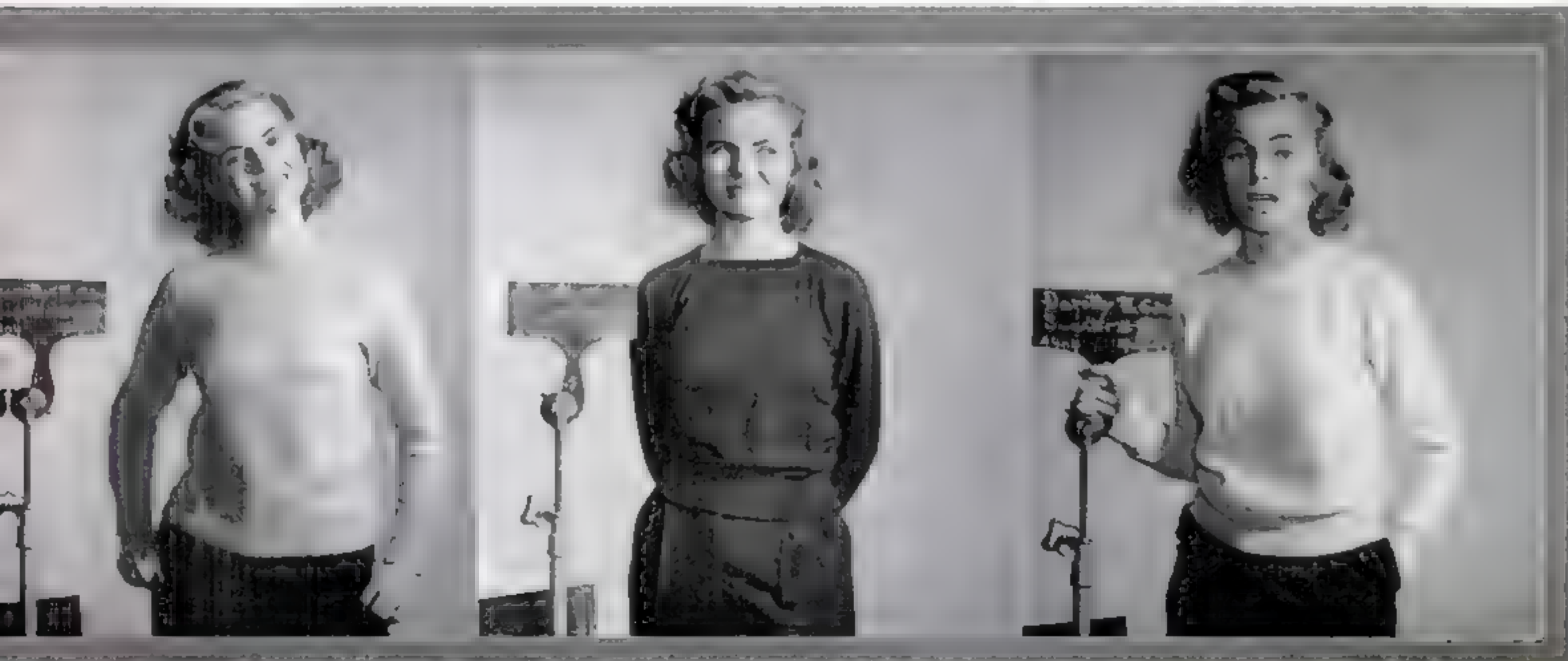


SHE SHOWS SWEATER COULD ALSO BE USED IN BURLESQUE TEASE, THOUGH IT IS POORLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THIS

When Dorothy McGuire arrived in Hollywood recently to play the title role of *Claudia*, she faced a curious dilemma. Claudia is a sweater girl. A sweater is virtually the trademark of Rose Franken's famous heroine, and hence of Miss McGuire who created the role on Broadway and has played it so long and brilliantly that she is almost indistinguishable from Claudia. But the Hays office has banned sweat-

ers on the screen since the early days of Lana Turner. Miss McGuire, to be sure, is not naturally fitted to be a sweater girl by Hollywood standards. And the loose, sloppy, college-style sweaters she wears are not what the Hays office objects to. But sweaters—any sweaters—were banned. Twentieth Century-Fox *Claudia*'s studio, resolved this dilemma by submitting a screen test of Miss

McGuire in six of her sloppiest sweaters (*below*). After one look the Hays office lifted its ban without a murmur, a tacit tribute to the unassailable innocence of Claudia and Miss McGuire. LIFE's Johnny Floren, who watched the test, asked Miss McGuire to demonstrate what might happen if this exception brought the sweater back into general movie use. The pictures shown above are the result.



"At last I've made Dad say 'Uncle'!"

Now that Ed's away so much, Dad drops in extra-often to help me run things. (He's been telling mother how, for years!) This morning, he found me just putting my sheets in to soak.

"Not going to wash those today, honey?" he asked.
"Your mother always soaks sheets overnight..."

"Fifteen minutes is my limit," I told him. "Long soaking softens the fibers, and dirt settles in, and you have to scrub to get it out. That's hard on sheets. Me—I'm making my precious Cannon Percales last long as I possibly can."

"Sounds like a one-girl conservation campaign," Dad grinned.

"Is," I said. "Don't you know? The government wants everybody to make everything last and last. Including sheets! I'll bet even mother doesn't know half the sheet-saving tricks I've scouted out!"

Dad eyed me. "Quite a change in you!"

I couldn't resist showing off. "You should see how I baby my precious Cannon Percale Sheets! I lift 'em gently off the bed instead of yanking. And the minute I find a tear or worn spot—presto!—it's mended."

"That's plain horse sense," Dad said. "If that's all..."

"Lots more to it," I bragged. "Watch me wash. 5 to 8 minutes in the machine and 3 or 4 rinses to get all the soap out. And look—want to help me hang my sheets in the sun to bleach? Just fold 'em hem to hem, and pin 'em with the fold hanging over—oh, about a foot."

"I'm going to bring your mother over to see this!" chuckled Dad.

I beamed. "Bring her this afternoon, and I'll trot out my ironing tricks. Never too hot an iron—might cause 'hidden scorch.' No pressing directly on the folds. And my pet system for rotating sheets so they'll all get equal wear—I put just-washed ones on top of the pile, and take off from the bottom!"

"Uncle!" shouted Dad, reaching for his wallet. "A smart girl like you deserves a reward! Get yourself some more sheets..."

"Put back your cash, sir!" I said sternly. "I wouldn't dream of buying sheets I don't really need—not in wartime. Nobody who's patriotic would. But if I did desperately need sheets, I'd buy Cannon Percales all over again. So smooth—m-m! So soft—m-m! And at that, they cost just about the same as heavy-duty muslin!"

"Think they'll last you, then?" Dad asked.

"My Cannon Percales are good for lots more wear!" I told him. "They're woven with 25% more threads per inch than the best-quality muslins. And percale's lighter, you know. Easy for me to wash. And if I sent 'em out,



they'd actually save money at average pound laundry rates!"

"Any last words?" Dad twinkled.

"If I had a platform, I'd say to everybody: don't buy sheets unless you honest-to-goodness have to! But when you must buy, choose a name you can trust for everything you can't see for yourself in a sheet. For instance, the Cannon name. (You know those marvelous Cannon towels!) With that good beginning, it's a cinch to make your sheets last—and last—and LAST!"

Cannon also makes an economy muslin sheet—well-constructed, long-wearing—a splendid value! Cannon Mills, Inc., New York, N. Y.



Cannon Percale Sheets

Made by the makers of Cannon Towels and Hosiery

★
FOR VICTORY
BUY
U. S.
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)

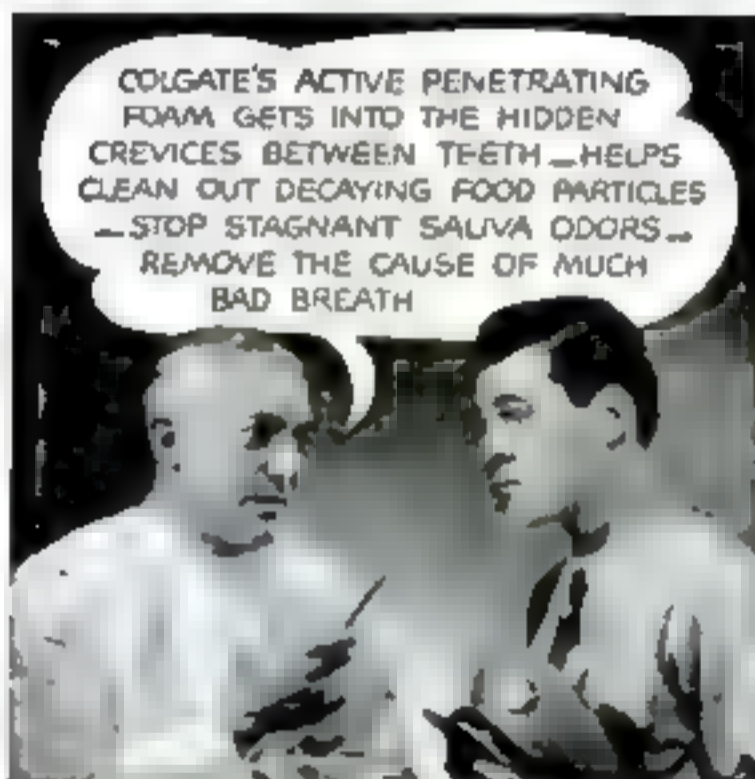
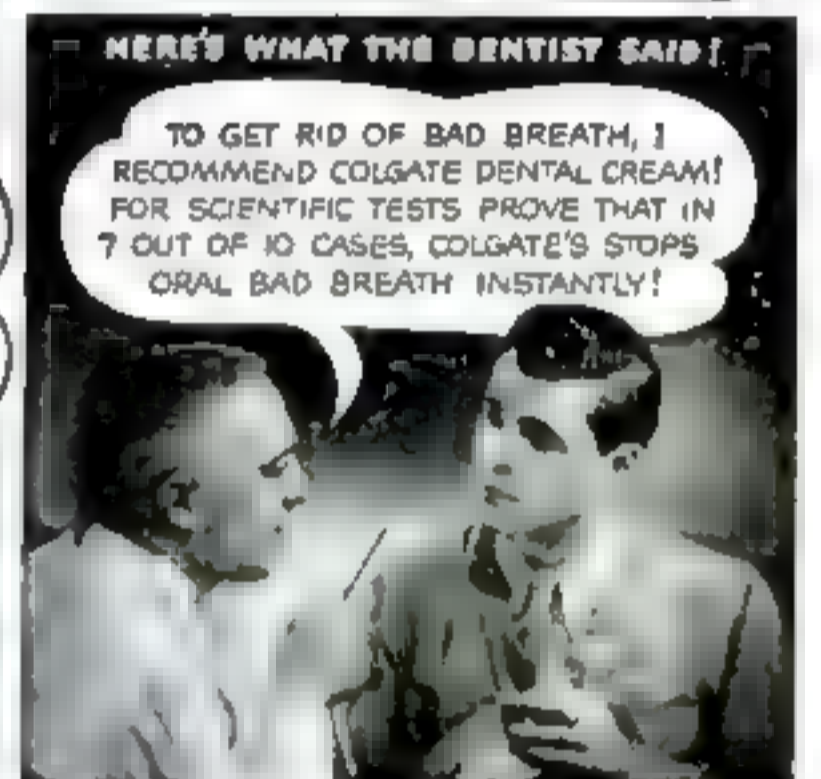
During the stage performances of *Claudia* Dorothy McGuire wore, among others, the sweaters shown here. Like those she plans to wear in the movie, *Claudia*, they are the loose and sloppy kind affected by college girls, and not the skintight models which originally brought the Flays ban. These scenes are from *Claudia's* hugely successful New York run.



CLAUDIA AND HUSBAND (DONALD COOK) PLAY BEDROOM SCENE, WITH SWEATER



CLAUDIA OFFERS HUSBAND A DRINK. PLAY IS STORY OF A NAIVE, YOUNG WIFE



Tune in! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

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3 "DON WILL AGREE AFTER TRYING IT, THAT IT'S A MIGHTY EASY AND PLEASANT WAY TO HELP RELIEVE CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BUL!!!"



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LIFE'S REPORTS

YANKS IN SHANGRI-LA

by WILLIAM FISHER

New Delhi (by cable)

American soldiers, before they learned the bitter truth, expected that India would be a magnificent succession of fabulously rich maharajas, perfumed tigers, glittering palaces and exotic nautch girls doing the dance of the seven veils in secluded courtyards with soft moonlight sifting through the deodar trees. Unfortunately, after many months, most of the Yanks haven't even seen an elephant, and most of the other Barnum and Bailey props which they had hopefully expected haven't materialized.

However, there is one place where the boys' experiences have easily exceeded their wildest dreams. This is in a small Indian state where the repair depot of the Tenth Air Force has been plunked down right in the middle of an atmosphere that is so much along Arabian Nights lines that the boys are still pinching themselves to find out if it is all real or just another piece of G. I. treachery.

The Maharaja of the state is 28, handsome, dashing, and his zest for life immense. He has a high-domed palace, 25 smart motorcars, 60 elephants and a half-million subjects.

When he found a small colony of American troops camped near his palace a few months ago, he was delighted. In no time he had struck up a warm friendship with Captain John D. Payne who is long and rangy and hails from Paducah, Ky. and whose great ambition in life is to become mayor of Paducah. He used to be a transport pilot in the United States, but joined the Army and has a great record as one of the pioneers of the India-China transport run across the Himalayas.

The Maharaja calls him "Buck" and Payne and his No. 2 captain, Lloyd E. Hubbard of Nokomis, Ill., call him "Chief." The Maharaja, who was educated in England, until quite recently spoke with a perfect Eton accent. Now he speaks fairly passable Paducah plus some of Johnny Payne's richly idiomatic airline expressions. This is something of a trial to the Maharaja's mother, but on the whole she, too, is pleased with the presence of Americans, as it has enlivened the life of the palace considerably. The dowager Maharani, as she is called, is one of India's great poker players and likes to have Johnny and his friends up to the palace for an occasional game.

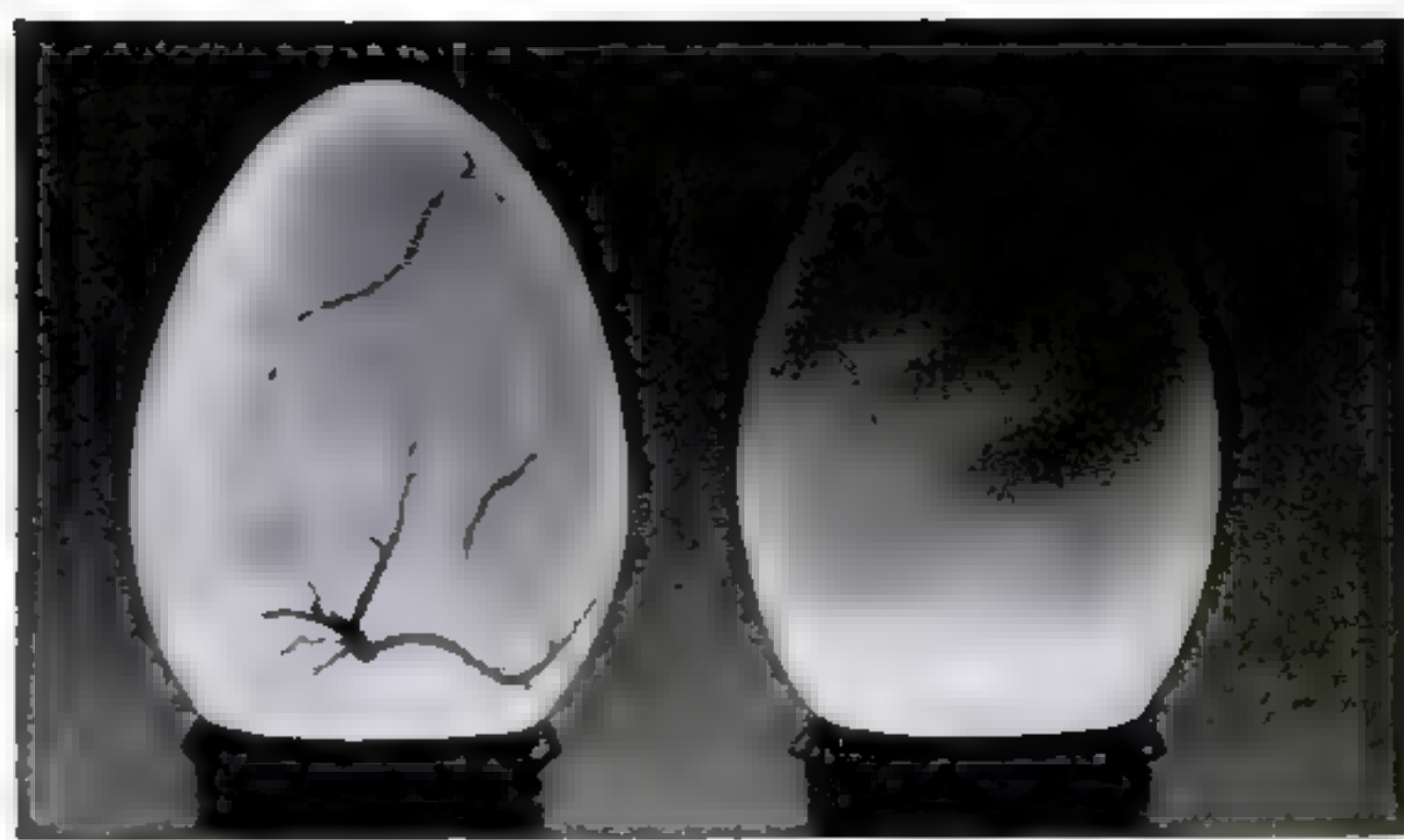
The Americans are quite free to come and go as they like in the palace. Evenings usually find them there after a day's work is done, having a game of snooker with His Highness or a hand of poker with the dowager Maharani. While I was visiting the state, things were especially gay due to the unexpected arrival of some American pursuit pilots bound for the China front.

We all piled into jeeps and went to the palace for dinner. We breezed through immense gates surmounted by an elephant rampant on one side and a tiger rampant on the other. Bugles blew as we sped through the palace park and alighted by the broad steps leading up to the entrance. After passing down through the marble halls punc-



YANKS GO TIGER HUNTING WITH MAHARAJA AND DAUGHTER OF WAR MINISTER

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



TYPHUS, EGGS, AND SOLDIERS



IN THIS WORLD WAR, our soldiers confront an ancient foe even more deadly than the enemy's modern panzer divisions.

That foe killed between two and three million people in World War I. It is typhus fever—a disease transmitted by the bite of the body louse, and often confused with typhoid fever because of the similarity of names.

Today our troops are immunized against typhus. They are among the first troops to be so safeguarded in the history of the world.

Such mass protection is a striking and dramatic medical triumph, yet it hinges upon a most prosaic thing—a hen's egg.

For, in the preparation of the new vaccine against typhus fever, hens' eggs play a stellar role.

You would see these eggs at work if you were to visit the laboratories of Parke-Davis, where vials of typhus vaccine are being produced by the thousands.

In closely guarded and isolated rooms, there are great trays of these eggs. Each is fertile. Each is allowed to incubate for a time.

Then, a tiny hole is carefully drilled in one end of each egg. Live typhus fever virus is injected through this opening.

The live virus multiplies many times over. The picture of the two trans-illuminated eggs above shows the difference between an egg before the injection (left) and an egg teeming with typhus (right). When the virus has grown sufficiently in the egg embryo, it is "harvested" and killed.

Yes, killed with chemicals, for it is *dead* typhus fever virus that forms the basis of the vaccine which is used to protect our armed forces against typhus fever.

Typhus vaccine is only one of the life-saving weapons produced in our laboratories. Here are prepared the modern safeguards against those age-old killers—smallpox, tetanus, typhoid, diphtheria. Here, also, are produced dried blood plasma . . . sulfa compounds . . . and hundreds of pharmaceuticals that doctors use to alleviate pain and speed recovery.

In today's war-torn world, products for saving lives are fulfilling a vital function at home and abroad. These products will be equally ready to help and protect millions of human beings in the days of peace to come.

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PHARMACEUTICALS • BIOLOGICALS • SURGICAL DRESSINGS

LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

them a motion-picture projector. He couldn't find one, so he sends his own down from the palace. His Highness is a great admirer of swing, jitterbugs and boogie-woogie. He has a vast collection of American phonograph records, carefully catalogued under the names of different band leaders. Every few days the palace major-domo shows up bearing a great burden of fresh records and carries off the old ones which the Yanks have grown tired of playing.

The enlisted men have formed an orchestra of their own, using weird-looking Indian instruments which they have learned to play. Sometimes you hear shrill pipings and an odd squeak issuing from one of the tents, and then you know the Shangri-La boys are enjoying another jam session.

There is one motion-picture house in a town nearby, but this confines itself to Indian films. However, on special occasions, boys may round up a few Indian girl friends and appear en masse at the cinema, much to the amusement of the local populace. They never know what the picture is all about, but it helps satisfy ever so slightly a latent nostalgia to see a good American movie and also it gives the girls a chance to show off their new silk saris in public.

Another favorite pastime of the Yanks in Shangri-La is riding around town in bicycle rickshas, with barefoot Indians providing the locomotive power. Such excursions are invariably greeted by shrill childish laughter, as younger members of the local population turn out to greet the procession. The little Indians have picked up all sorts of American expressions and as the Yanks pass by there are childish shouts of "O K." and "What's cookin'?" Obviously the relations between the soldiers and the populace of Shangri-La are A-1. This applies to officers as well as enlisted men.

I asked one of the officers if he wasn't afraid of complications with all those lovely princesses around. "Don't worry," he said, "nobody's going to start anything around here that it will take Cordell Hull to stop."

"Here's the way I see it," says Edward



(at least here's what he's trying to say when he gurgles) . . .

"I'll put up with lots of foolishness if they'll just give me some Johnson's Baby Powder! That nice, slippery stuff sliding over your tummy makes up for all kinds of things—like wearing a bonnet, or not biting your Aunt Harriett.

"Johnson's feels awful soft after a hard day's napping, too. Soothes your prickles. And makes you feel so cool and comfortable, you forget to be cross 'cause they woke you up."

Edward's trained nurse mother has another angle



She's pretty, brown haired Mrs. Edward Curley of West Roxbury, Mass., and here's her story:

"Johnson's is really grand powder—very soft and pure.

"I remember when I started buying baby things before Edward was born, I wanted the best of everything. Being a nurse makes you sort of extra careful. Well, the name Johnson & Johnson was enough for me so I chose Johnson's Baby Powder.

"Edward hardly ever had a prickly, uncomfortable minute. His skin's always been in wonderful condition—and I think Johnson's rub-downs have had a lot to do with it."

... and that's why nurses powder their Babies with Johnson's Baby Powder

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LIFE'S COVER: The three PT-boat skippers on this week's cover are (left to right) Lieut. Robert Searles, 23, of Leonia, N. J., Lieut. Leonard Nikoloric, 23, of Englewood, N. J. and Lieut. Robert Stillman Taylor, 24, of New York City. Taylor graduated from Yale, the other two from Princeton (Nikoloric with a Phi Beta Kappa key). They are home on leave after four months' active duty in the Solomons area. For their story, see p. 74.

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▲ ▲ ▲

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First ask yourself whether you really need them. Then determine to get the best value for your money;

read whatever information the various labels give.

Finally, after you've bought the sheets of your choice, take good care of them so that they'll last as long as possible. (Your retailer will be glad to tell you how.)

Each one of these things will do its mite to speed Victory for us, and you will have the joy of knowing that you helped to bring your soldier back safely. Pacific Mills, 214 Church Street, New York.



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LIFE'S PICTURES

Herbert Gehr, who took the pictures of night clubs in this issue, used the nine cameras shown at the left to photograph Radio City Music Hall (LIFE, April 26). In order to photograph a night club, Gehr and two assistants would set up equipment at 3 in the afternoon. Not until 3 or 4 the next morning would he feel sufficiently satisfied to call a halt. His most temperamental subjects were the show-girls at the Diamond Horseshoe (p. 68).

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULAE, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS



THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS BUT ONE

INSURANCE agents found Doug Lounds easy to see, but not so easy to convince. "Putting them through their paces," Doug called it.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, Doug really intended to buy life insurance—some day. The Prudential man's reasoning made awfully good sense. But Doug kept putting it off.

Then one night Doug's wife threw a surprise party for his birthday. And suddenly, in the friendly joshing about his age, Doug saw the years piling up on him. Of course he felt fine—never better. But, well—maybe now would be a pretty good time for him to do something about life insurance.

So next time Doug's Prudential man brought up the life insurance plan they had talked over for the Lounds family, fully expecting to get a kidding, he got a client instead. Doug said okay, signed the application, and took his physical examination right away.

At that point, the unexpectedness of life showed up. Doug Lounds said "yes"—but the doctor said "no". . . and the application was turned down. Poor Doug had to admit he didn't know the answer to that one.

So Doug Lounds now has to build his family's future the hard way. He knows from experience that the Prudential phrase, "The future belongs

to those who prepare for it," should have an important word added at the end—the little word "today."

The Best Time to Begin Planning for Tomorrow Is Today

Ever since 1875 it has been the privilege of The Prudential to help people make their family's future more secure.

Through Prudential life insurance, more than eight million farsighted families are today making sure that part of the world of tomorrow will belong to them.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to invite The Prudential to help you do the same . . . today?

The



PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

AS A SERVICE to the government and to you, Prudential representatives sell War Savings Stamps. Buy some today!



U. S. TAKES OVER THE COAL MINES

The greatest industrial sore this nation has suffered since the start of the war festered and came to a head last week. Ignoring a back-to-work ultimatum from the President of the United States, over half a million workers in the vital coal industry climaxed a week of wildcat strikes with a general walkout on May Day at the behest of John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers. At midnight on April 30, when the contracts between Lewis' union and the operators of bituminous (soft) and anthracite (hard) coal mines expired, the miners turned in their lamps and trudged home to wait for developments.

The developments came fast. Not many hours after 10 a. m. on Saturday, the time specified in President Roosevelt's back-to-work ultimatum, the White House cracked down. The President ordered Secretary of Interior Ickes in his role as fuel coordinator to take over and operate the mining and distribution of coal in the name of the U. S. Said Ickes:

"I shall exercise fully and vigorously all the powers at my command, including the use of the Army if that should become necessary." Ickes sent telegrams to the presidents of 4,000 coal companies designating them as operating managers for the U. S.

Although Lewis refused to comment on the government seizure of the mines, Steve Mutzko, head of U. M. W. Local 73 in Library, Pa. declared: "No matter what the Government said, we have to follow Mr. Lewis. This is not a question of patriotism. I will do anything to help my country . . . but we've got to be able to make enough money to exist."

Such thoughts have been running through the heads of the six miners shown above who work in Nanty Glo, Pa. Their jobs, and the jobs of other thousands of miners who left the mines last week, are hazardous and unpleasant. But whether or not their plea for more money is justified, it cannot be considered apart from the overall necessity for controlling

inflation. A pay boost would crack whatever wavering anti-inflation line the administration has been able to hold. Answering the miners' complaints that living costs have risen beyond wages, OPA Administrator Brown pledged to roll back prices.

From U. S. fighting men all over the world came explosions of wrath against Lewis and the miners. The Tokyo radio gloated: "—A strike of such proportions . . . is incontestable proof that there is no unity in the U. S."

On Sunday night the President put the issue squarely up to the miners: "Every coal miner who has stopped mining coal, no matter how sincere his motives, no matter how legitimate he may believe his grievances to be, every idle miner directly and individually is obstructing our war effort."

Just 20 minutes before the President spoke, John L. Lewis backed down, told the miners to go back to work on Tuesday morning during a two-week truce.



Minor John Timchak, 60, veteran of 44 years at the Red Lion Mine of the H. C. Frick Coke Co., Star Junction, Pa., hangs up his metal tag at the mine entrance as the pits shut down last week. Nearly all the tags are on their hooks, indicating that owners are not at work. Most of

the men who remained on the job were maintenance workers who were permitted to remain by U. M. W. Miners who stopped work were orderly, spent their time fishing, planting victory gardens, or playing cards. Some showed up on Friday afternoon to collect their pay envelopes.



Last shift of workers leaves the shaft of the Dorrance Colliery of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company at Wilkesbarre, Pa. shortly before the April 30 midnight deadline. These men joined the nation's greatest industry-wide shutdown since the beginning of the war. Over 450,000 miners

obeyed President John L. Lewis' "no trespass" injunction on the following day. Said the *New York Times*: "Mr. Lewis has been able to do what no labor leader in any other democracy on . . . earth would dream of doing in wartime—put a pistol at the head of his Government."

LEWIS ATTACKS LITTLE STEEL FORMULA, WLB, IN FIGHT FOR HIGHER MINE WAGES

Since March 10, John L. Lewis and the coal-mine operators have been wrangling over a renewal of the United Mine Workers contract which was to have expired on March 31. Lewis' original demands included a basic wage increase of \$2 a day with an \$8 minimum, inclusion in the contract of 30,000 foremen and sub-bosses, and limitation of the contract to one year. The operators agreed to this last request, turned thumbs down on the others. Twice intervention by President Roosevelt prolonged the life of the old contract, so that the expiration date was moved up to May 1. In the eight weeks since negotiations started, Lewis has blasted the Little Steel formula which fixed wage ceilings. When the President issued his "hold the line against inflation" directive, Lewis attacked it. He laid the groundwork for the present walkout by lambasting the War Labor Board as big-business stooges, although most labor leaders admit that many WLB members are fair. The Lewis attempt to destroy his rank and file's confidence in the WLB was climaxed by the resignation of his Secretary-Treasurer, Thomas Kennedy, as a labor member of the board.

When the President's special labor conciliator, John R. Steelman, came to the scene, he approved a Lewis proposal for a guaranteed six-day week and a guaranteed annual wage in lieu of the \$2 raise. The operators turned this suggestion down on the grounds that it would add 40% to their payrolls, forcing some mines to close down.

After that negotiations became worse; soft-coal meetings finally broke down April 24 when the operators left a conference in New York to attend WLB hearings. Lewis called this action "French leave," ignoring WLB requests to testify himself. He also disdained the board's request to submit nominations for a labor member of a three-man panel to hear the case. As an indication that Lewis had irrevocably turned his back on regularly accepted Government procedure, strikes began occurring in soft-coal fields.

On May Day, which for Lewis this year was showdown day, most miners stopped work, preferring to take orders from the president of the union than from the President of the U. S. As they confusedly obeyed Lewis, the miners did not realize that his disruptive tactics were serving only to turn the whole country against labor, start a congressional stampede for more stringent curbs on labor's rights. Nor did they reckon that even in victory Lewis would defeat their own interests. Once the President's line was broken, other industries would clamor righteously for wage raises and the farmers would demand a jack-up of agricultural prices. This would dump a new rise in living costs back in the lap of the people—including miners.



Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of Interior and Solid Fuels Coordinator, was directed by President Roosevelt on May 1 to take immediate possession for the U. S. Government of all coal mines in which a strike or work stoppage had occurred or was threatened.



Lewis, Kennedy and O'Leary, big three of U. M. W., confer after meeting of the union's policy committee on April 30 in New York. In answer to the White House back-to-work ultimatum, the committee wired President Roosevelt asking for a renewal of negotiations, refused to let miners work without a contract.



John L. Lewis orates for William W. Inglis, president of the Glen Alden Coal Co. (left), chairman of the joint anthracite wage conference, and U. M. W.'s John Boylan. Below; with a smile, Lewis tells reporters that, as a result of the failure to sign an anthracite contract, 80,000 hard-coal miners must stop work.





BLACK-FACED MINERS AT HEISLEY MINE IN NANTY GLO LINE UP FOR THEIR PAY. AVERAGE WEEKLY WAGE IS UNDER \$40. MOST OF THESE MEN PUT 35% OF WAGES INTO WAR BONDS



The look of Nanty Glo is the look of any mining community. The coal dust blows off the culm dumps and seeps into everything. From stack (left), smoke thins into clouds and hangs

over town. Miners' bleak, box-like houses are soot-covered, and the washed clothes (foreground) are soon smudged. In the background is Heisley tipples where coal is sorted and sized

NANTY GLO

Causes of miners' discontent are reflected in this small coal town

To tell the story behind the current coal crisis, LIFE sent Photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt to Nanty Glo, a typical drab little coal town nestled in the Blackhect Valley of western Pennsylvania. As the pictures on these and the following pages indicate, the lot of a coal miner, as always, is not only dangerous but dirty and depressing.

The chief gripes of Nanty Glo miners are not against the traditional dirt or danger but against the rise in the cost of living, the failure to get "portal-to-portal" pay (see opposite page) or a yearly wage guarantee. They resent having to pay for their tools, blasting powder, caps, fuses and lamps, although this is an established custom in mining and other industries.

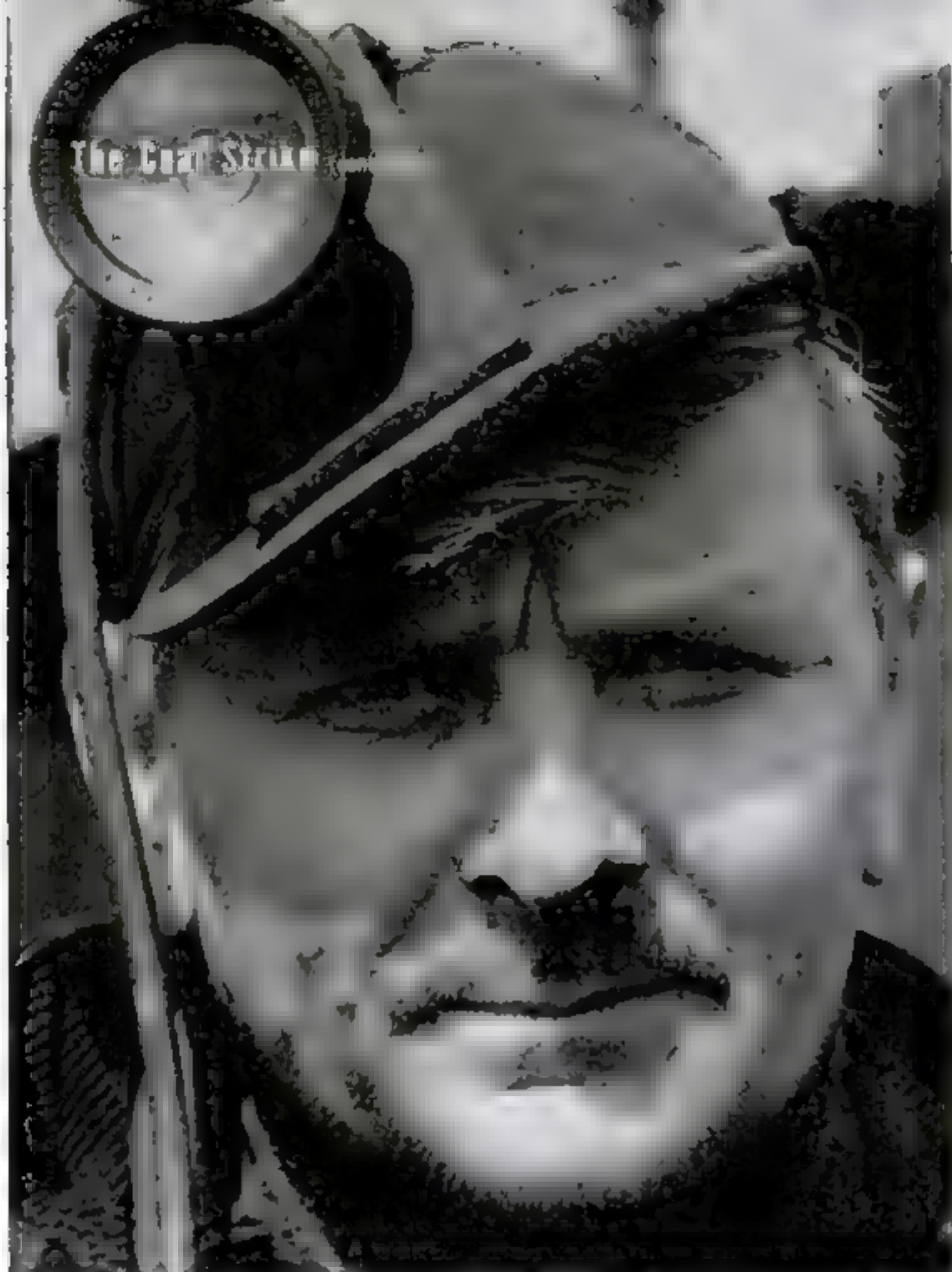
The operators challenge the validity of the miners' complaints. For example, the U. M. W. claims that food prices have increased as much as 124.0% since August 1939, and that coal miners, because of heavy work and large families, must spend between 60% and 70% of their earnings on food. But the mine owners counter with this claim based on an Office of Price Administration test: that the cost of living in Nanty Glo has not risen any higher than elsewhere in the U. S.



Going into the pits in coal cars on the 2-45 p. m. shift, most of these workers do not actually reach their "face" for three-quarters of an hour or more. This means that they spend an

hour and a half to two hours a day in mines for which they are not paid. The U. M. W. first demanded a straight wage raise, then suggested that operators pay workers on a "portal-

to-portal" basis which would add an average of \$2.25 daily. One reason for presenting this alternative was that it would get around the hourly wage ceilings of Little Steel formula.



Mike Kalenak looks like this after a day's work in the mines. He is 49, born in Austria. Kalenak is relatively well off, nets about \$1,900 a year working as a machine cutter in the Hesley mine.



After work Mike likes to listen to his 14-year-old son George play the piano. George is in the 8th grade, wants to be a pilot. The picture over the piano shows brother John's Army company.

NANTY GLO FAMILIES LIKE THE KALENAKS ARE HONEST, CLEAN, HARDWORKING FOLKS

The pictures on this page show Mike Kalenak and some of his family. The Kalenaks are good-looking, intelligent, self-respecting and ambitious. They have been in Nanty Glo since 1916 and own their own home. Mike Kalenak likes mining well enough so that he took time off from his job to train his three eldest boys as loaders in the pits. Mike Jr., 20, the oldest, who graduated from a Nanty Glo school in the same class as "Buzz" Wagner, the U. S. war ace killed last winter,

is now in the Army along with two of his brothers.

The Kalenaks are also patriotic, religious and conservative. Nevertheless, Mike Kalenak obeys the dictates of John L. Lewis with little hesitancy. He and fellow miners like Mahrey Evans (*opposite page*) are willing to strike despite the war, despite their knowledge that coal is essential to the heavy industry of war. "We could be off ten days and it wouldn't even be felt," Evans said. "There's plenty of coal above ground."

At the Ukrainian Orthodox Church on Sunday, Mike Kalenak sits proudly with his wife and four of their eleven children. The three oldest boys are in the Army, and another expects to go

soon. Mike Kalenak, who has worked in Nanty Glo since 1916, was not anxious to strike but as a conservative, old-line union man he was willing to string along with the U. M. W. leadership.





Getting clean is a back breaking two-man job. This washing process takes Miner Mahrey Evans about 45 minutes every evening. He carefully washes his hands, arms and chest first in a tub of hot water, and then while he scrapes the grime off his face and head Mrs. Evans rubs the coating of coal black from his back. Evans is 43, has worked in the mines for 29 years. He has three children. His 21-year-old son is in the Army, stationed in Hawaii. Evans picks up his lamp at the mine's tamphouse at 6:30 a. m., goes down into the mine at 6:40, finally gets to his place of work at 7:25. Evans had been expecting a strike. "We won't be out long," he pre-

dicted last week. "The Government will come through with some kind of a plan. They won't let us stay out long." If the miners don't get their raises, Evans said, things will be very tough in Nanty Glo because "we are just getting by and things are still going up in price." Evans thinks John L. Lewis is the best labor leader the miners have ever had. "If John Lewis says no work, then it's no work for me," he vows. Evans is a veteran of coal strikes in 1922, 1925 and 1927. In the 1927 strike he was out for 19 months, was arrested three times. Other Nanty Glo miners are less partial to Lewis, but they all want more money and are loyal to their union.

THE SOVIET-POLISH BREAK

OLD BORDER QUARRELS SHOULD NOT TEMPT US TO TURN OUR BACK ON EUROPE'S PROBLEMS AGAIN

The most cheerful thing that can be said about Russia's breaking off relations with the Polish government-in-exile is that "it clears the air." Stalin has blown away the idealistic fog in which the United Nations looked more united than they really are. The dispute touches off so many passions, old and new, that Americans should weigh the facts very carefully before taking sides.

When Russia occupied eastern Poland during her pact with Hitler in 1939, she rounded up 181,000 Polish soldiers and put them in Russian prison camps. The following spring she began to release them; but according to the Poles, 8,300 officers proved to be missing. After Hitler attacked Russia and Russia resumed diplomatic relations with Poland, Sikorski's government-in-exile began to ask Moscow about the missing officers. They never got a satisfactory reply.

The Break

Suddenly, three weeks ago, the Germans announced that they had discovered the bodies of 10,000 Polish officers buried in a mass grave in the Katyn forest near Smolensk. Documents found on the bodies, said the Germans, proved them to be the same officers who were on the Poles' missing list. They claimed the Russians had shot these Poles while still prisoners early in 1940.

The Russians answered by declaring that the Poles had fallen into German hands during the Russian retreat from Smolensk in 1941, that the Germans had shot them, and that the documents were faked by the Gestapo.

Certainly the timing of the German excavation was nicely calculated to suit Germany's propaganda war. But there is no way at present to find out which version is nearer the truth; Russians as well as Germans have shot plenty of Poles. Anguished and jittery, the Sikorski government followed the German lead in demanding an investigation by the International Red Cross. The Red Cross would not accept the assignment unless the Russians joined the request. Far from doing that, the Russians, in a brutally-worded note, broke off relations with Sikorski's government, accusing it of playing a Nazi game.

The case of the Polish officers is not, of course, the whole story of Russo-Polish trouble. They have a boundary quarrel of long standing. As a result of the Russo-Polish War ending in 1921, the Poles acquired some formerly Czarist territory in White Russia, the western Ukraine and Lithuania. The Russians got back all this and more in 1939 and have made it quite clear that they want to keep it. But the Poles claim their pre-1939 boundaries. From the United Nations standpoint this boundary quarrel is so full of dynamite that the Poles, by agreement with Britain, the U. S. and (for a while) Russia,

agreed not to talk about it until after the war. Officially they kept this promise until last February, when the Russians raised the boundary question first.

The Poles have other gripes. They don't like Russia's policy of turning former residents of Poland into Soviet citizens. Then there was the case of Alter and Ehrlich, the Polish socialists whom the Russians executed. Meanwhile some of the exile press in London carried on anti-Communist agitation which the Russians protested, so that beginning in March all discussion of Russo-Polish border problems was limited by the British censor to official communiques. But an anti-Sikorski paper was then launched in Moscow, which allows its contents to be sent abroad. For a while it looked as though the Russians were going to set up a "Polish Government" of their own.

Good Manners vs. Bad

So the break was bound to come. It is too bad for Sikorski, who is the most nearly pro-Russian premier modern Poland has had. Most of its pre-war governments were, by Western standards, semi-fascist. Poles are fearless fighters and valuable allies; but they are also the most chip-shouldered chauvinists in Europe. Although Sikorski himself is a moderate, many Polish exiles oppose him for what they call trucking to Russia. Some of these ultranationalists are still represented in his government.

Sikorski's official acts toward Russia, up to his stupid appeal to the Red Cross, have been models of reticence and propriety. But he failed to win Russian confidence in his government, which is almost the first duty of any Polish government that wants to survive. Now he is keeping his mouth shut, while Britain and the U. S. try to straighten out his affairs.

As for the Russians, they have no diplomatic manners. That is the discouraging—and the refreshing—thing about them; they call a spade a shovel every chance they get. In their break with Poland, they revealed the weakness of the United Nations system as it is now organized. They also revealed that "public opinion," that vague essence which controls so much of British and U. S. behavior, is of no interest to Russia. They made it clear that they are handling their own affairs.

Though not cheering, it is healthy to be reminded of these things. They remind us that the Atlantic Charter, which the Russians can quote too ("self-determination for the Ukraine, etc."), is not an adequate U. S. foreign policy. It is even a dangerous policy if it makes us forget that the behavior of all nations is still controlled by their selfish interest.

Our alliance with Russia is based on the fact that we have a selfish interest in common—the defeat of Germany. Fortunately we are likely to find other selfish interests in common after the war, such as the maintenance of world peace. At very few points, in fact, do our selfish interests conflict with Russia's; and the Polish border is not one of them. The Russians, as they have often said, want a strong and independent (though friendly) Poland just as much as we do. Their quarrel is not with Poland or the Polish people, but with their government-in-exile.

The British have backed Sikorski because they, too, are for an independent Poland. This was the very issue over which Britain declared war in 1939. Thus some interesting diplomating is now taking place in Moscow, where the British have a very able ambassador, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr. The U. S. government is aiding with the British in these negotiations. And Stalin's May Day speech, in which he praised his Allies, indicates that the Russians are already taking a more diplomatic line. But the important thing for us to remember is that no vital U. S. interest is involved in the Russo-Polish dispute.

Self-interest, but Principles Too

Besides self-interest, there is another necessary ingredient of American foreign policy. We should stand for certain principles such as freedom, democracy and economic progress. Standing up for these things may get us into trouble, but they also make the world a better place to live in. The danger is in the inevitable disillusionments. We think the United Nations stand for something; and along comes a thing like the Russo-Polish quarrel and many Americans are tempted to say, "Same old Europe! Always quarreling! Let's get this over so we can go home and forget about it."

That is a shortsighted view. The U. S. has an interest in Europe and therefore a duty to understand Europe's problems, complex and tiresome though they may be. We also have a duty to apply our principles through our foreign policy wherever we can. But we must be smart about where they are applicable. In the present dispute, they are not. The Russian Government is a dictatorship; the Polish Government is the shadow of a backward, antidemocratic pre-war regime. Neither State represents freedom and democracy. And since our major self-interest lies with Russia, our diplomats ought not to get too huffy in backing up the Poles.

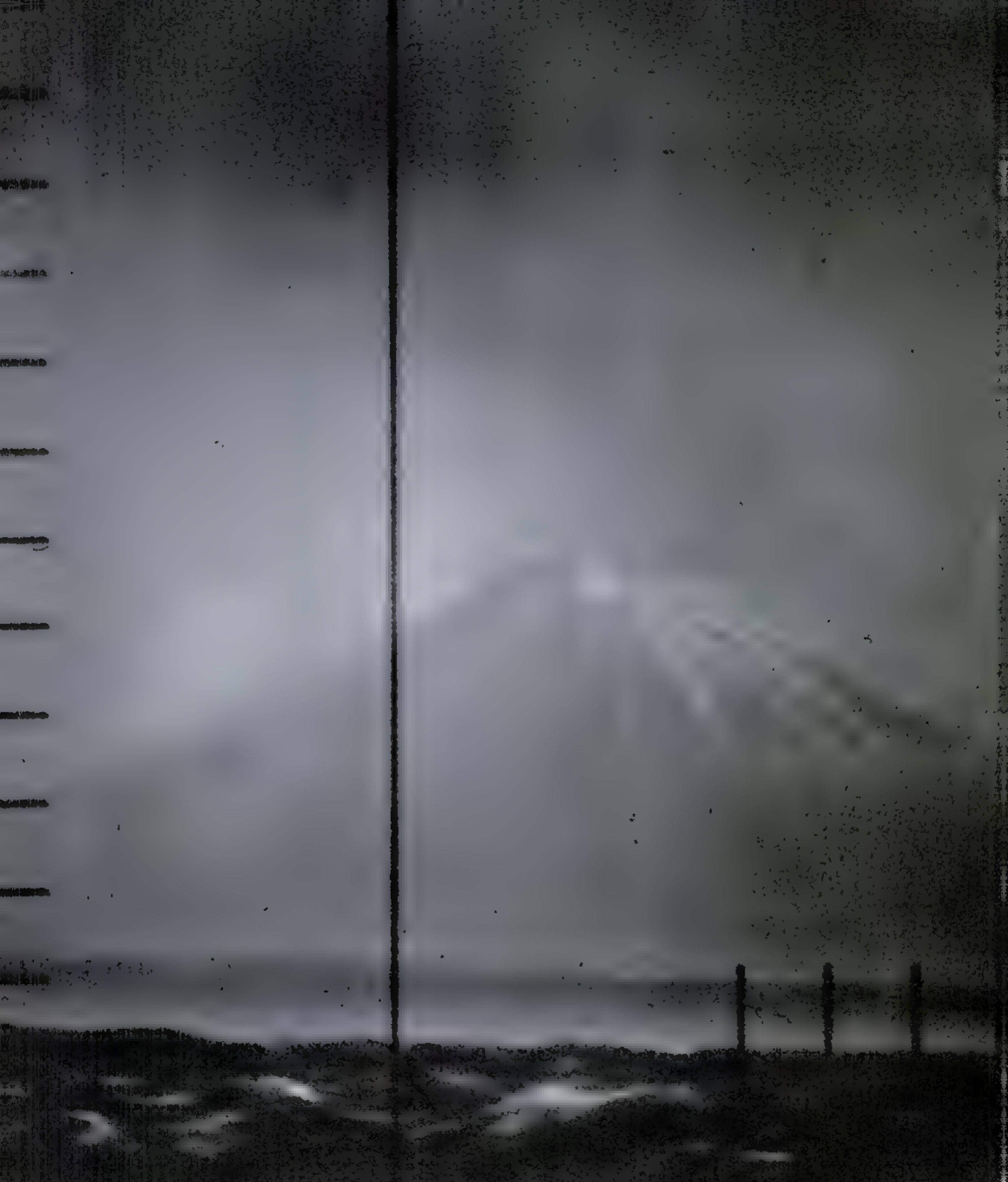
But some day a diplomatic incident will come along in which the U. S. can take a real stand on its principles in Europe. When it does, Americans should not be afraid to act on them.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The best-known thing about Japan is Fujiyama, 70 miles from Tokyo. A quiescent volcanic peak in the form of a 12,395-ft. cone, it is regarded by

the Japs as a sacred mountain and as a symbol of everything lofty and beautiful. Supposedly it was created by a sulky goddess who fought with the

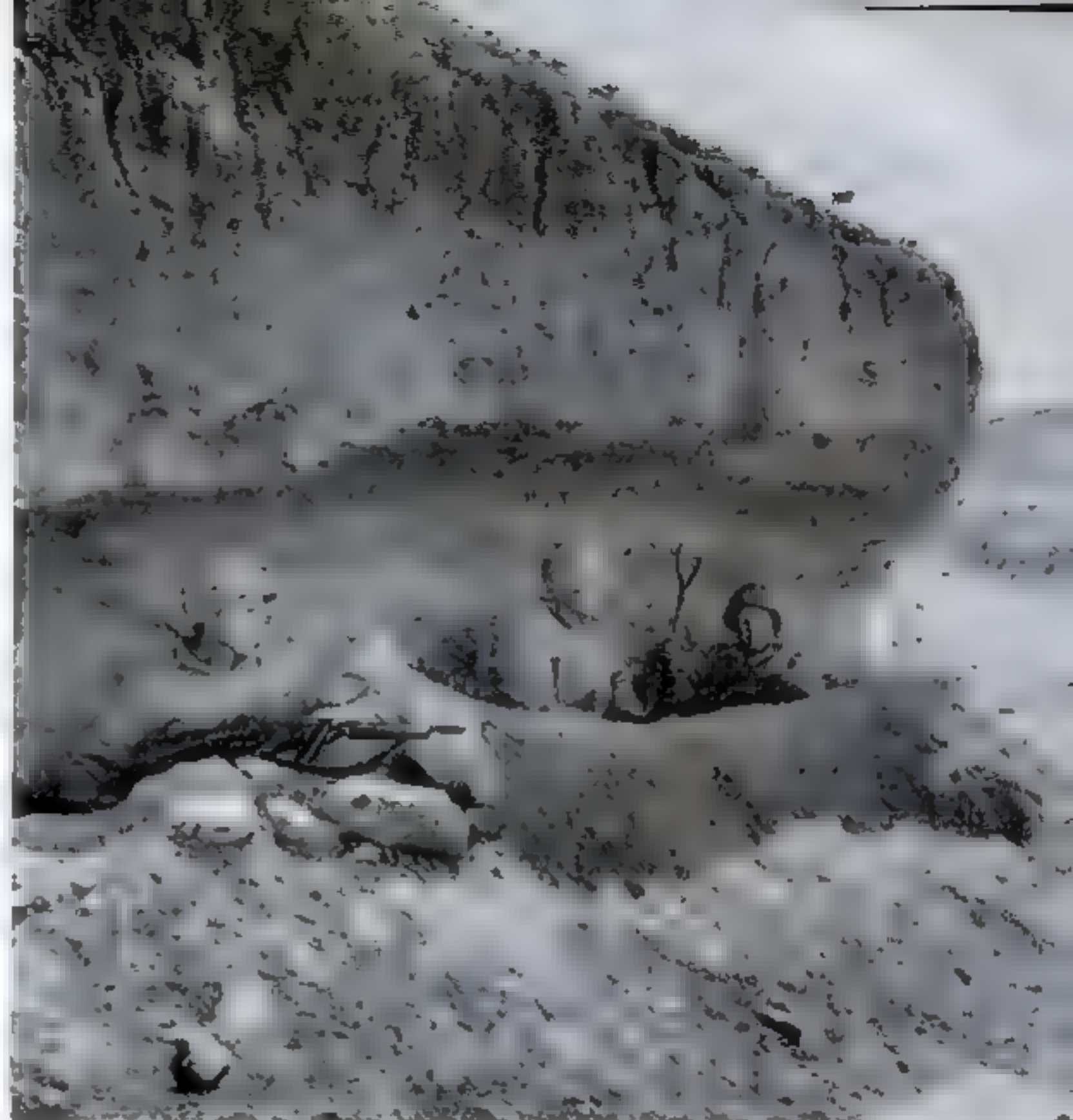
gods and wanted to be alone. Recently a U. S. submarine sneaked into a nearby bay and through its periscope photographed snow-capped Fujiyama.



Snow-capped Fujiyama, Japan's famous and sacred volcano, is
photographed through the periscope of an American submarine



American artillery observers file up a hill southeast of El Guettar to observe fire being directed at the German positions. Pretty spring flowers blossomed unheeded during battle.



Three tank-destroyer men take refuge in foxholes under a bank during a Stuka bombing attack. U. S. tank destroyers, with 3-inch guns, played a big part in defeat of 10th Panzer.

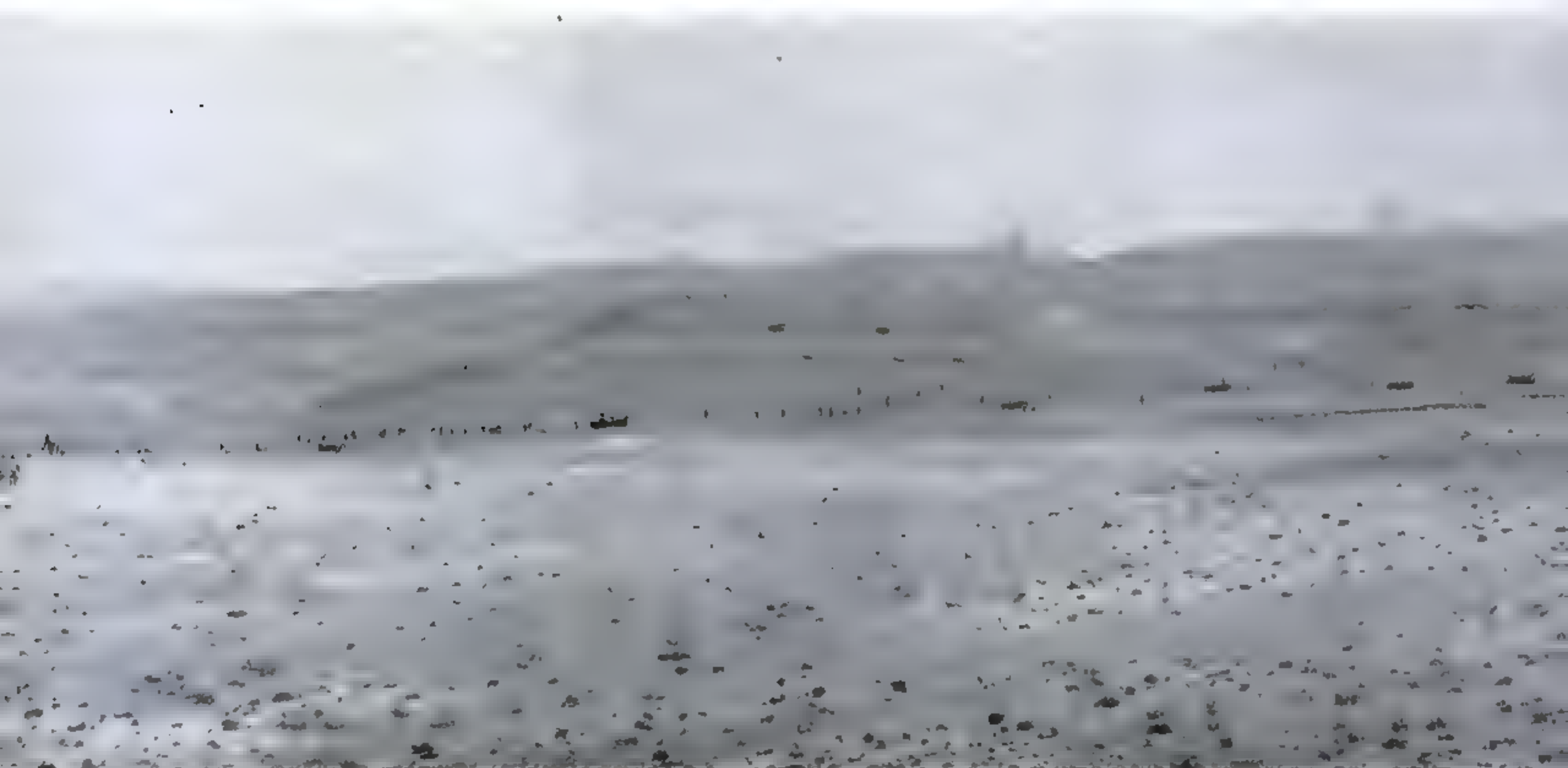
EL GUETTAR

In battle fought over ridges and mountains of Tunisia, U. S. troops defeat a famous Panzer division

The fighting in Tunisia last week grew more fierce and more bloody. But the lines were relatively stable. Axis counterattacks slowed down the Allied advance, and in some places even forced the Allied armies back. But the Americans continued to inch ahead near Mateur, and the French and British were almost in Pont du Fahs. In this advance the dirtiest, bloodiest and most important work was being done by Allied infantry.

There was no doubt that the Americans were engaged in the toughest battle of their campaign. Fortunately, they were no longer raw troops. Such des-

ert battles as the Battle of El Guettar, shown here, fought over the dusty mountains and ridges of central Tunisia, had steeled them to the toughest kind of fighting. At El Guettar the most historically famous U. S. infantry division, the First, was stacked up against this war's famous Nazi 10th Panzer Division, which had forced the original break-through at Sedan and had fought in Poland and Russia before being sent to Africa. The 10th Panzers attacked up the Gabes-Gafsa road. After three days of desperate fighting the Americans drove them back, then rooted them gradually out of their entrenched positions in the hills.



U. S. infantry and armor move against Nazi positions in hills while on the ridge shells from U. S. artillery burst near German guns.

Said General Patton to his troops after El Guettar: "Each one of you in his own sphere has done his duty

magnificently . . . not alone on the front line, where death never ended his gruesome harvest, but everywhere else."



Young German prisoner, hat in hand, stands before an American G-2 major who is questioning him. In the fighting for

Tunisia, casualties have been many and prisoners taken few. Up to last week the British First Army had captured fewer

than 1,000 Germans. One of the prisoners said, "We know that the game is up here, but we'll fight to the last ditch."



Harry James is the idol of adolescent jitterbugs, though his orchestra is not strictly "hot" in the pure jazz definition.

His big (27-piece) band features ten strings and turns out a good deal of the sweet stuff which narcozizes teenagers.



ENTRANCED: CATS TWITCHED TO CRESCENDOS OF JAMES'S JIVE. SOME BROUGHT LUNCH REMAINED IN SEATS ALL DAY

JITTERBUGS JAM JAMES'S JIVE JAG

News pundits find war phenomenon

Concomitant of every war is a wave of adult preoccupation with flaming youth. World War II's first big symposium on this always-interesting topic broke last week in New York newspapers when thousands of adolescents jammed Times Square's Paramount Theater to hear the playing of Trumpeter Harry James and his orchestra. They began queuing up outside the box office each morning at 4 a.m. Once inside they sat through show after show, sighing entrancedly during sweet numbers, twitching and squeaking ecstatically during the orgiastic cadenzas of *Two O'Clock Jump*. Some jitterbugged in the aisles.

Despite the ingenious exploitation of Paramount's press agents, the affair might have received little attention had it not been for the adjacency of the Paramount Theater and the *New York Times*. The editors of that newspaper, forced to battle each morning through tumultuous throngs outside their front door, assigned some of their best staff men to investigate.

On the morning of April 23 Star Reporter Meyer Berger reported bewilderedly that "the music seemed no different from any blare and bray of the usual jazz band, but this apparently was due to some defect in the adult make-up." The youngsters themselves didn't help him much, declaring, "You can't really tell what it is. It's only that shivers run down your spine when that trumpet gets hot." The next morning, *Times* man George F. Horne set forth the opinions of several local psychiatrists and neurologists, who spoke learnedly of "mob hysteria," "musical intoxication," and "body satisfaction." A few days later the *Times*'s august music critic, Olin Downes, found Mr. James "a very good player" who "can summon a heart throb of a vibrato, do stunts of triple tonguing and virtuoso figuration." But he heard little to distinguish him from "a round dozen of his highly publicized colleagues of the same calling."

With characteristic perspective, *Time* Magazine looked back to 14th Century Italy. Pundited *Time*: "The modern medical name for it (dance mania) is tarantism, after the wild Italian folk dance, the tarantella. The Italians have a belief that the tarantella drives out the poison of a tarantula's bite by causing perspiration, and that the dance was named for the spider. Actually, both dance and spider were named for the city of Taranto, which was hit hard by the dancing mania."

The newspaper *PM* devoted several scholarly disquisitions to the Harry James jitterbugs. Special writer Albert Deutsch found an analogy in the Children's Crusade in the year 1212. Later in the week Editorial Writer Max Lerner carried the subject back to ancient Greece and the revels of Dionysus. "The deep Dionysian stirrings still are there," Mr. Lerner learnedly declared. "Only instead of the radiant young god, Dionysus, you get a tallish young man with a horn."

Ultimate editorial consensus was that no one need worry much about 1943's jitterbugs. As *Variety*'s Abel Green sensibly pointed out: "There's something healthier about this manifestation of juvenile spirit than what we now look back upon as Prohibition's Jazz Age. . . . If James does nothing more than send the World War II crop of youngsters into frenzied jazz-like hoofology, that's innocuous."

Upon the psychological implications of his performing, Maestro James had nothing to say. In his first seven days at the Paramount he grossed \$105,000—an all-time record for the house on a non-holiday week.



Runaway cats came out onto stage during performances at beginning of week while actors played pyrexias. Broadway

gossips insisted press agents inspired some of these allegedly impromptu sorties, which ushers tried to forestall. Curled

cats blew off steam by swaying and weaving in seats. Outside the theater, 30 policemen kept waiting lines in order



BOY-CATS WHOOPED AND WHISTLED, GIRL-CATS SIGHED AND LOOKED STARRY-EYED



SKIRTS, SOCKS, SWEATERS PREDOMINATED. THERE WERE SOME ZOOT SUITS IN EVIDENCE



SNOW DRIFTS DEEP AROUND TENTS OF U. S. SOLDIERS IN ICELAND, WHILE A LONE MAN STANDS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE WHITENESS. IN SUMMER TENTS ARE MUD-BOUND

SOLDIERS IN ICELAND

U. S. troops kept comfortably warm
in spite of the winter blizzards

Winters are long and spring comes late in Iceland. Until well into April winds from the north, howling across polar glaciers and frozen volcanoes, bring snow and sleet. When spring finally comes it is cold and wet, shrouded in clammy fog. Even in July the mean temperature is only 51.6° Fahrenheit.

These pictures, taken from a Signal Corps newsreel, show the kind of winter U. S. soldiers in Iceland have lived through this year, in order to consolidate an American base on the supply route to England and to prepare one more possible take-off point for in-

vasion of Europe. Despite the blizzards, the soldiers have not been cold. They have been comfortably housed in winterized tents and Nissen huts, warmed by huge potbellied stoves. Their vehicles have been sealed against the cold with plywood or salvage lumber, and their jeeps equipped with hot-water heaters.

In only one important respect have the U. S. soldiers been unhappy. They are bored with the lack of military action and their only amusements are the movies or the small double Scotches which cost \$1 a slug. Like the weather, the Icelandic girls are chilly.

Wind and snow howl along a company street where a soldier stands guard. Circular shelter at left is an iron Nissen hut, probably well equipped with homemade chairs, lamps and ashtrays.



Ski patrol gets ready for maneuvers in spite of the storm. Maj. Gen. Charles H. Bonesteel, commander of U. S. troops, continued to train his soldiers in spite of the subarctic winter.





A SUPPER THAT DOESN'T MIND WAITING *for a worker who doesn't watch clocks*

Hearty, sustaining food — that's what he needs when he gets home from a wartime day's work. And you'll see that tired look disappear when you greet him with a brimming bowl of good, hot soup. Make it Campbell's Vegetable Soup and he'll be more than pleased, for Campbell's is the good home kind — with a rich beef stock chockful of fifteen different kinds of tender garden vegetables. Here's all the deep-down flavor and hefty eating of the best homemade vegetable soup. If your man comes in late, no matter! Simmering a while on the stove actually improves the flavor of this good soup.

Remember, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so hearty women everywhere look on it as "almost a meal in itself". It's just the soup to help you serve better meals, these busy wartime days.



Each day I work
With all my might
And eat good
Campbell's Soup at night.



MEATS that are served overseas to the best-fed fighters in the world

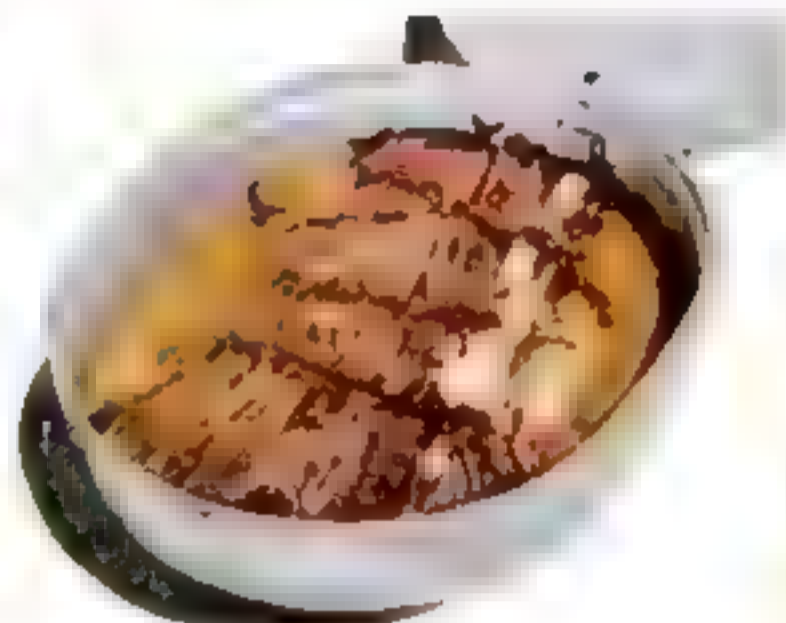
Fresh Frozen Boneless Beef



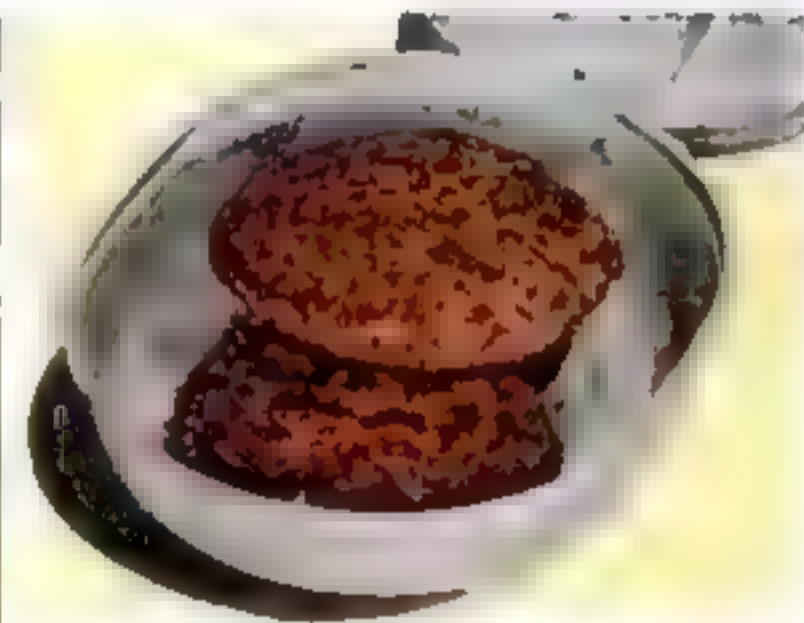
Fresh beef is sent overseas in ships whose holds are lined with cases of frozen lard to maintain proper refrigeration. The beef then goes to our Army—the lard to our allies through Lend-Lease.



Steaks. Fighters overseas are fed fresh steaks like these—thanks to the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps' newly developed fresh-frozen boneless beef.



Pot Roast. Removal of bones from beef (by Armour and other packers) saves two-thirds in shipping space. Thus one ship does the work of three.



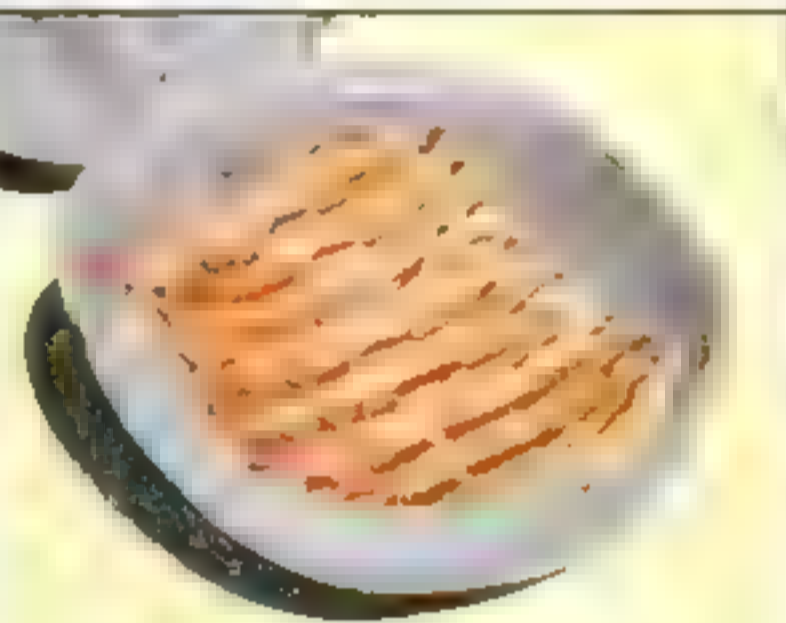
Hamburgers. This fine, fresh beef is packed for the Army three ways: 50% for steaks and roasts; 25% for stews; 25% for hamburgers and meat loaves.



For desert warfare and other fronts where climates are extreme and meats are hard to keep, the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps uses specially cured meats and many varieties of sausage.



Overseas Ham—as fine in quality as the Armour Star Ham our soldiers ate at home... but smoked and cured longer to keep well on war fronts.



Overseas Bacon—is supplied in such vast quantities by Armour for overseas fighters, production of Star Bacon for home use had to be radically cut.



Sausage is so nourishing, keeps so well, it's an important meat in the soldier's ration. The Army orders huge quantities from Armour.



Even when fighting behind enemy lines, U. S. soldiers today eat better than in any previous war—thanks to compact canned meats they carry with them. Just a few of the varieties are shown here.



Pork Luncheon Meat is one of the meat components used in the new K Ration. This meat is also supplied by Armour in 6 lb. tins for regular Army messes.



Vienna Sausage. Another popular Armour Canned meat that's gone to war. Armour's entire output of this sausage now goes to our fighting forces.



Canned Beef Hash—used in several rations. Heated over a tank's motor, jeep radiator or open fire—it provides a nourishing, sustaining meat meal.



How the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps Gives Overseas Fighters their Full Quota of Nourishing Meat

In every American outpost throughout the world today, U. S. soldiers are consuming huge quantities of meat. They must have muscle-building meat to keep in fighting trim. These mess kits show what a wide variety of appetizing meats the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps is giving our Armed Forces. And they also show why civilians must share the meat at home.

Meat for millions of Army meals must be supplied our Armed Forces

every day by Armour and Company and the other packers. In addition, Armour is shipping meats and dairy products in vast quantities to our allies through Lend-Lease every day.

This is why every loyal civilian is asked to eat only his fair share of meat. Let your neighbor have his share by limiting the amount you eat each week.

Fortunately there is no shortage of meat for our fighting fronts today—because Armour and the other packers were ready to supply America's needs the day war struck. We are glad that Armour and Company is big enough to be of important help in keeping our men the best-fed fighters in the world.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Armour and Company

For finest quality and flavor ask for
Armour's Branded Products
Star Canned Meats Star Ham and Bacon
Star Beef, Veal and Lamb Star Sausage
Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products



"A couple of guys named Joe" are the protagonists of this movie, according to Warner Bros. bullshoo. Here Stalin (Manart Kappen) tells Ambassador Davies (Walter Huston)

that "we feel more friendly toward the Government of the U. S. than any other nation." The kindly old fellow at the right is U. S. S. R. President Kalinin (Vladimir Sokoloff).

"MISSION TO MOSCOW"

Davies movie whitewashes Russia

Mission to Moscow, based on Ambassador Joseph E. Davies' famous book, turned out last week to be the year's most remarkable movie. It is a political travelog of the things Mr. Davies saw, the people he met, the conclusions he reached.

Beyond entertainment value, the movie has a serious political mission—to sell Soviet Russia to suspicious American citizens. To this end the U. S. S. R., its leaders and its foreign policies are whitewashed to a degree far exceeding Davies' book. Russians are made to look and act like residents of Kansas City, and the American standard of living appears to prevail throughout the Soviet Union. The complicated history of international diplomacy is reduced to terms of lily-white virtue and blackest villainy.

Major villains in the movie are the "Trotskyite plotters" who were tried and purged in the Moscow trials. Minor villains are U. S. Congress and the ambassadors of pre-war Britain, France and Poland.

Besides going overboard for the U. S. S. R., *Mission to Moscow* includes praise of President Roosevelt, Mr. Davies and the gentlemen responsible for the movie, identified by Davies in an opening speech as "those patriotic citizens, the Warner brothers."



The great purge trials of 1936-38 are telescoped into one scene in this sunlit courtroom, where all the de-

fendants confess to plotting with Trotsky and the agents of Germany and Japan against the U. S. S. R.

Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



From
a Naval
Officer

"KEEPS 'EM SHAVING"

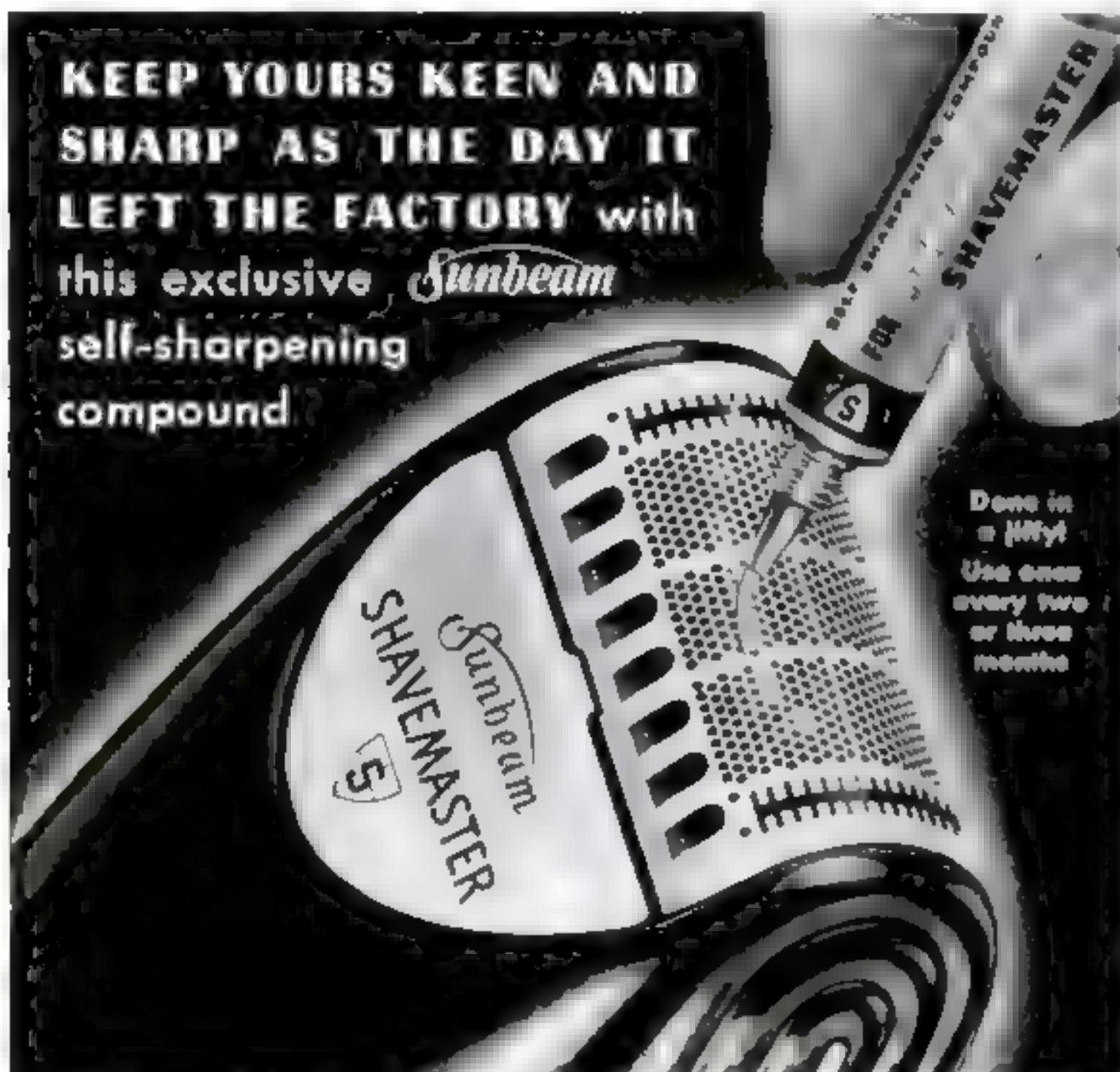
"In my mess there were 16 men and 2 Shavemasters. On seeing how Shavemaster performed the number jumped from 2 to 12, and the other four are borrowing ours until they can get Shavemasters of their own."

"My Army life has taken me to Iceland and back. All this time I've used nothing but my Sunbeam Shavemaster. I beat everyone in the morning shaving and time means a lot in this man's army."



From
an Army
Man

KEEP YOURS KEEN AND SHARP AS THE DAY IT LEFT THE FACTORY with this exclusive Sunbeam self-sharpening compound



Done in a jiffy!
Use once every two or three months

Men prefer Shavemaster because its patented construction makes possible a quick, efficient method of self-sharpening. The new, exclusive Compound sharpens in a jiffy. Sunbeam engineers developed it because they know, from over 50 years' experience making clipping and shearing machines, that *any* cutting instrument, whether it is a simple scissors, a clipping machine—or *any* electric shaver—must have its cutting edges *revived* from time to time.

How to get Self-Sharpening Compound
Ask your dealer about the Sunbeam Self-Sharpening Compound. If he hasn't a supply, send 25c direct to us and we'll ship at once. Also, if you need a new Comb and Cutter set (new Head) and there isn't a dealer available, send \$1.

Although there have been no Sunbeam Shavemasters manufactured for

several months, due to 100% war production, we are permitted to make most repair parts. You are doing your part in conserving war materials by keeping your Shavemaster in good running order.

If you haven't a Shavemaster, your dealer may still have one available. Why not ask him? If he hasn't, buy a War Bond now for your Shavemaster later.

SHAVEMASTER'S PATENTED CONSTRUCTION MAKES POSSIBLE THIS QUICK, EFFICIENT SELF-SHARPENING METHOD



1 Run Shavemaster with 1/4 inch of Self-Sharpening Compound on comb for a minute.



2 Rub comb and cutter in hot soapy water on the palm of your hand and rinse clean under faucet.



3 Dry and replace on Shavemaster, ready for use. Done in a jiffy—once every 2 or 3 months.



4 Then a fast, smooth, close shave—keen as a new shaver every time. New! Exclusive! Proved!

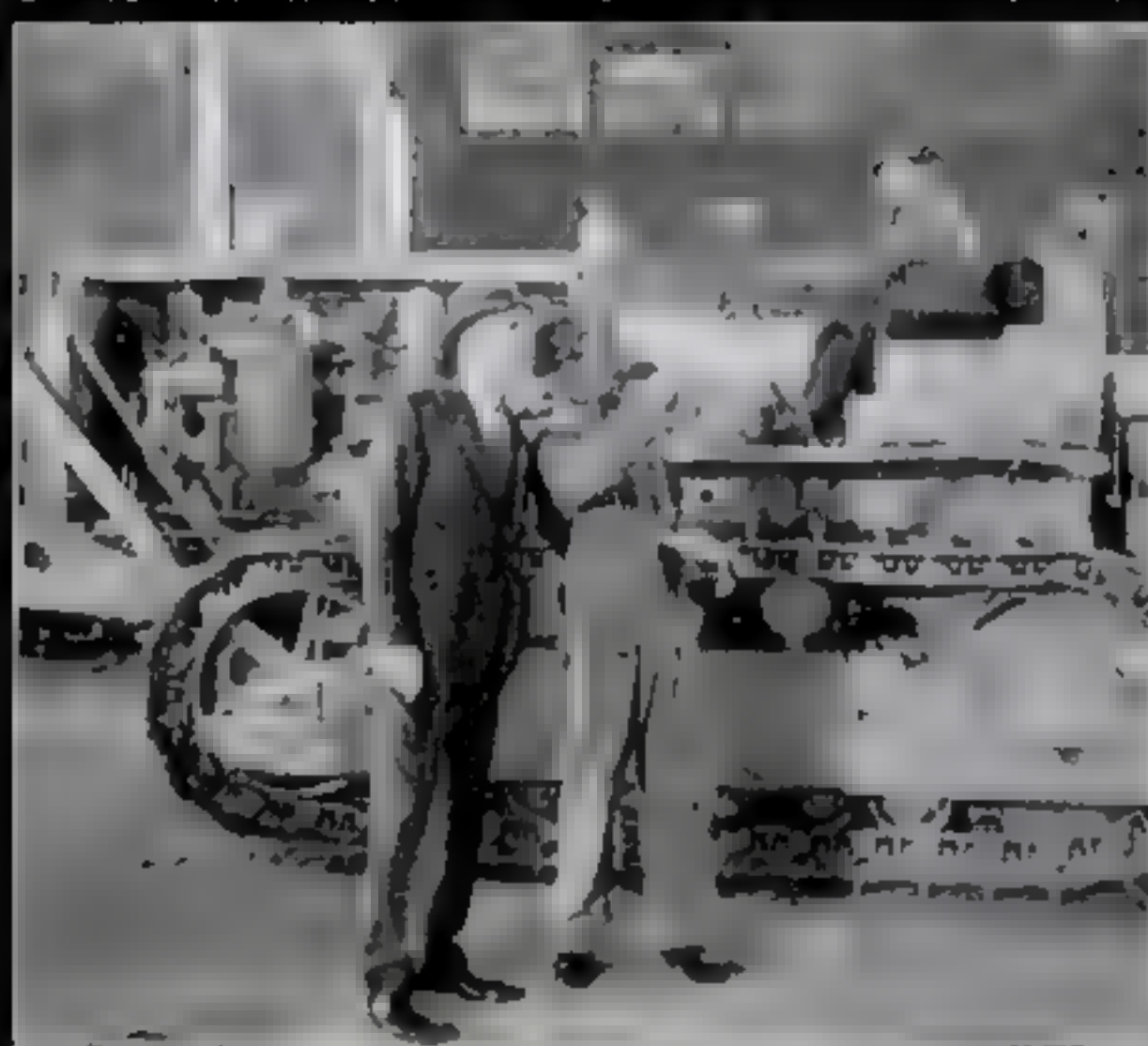
CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO., 5600 Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 53, Chicago • In Canada: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto

Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, etc.

"Mission to Moscow" (continued)



The diplomats welcome Davies. British Ambassador Chilton (left), presented his credentials; Grczykowski, war minister, greeted him. Davies, Polish Ambassador Grczykowski (right) calls Russians "unfinished Poets."



On inspection tour of factories, Mr. Davies visits tractor plant, is greatly impressed by Russia's war preparation. The movie gives him deserved credit for getting out of Moscow safely, looking at Russia without bias.

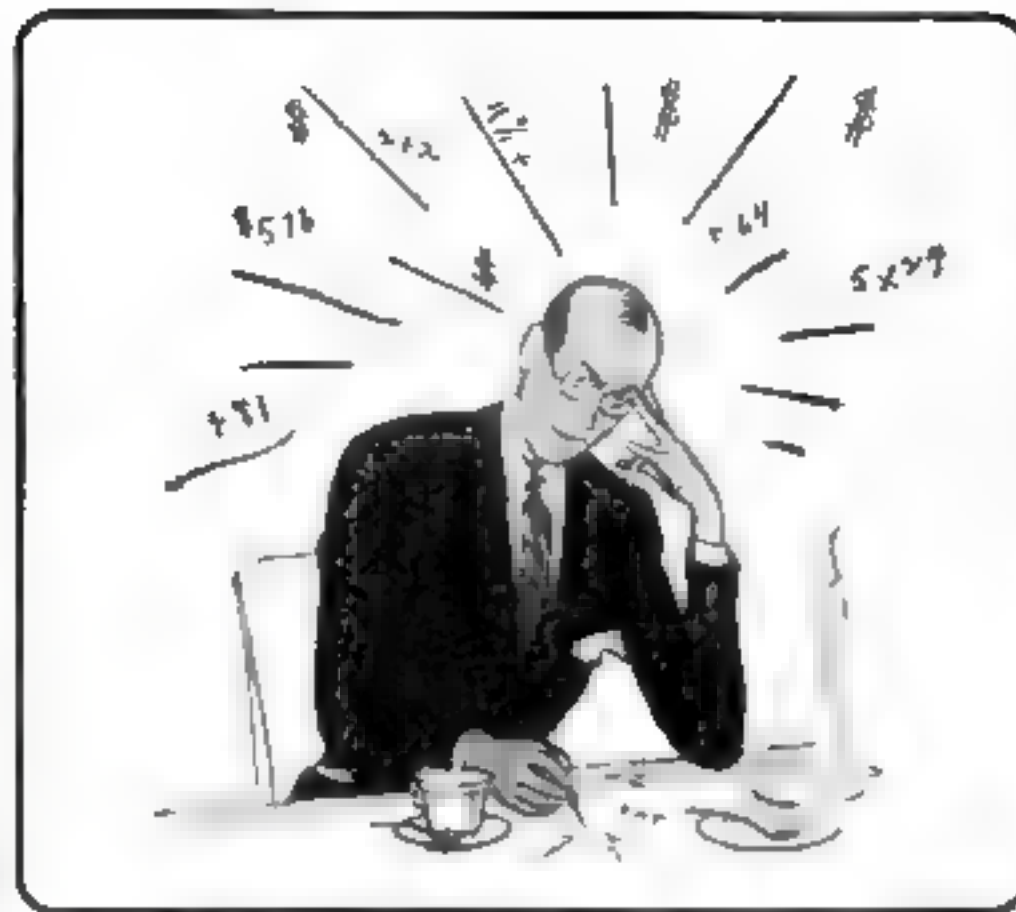


Wounded Chinese children are seen by Mr. Davies with Chinese Ambassador in a Moscow hospital. Mr. Davies never makes such a visit although it is true that 400 refugees were taken into Russia after rape of Nanking.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



1. You can't help worrying about the war. The news may be good one day and bad the next, and it makes you jittery. It's hard on your nerves, and keeps you a bit upset.



2. And no doubt you worry, too, about the big jump in your income tax. You chew pencils and figure around on the tablecloth at lunch. It's not good for you.



3. Perhaps the draft has taken so many men out of your office that you're doing the work of 3 men. You're always working late at night, and now, more than ever, you need a good night's sleep.



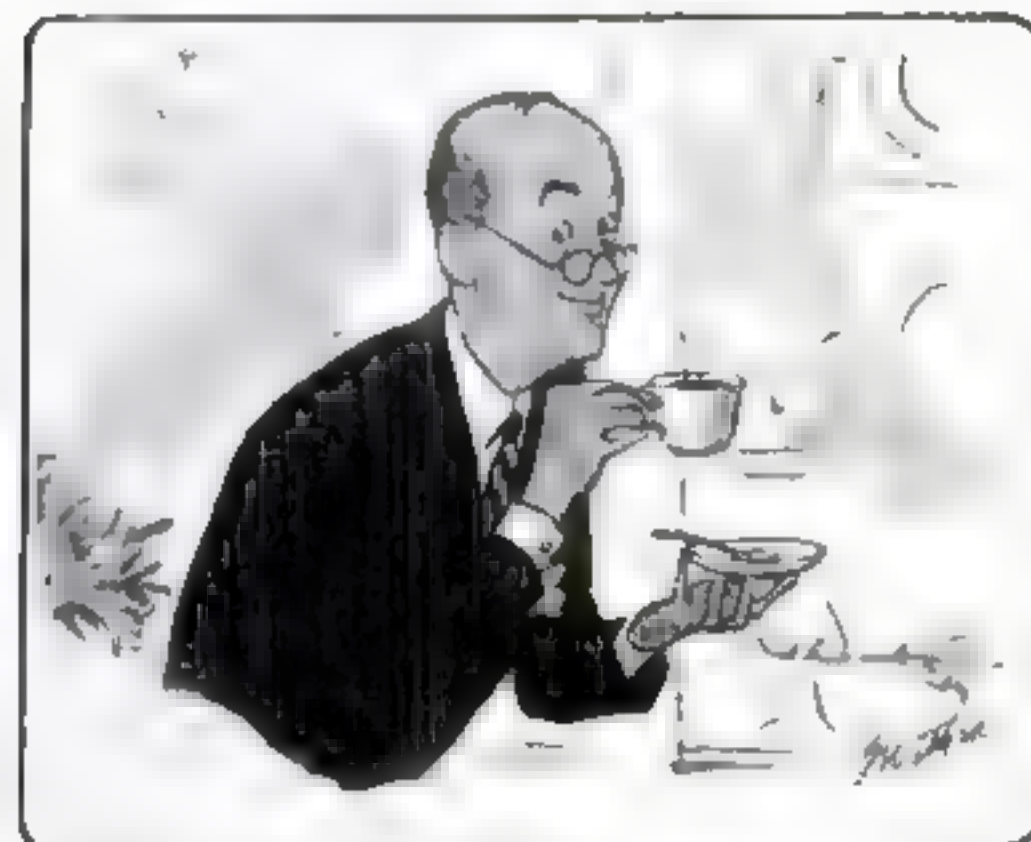
4. Do you get it? Or are you one of those who are kept awake by the caffeine in coffee—but who love coffee so much, you can't resist it! So you punish your already downtrodden nerves with caffeine!



5. Then here you are at about 3 A.M., wide-eyed as an owl, and wishing you could go to sleep. Should you say goodbye to the cheery luxury of fragrant coffee? Of course not!



6. Your wife can come to your rescue—if she'll start serving Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffeine-free, and can't keep you awake! So you still enjoy real coffee—only this coffee lets you sleep!



7. Maybe you've been meaning to try Sanka Coffee...but why wait any longer? Right now is the time to discover the superb aroma and delicious flavor of this very delightful blend of fine coffees.



8. Get Sanka Coffee with your next ration stub and enjoy both sleep and fine coffee! Sanka comes in the new all-purpose grind (swell in any coffee-maker). And it's one coffee that's still vacuum-packed!

SANKA COFFEE



*Sleep isn't a luxury, it's a necessity.
Drink Sanka and Sleep!*

**BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS
AND STAMPS!**

TUNE IN... 5:45 P. M. New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you William L. Shirer, famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

"60 copies? So you're a magician, too!"



GIRL: Shucks, there's no magic about that. Anyone can use one sheet of this carbon paper up to 60 times!

MAGICIAN: But don't the copies get blurred, and hard to read?

GIRL: Not at all! You see, I'm using Roytype's Park Avenue carbon paper, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. And one sheet of Park Avenue can be used up to 60 times, cleanly and clearly! This test copy proves it . . .

This is the 60th copy made with the same sheet of Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This same sheet of carbon paper has been used 59 times before! The test was made by the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this 60th one is!

Laboratory test No. 30351-NY, issued March 10, 1943

MAGICIAN: I still think it's magic! This looks almost like it was made from a fresh sheet of carbon paper! How do they do it?

GIRL: The Royal salesman told me it's because Park Avenue is "deep-inked" by a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. And then, Park Avenue has an extension edge that lets you reverse the sheet top to bottom, so all areas of the paper can be used.

MAGICIAN: I see. No trick at all . . . just common sense! No wonder you can get so many more copies from each sheet of Park Avenue!

Complete line of carbon papers

THERE ARE MANY different carbon papers in the Roytype® line, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One of these . . . it may be Park Avenue, or it may be another . . . will exactly fit your needs, depending on the particular type of work done in your office. Your local Royal Typewriter Representative will gladly show you the whole price range of Roytype carbon papers and help you choose the weight, finish, and quality best suited to your requirements.

ROYTYPE
Carbon Papers and Ribbons
made by the
ROYAL
TYPEWRITER COMPANY*

*Trade-Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Off.,
Copyright 1943, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

"Mission to Moscow" (continued)



Moscow high life is displayed at a reception in honor of Davies. Mr. Davies' daughter, Puden, in white dress, chats with traitorous Marshal Tukatchevsky who stands back to back with heroic Marshal Timoshenko.



Bolshevik bigwigs, it appears in the movie, spend much time in white shirts and tails, which they wear with considerably more style than capitalist tycoons. Litvinoff (center) and Molotov (right) here get news of sabotage.



Davies meets Churchill (Lawyer Dudley Field Malone) and informs him that war is imminent if Great Britain and Russia do not get together. Actually the visit took place during Davies' ambassadorship to Belgium.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Old Belt"... Virginia tobacco painted from life by John Stewart Curry



...**YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!**

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw





Vice goin' baby!"

First in the automotive industry to fly the Navy "E" with three stars, Fisher has also been awarded the Army-Navy "A" for its ahead-of-schedule tank production.

SO it goes, on a dozen fronts — American industry backing up American men with fire-power, with a rising flood of war tools and transport, with a heightening volume of all kinds of ordnance.

The Fisher contribution to this effort, in terms of volume, is huge. But volume alone fails to tell the whole story of the Fisher effort. For the long-acquired skills of the Fisher craftsmen are today playing a part of national importance. They have a vital and specific value of their own.

Our country's leaders realize that it takes precision men to do a job

precisely — that extreme standards of mathematical exactness must be met in order to surpass the technical excellence of our enemy's war machines. And Fisher, as a precision center, has been honored with a number of very difficult assignments.

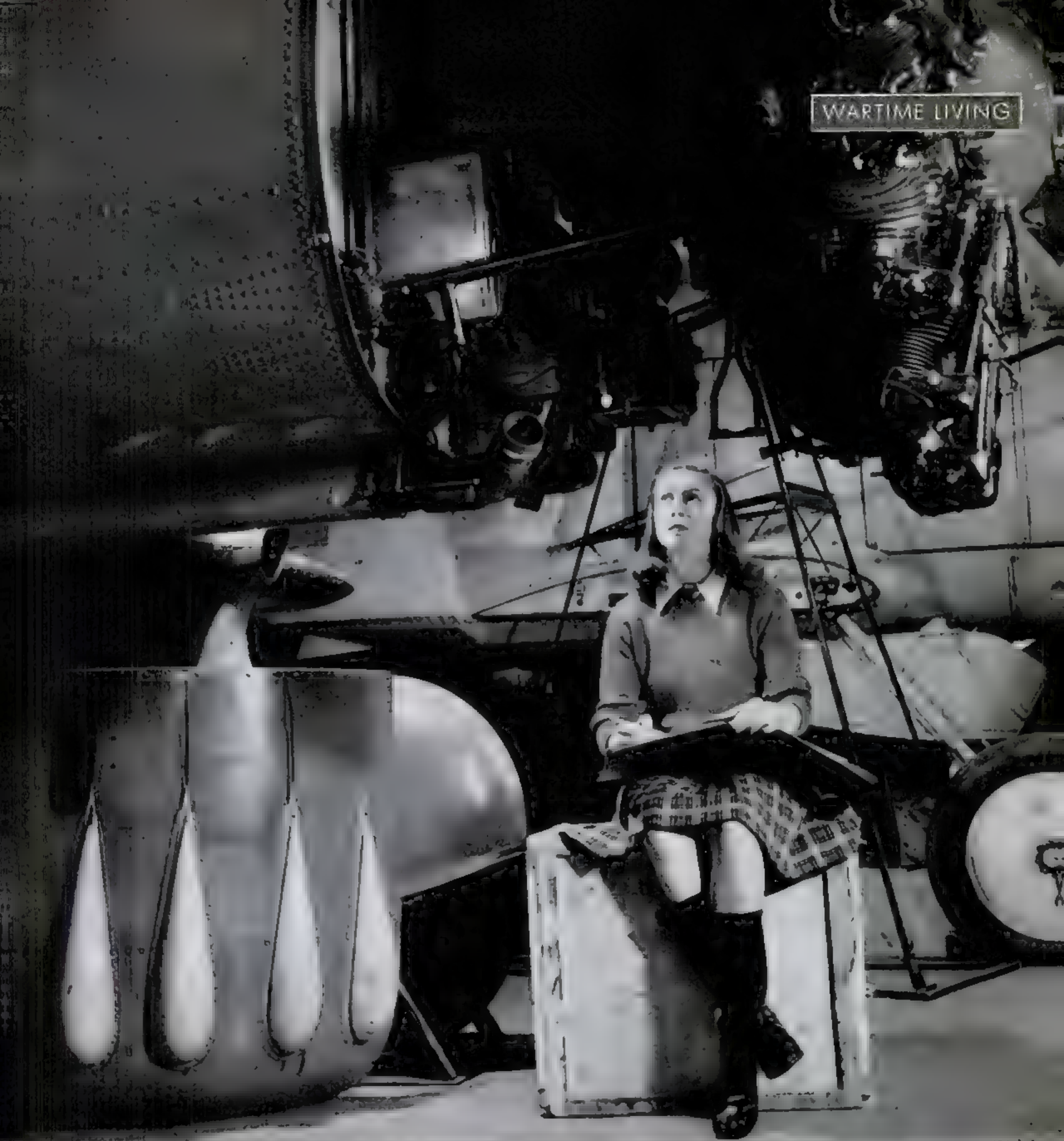
Our fighting men are doing the big job. But the vicious snick of our well-turned breech-blocks, the roar of our tanks, the bark of our anti-aircraft guns are music to their ears.



armament
BODY BY

Fisher

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



MARY LOU HANSEN, 19, OF MILBURN, N. J., SKETCHES ENGINE MOUNT AS PART OF STRUCTURES STUDY. SHE IS FORMER PENN STATE SOPHOMORE AND MATHEMATICS MAJOR

ENGINEERING CADETTES

Girls train for aircraft industry

The 19-year-old above is an aircraft engineer in the making—one of some 800 college girls who are being trained by Curtiss-Wright Corporation to work in its war-boomed, draft-depleted laboratories and factories. Picked from 350 colleges all over the country, the girls are being put through a streamlined 10-month course at leading engineering schools—Cornell, Iowa State, Purdue, Minnesota, University of Texas, Pennsylvania State College and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, R. P. I., where these pictures were taken, is training girls for the propeller division.

Called engineering cadettes, the girls get \$10 a week during the training course, may look forward to jobs ranging from \$130 to \$150 monthly. The average cadette is not quite 20 years old, a college junior with two years of college mathematics, a general scholastic standing of B plus and a high quota of good looks. About half of the girls at R. P. I. are engaged to men in the services but, with true scientific forethought, most have decided not to marry until after the war. Meanwhile, their pioneering expedition into a field formerly "for men only" gives them an active share in the fight.



A LREADY a veteran on many fighting fronts, the Piper L-4 "Grasshopper" plane is serving our Armed Forces as a "Winged Courier." Hedge-hopping dense forests, crossing wide rivers, speeding over shifting sands . . . it carries personnel, important messages and vital supplies to Army outposts. Landing almost anywhere, it is off again in a flash.

Its remarkable maneuverability, dependability and economy, and its easy maintenance make the Piper L-4 a most versatile weapon. Besides acting as a "Winged Courier," it is serving Uncle Sam in the Artillery, Tank Corps, Cavalry and Infantry.

And, when victory is won you will fly with ease to your favorite hunting, fishing and vacation spots and streamline your business trips in a smart peacetime version of this economical, easy-to-fly Piper Cub plane.

FREE BOOKLET ON HOW TO FLY. Send today for your copy of the easy-to-understand booklet "You, Too, Can Fly!" If you also want the full-color Piper catalog, enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Piper Aircraft Corporation, Dept. L53, Lock Haven, Penna.

16mm. SOUND FILM—"The Construction of a Light Airplane" now available. For point of nearest distribution, write the producer: Supervisor, Audio-Visual Aids, Extension Services, Pennsylvania State College, State College, Penna.

PIPER 

POINTS THE WAY TO WINGS FOR ALL AMERICANS

Engineering Cadettes (continued)



In front of smoke tunnel in R. P. I.'s visual flow laboratory, three cadettes study the flow of air over surfaces of model plane. White smoke shows air stream around plane.



Demonstrating propeller action in wind tunnel, instructor puts on electrical dynamometer test for group of girls. Wind velocity in tunnel can be raised to 100 mph.



Shower of sparks goes up from electric resistance flash-welding machine as cadette welds two pieces of metal. Girls get four hours per week of machine-shop practice.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



“Within the hour”—through **Kodak** and Wirephoto you **SEE** the news happen

It's a “hot news” photograph.

It is wrapped around a cylinder, locked in a machine about the size of your cabinet radio. The flick of a switch, and the cylinder begins to turn.

The same switch starts similar cylinders, each with a wrapping of photographic film, in scores of other cities, where newspapers use the Wirephoto service.

Have you seen the cylinder record revolving under the needle in a modern dictating machine? That illustrates how the cylinder in the Wirephoto sending machine spins under its recording “needle”...

But the needle is a noiseless ray of light.

It lights a tiny path around the spinning cylinder. Over and over, 200 turns to an inch. And the reflection of this light from the picture is actuating a photoelectric cell which converts the reflected rays into electric impulses.

In each receiving machine, these electrical

impulses control a neon light. Through a powerful lens, this light is focused to a pinpoint path around the film. As the film is exposed to the light, it becomes a practically perfect negative of the positive picture in the sending machine.

“EXTRA! EXTRA!” If the event is big enough, and censorship permits, “within the hour” you see in your home-town paper the pictures which a news photographer snapped hundreds or thousands of miles away.

Associated Press Wirephoto, with Kodak's help, within a few short years has brought the electrical transmission of photographs from comparative crudity to its present near-perfection.

KODAK'S PART WAS...

to produce a photographic film with qualities unlike any other, which would “process” in a fraction of the usual time... and a lens of

sufficient power to focus the faint gradations of “cold” neon light on a pinpoint of spinning film, with complete fidelity.

The job has been done so well that you can see little difference in quality between a picture snapped in North Africa—and transmitted by wireless and wire—and a picture made in your city, and delivered to your newspaper on the original film.

Portable sending machines—the size of a suitcase—have recently been perfected. They can send out a photograph or map over any telephone or radio transmitter.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TOWARD FIGHTING THE WAR? News pictures for us at home, of course, with all the importance to public morale of getting the news while it's “new”...

Plus the vital new “time” factor in strategy—the ability of those in our Command, with today's battle scenes and maps before their eyes, to direct now the next movements of troops and ships and planes.

The details are confidential, but you can be sure that our Army and Navy are using this “weapon against time” to the limit... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Serving human progress through Photography

Enna Jetticks

America's Smartest Walking Shoes

Shoes that FIT and LAST
increase
THE NATION'S FOOT-POWER!

Foot-power to go on and on without a let-up, and with least possible strain on rationed shoes—that's what you want today. That's what you get in well-made, well-fitted ENNA JETTICK Shoes. In these times a three-pair yearly ration should give you all the foot-power needed.

ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC., Auburn, N. Y.

\$5 TO \$6⁵⁰

Enna Jetticks




Up weather tower on roof of an R. P. I. building goes Sue Lopez, 20-year-old former Cornell sophomore, to adjust the wind-direction indicator. Since flying still depends largely on weather, girls must study weather conditions, wind direction and velocity.



Equivalent aspect ratio (a constant used in design of wings and propellers) is developed on blackboard by Frances Lummas, 19, from Duke University. Girls get eight hours of mathematics weekly, "and every other class is just math in another form."

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 3 of a series, Armored Force.

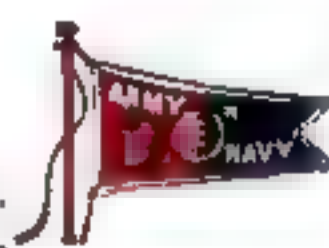


He used to say jokingly, "Less noise, please; I'm telephoning!" Now he speaks from the bedlam of one tank to another. The tiny microphone at his throat hears—not the clamor—but only his words. Out of the din, it sends his commands. Out of his commands come battles won. Out of battles won come peace and our new world.

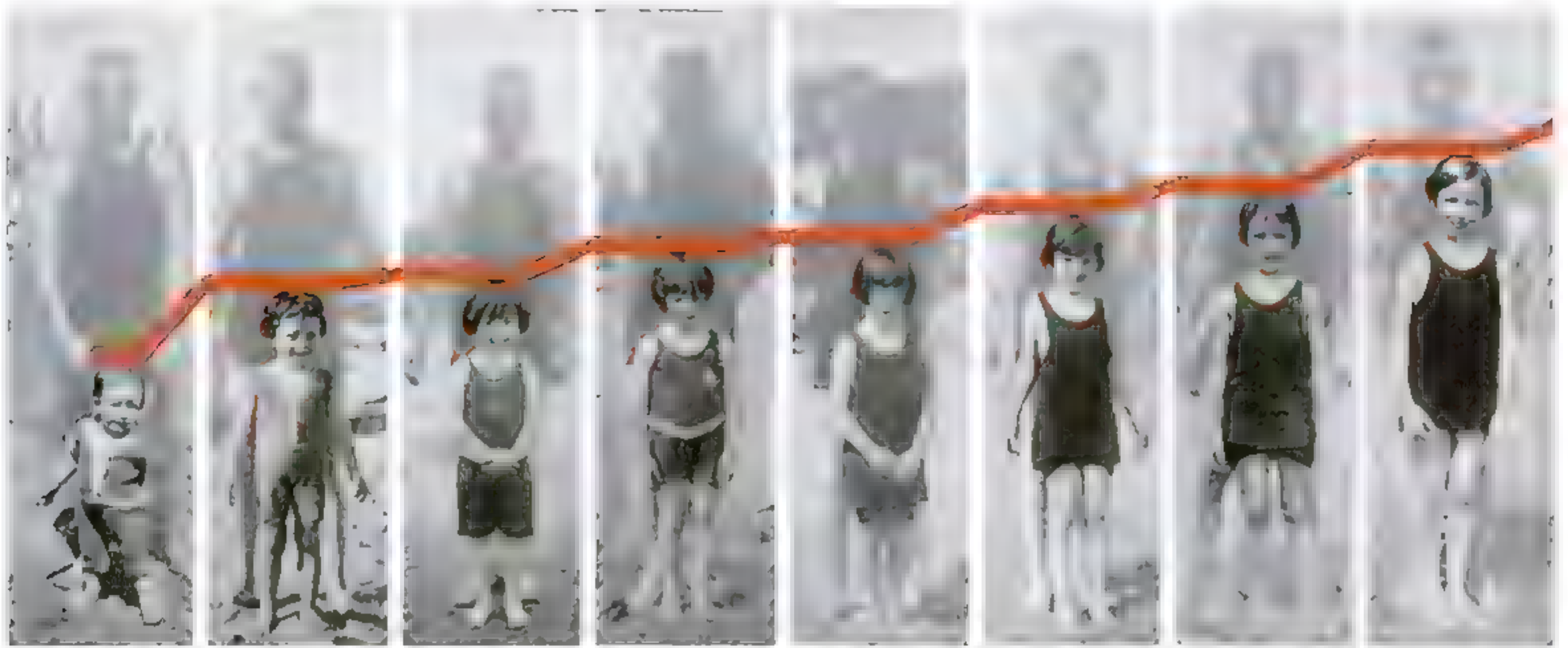


Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.



How a Child



In 1922, when his baby daughter, Marion, was just a year old, Mr. Frank H. Chadwick posed with her for a picture. Mrs. Chadwick determined to continue a pictorial record of her little girl growing up. Here you see the results. Aside from their unique human interest, the pictures graphically indicate the course of a child's growth from birth to maturity. It is continuous but not uniform.

LIFE begins with a speck of protoplasm weighing $1/150,000$ of an ounce. This tiny seed is charged with power to multiply itself 26 trillion times until birth.

Growth is continuous but not uniform (see red line above). At birth a baby weighs about $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; at 1 year, about 3 times as much; at 4 years, 5 times as much; at 11 years, 10 times as much.

If adequately nourished, a child effects a saving of 2 to 5 years during its developmental span—and yet becomes a taller, heavier, healthier, happier and more attractive being at maturity.

Energy-producing foods essential

Of prime importance to children are energy-producing foods, vitally needed to maintain continuous growth and to sustain ceaseless activity. These foods (called car-bo-hy-drates) are all transformed into dextrose sugar by digestion before the body can use them for energy. The basic "fuel" sugar of the human body, dextrose is pure white, sweet and cooling to taste.

Babies begin life on dextrose sugar; it is prescribed by doctors in infant-feeding formulas. Athletic coaches often use dextrose in training diets. Our fighting men on all fronts are provided with special rations containing dextrose sugar. Everyone at every age needs dextrose to help sustain activity, to fight fatigue.

Many foods contain dextrose

While dextrose sugar is not sold directly to consumers, it is today used as an important ingredient of many popular foods...cereals, cakes, crackers, soft drinks, canned fruits and fruit juices, candies, ice cream, table syrups, prepared desserts, jams and jellies—and many others.

Look for mention of *dextrose* on the labels or wrappers of the foods you buy—it is your assurance of genuine food energy—at no extra cost.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
One of the producers of dextrose sugar

• DEFINITION

dextrose is a scientific name. It is *not* a trade mark. It describes a vital, natural sugar—just as the names *lactose*, *maltose*, *sucrose*, etc. define other types of sugar.

*

all through life

dextrose

is the

SUGAR your body uses directly for **ENERGY**

ALL-AMERICAN

The chief source of dextrose is American corn, grown by American farmers. Dextrose is refined in American factories and distributed by American companies.

Grows Up...



If the very rapid rate of growth during the first year of life persisted for ten years, a normal child would then weigh about 100,000 pounds—50 tons! The growth tempo wanes after infancy, but ceaseless activity continues to accompany physical and mental development. The body always uses dextrose sugar directly for tissue formation, body function and health maintenance.



Today

Miss Marian Chadwick is now 23 years old. Attractive, intelligent, energetic, Miss Chadwick is living proof that sound nutrition and thoughtful parental training produce superior beings.



Because Bomber Crews must
have "Victory Vitamin C",
maybe your *canned*
Florida Grapefruit Juice ...



is over
Nazi Rooftops tonight!

Somewhere in England, lolling about in a "ready room" before they go rampaging over the Rhine and Ruhr, American boys are chatting - maybe a doughnut in one hand and in the other a can of juice from Home - grapefruit juice shipped all the way from Florida!

Countless cans of grapefruit juice are shipped to our fighting forces, to fortify their bodies with "VICTORY VITAMIN C". For Florida citrus fruits are a veritable gold mine of this vitamin that's needed for strong tissues, red blood vessels and firm bone. It's a vitamin needed daily by every one - young and old.

If you can't get canned grapefruit juice today - better luck tomorrow. At any rate, let's be glad a supply of it - sounding in *Victory Vitamin C* - is reaching those crews who are dishing out fire and earthquakes over Nazi rooftops day and night!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION • Lakeland, Florida

So rich are oranges and grapefruit in vitamin C that Uncle Sam has set aside the entire supply of canned grapefruit sections, canned orange juice, frozen orange and grapefruit juice for the armed forces. Permits also issue the grapefruit juice - a few cans that - moderately amount - available for civilian use.

Canned Florida **Grapefruit Juice**

RICH IN "VICTORY VITAMIN C"



A WARNING ABOUT CHINA

A GREAT FRIEND OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE POINTS TO DANGERS THAT MAY LOSE US A VALUABLE ALLY

by PEARL S. BUCK

Madame Chiang Kai-shek's tour of the United States has been an extraordinary personal triumph. Everywhere she went the American people gave ample proof of their appreciation of her appearance and of their friendliness, through her, toward China. She came as a representative of China, and she conquered by her individual beauty and charm.

Now that the tour is over, how can we assess its value? That it had great value is undeniable. To many Americans, Madame Chiang brought the knowledge of a new type of Chinese. They saw someone whom they were able to understand—not a remote and esoteric creature who might have stepped from a Chinese fan, but a woman, however fragile in body, yet of considerable will and determination. She spoke in a language which, if it was above the heads of some, was nevertheless our language. In brief, America saw in the person of Madame Chiang a modern woman, a woman who is at home in any country; and through her China has for millions of Americans suddenly become a modern nation. Perhaps nothing else could have taught so many people this much-needed lesson so quickly.

If Madame Chiang's visit has done this for the people of America, what has it done for the people of China? To suggest that it has done something less than it might have done is not to put the blame on anyone, except perhaps on ourselves. It must have been difficult for Madame Chiang to discover how little we know about China, and even about the war that has been fought there for nearly six years. In her speeches she did not mend our ignorance until she reached Los Angeles. There, in her last address, she told something of her own experience in the early period of the war and its progress up the Yangtze River. She shrank, she said, from seeming to want to exploit in a foreign country the sufferings of her people. For this we respect her. But the fact remains that it would be well for us to know the exact position where the Chinese people now stand, especially if we are to be able to put into practical form the results of this visit. It is not enough for China that we acknowledge Madame Chiang's personal charm, nor that we give our personal gifts. China needs far more than that from us, and this for our own sake as well as China's.

For we cannot win the war against Japan if China is not held. The soil of China must be the base for our final attack on Japan. We may lose that base before it can ever be used if we do not sustain the spirits and bodies of China's people. A China disarmed and totally subjected in body would be helpless in spirit. Occupied China today is not quite helpless, because hope still remains that before it is too late

Pearl Sydenstricker Buck, whose novels about the Chinese people won her the Nobel Prize in 1938, knows China as well as she knows America. She was brought up by her missionary parents in Chinkiang on the Yangtze, came back to Virginia to college (Randolph-Macon), and then returned to China to spend the next two decades. Her first husband, Dr. John Lossing Buck, taught rural economics at the University of Nanking; she herself taught English. In 1934, after the success of *The Good Earth*, she returned to the U. S. for good. She lives on a Pennsylvania farm with nine children and her second husband, Richard J. Walsh, who is editor of the magazine *Asia*.

Although Pearl Buck has not been in China since 1934, she still has a "Chinese self," and is one of the most understanding spokesmen the Chinese people have. Because she knows and loves them well, she has their confidence and can say things to and about the Chinese that would come from most Americans with bad grace. For the frightening situations described here, however, she does not blame China, but puts the blame where it belongs: on America's failure to understand in time the necessity of helping China, so that China can help us.

the Allies can reconquer Burma, the access to China. But were that hope taken away, all free China, as well as occupied China, would settle back into long deep darkness, out of which she could struggle only after centuries, and far too late to save America. It is time we Americans were thoroughly frightened.

American friendship for China has at this moment reached a popular height which brings it to the verge of sentimentality. The Chinese are being exalted into persons such as cannot exist in our fallible human race. A dose of common sense is needed. If the dose is not taken in time those who have rushed to give gifts, those who have sold valued possessions, as some have, to make a gift, are going to wake up one morning condemning China and all Chinese, and then they will regret their possessions and feel

ashamed of their emotionalism, and isolationists will make the most of this disillusionment. But the Chinese people deserve neither adoration nor condemnation. They do deserve understanding and help, and that we may give what they deserve, it is necessary for a friendly diagnosis to be made now of China's present condition.

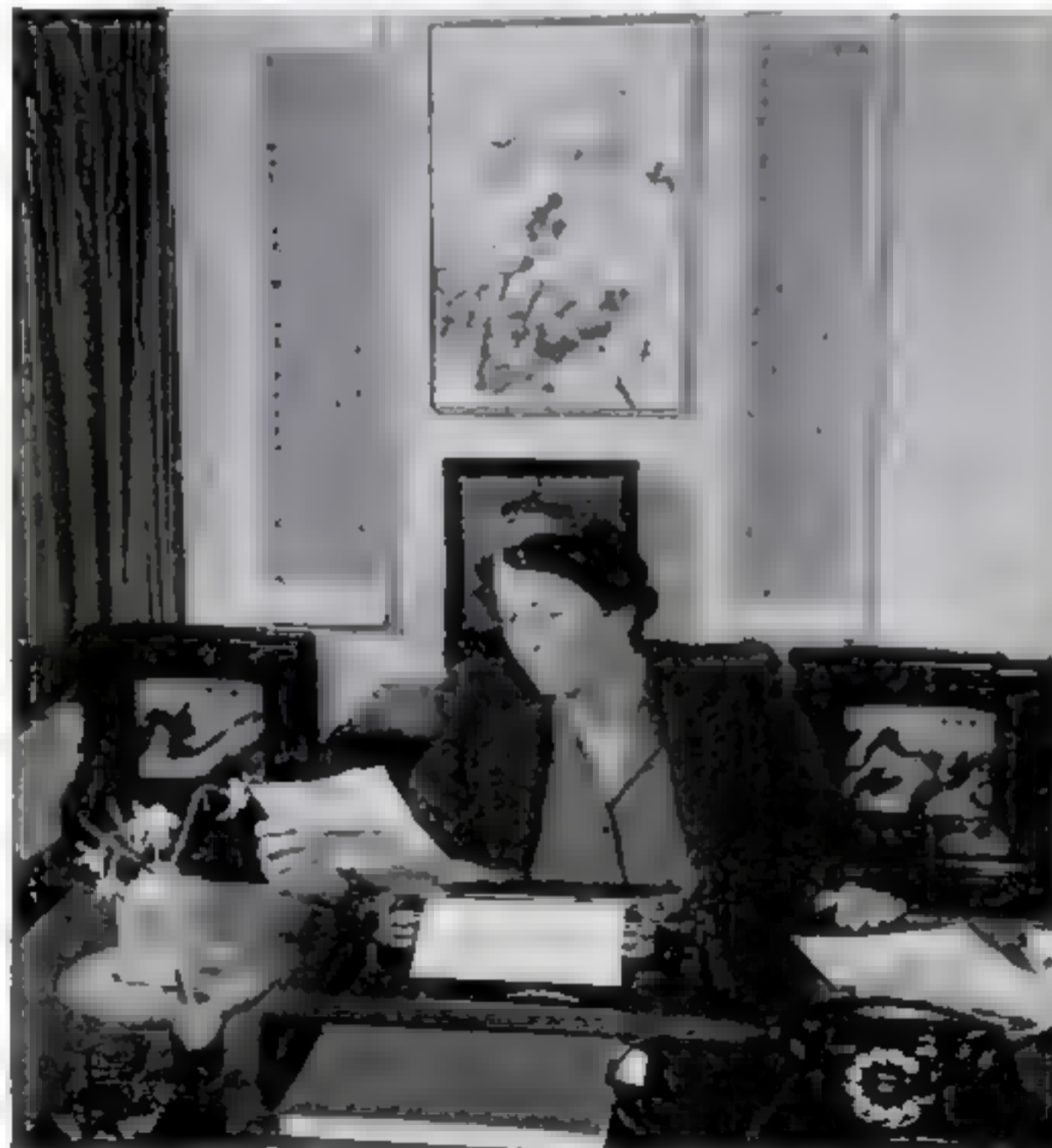
To put the condition briefly, China is ill. Her lifeline was choked off with the loss of Burma. Transport service has not been sufficient to supply what China needs for healthy maintenance of war activity. As in any starving body, latent ills spring up. The danger now in China is that the war against Japan may dwindle because of the increasing weakness inevitable under present circumstances, and that in this

subsidence those who would make peace with Japan may come to power.

The Chinese people realize their danger with fear and dismay. They are bewildered, stalemated and silent. Their resolute resurgent voice, which used to be so clear, is silent now. In 1937, when the Chinese people led their government into what they supposed was a war for national democracy, they called the warning to the world. But today one of the major paradoxes of this war is that although Madame Chiang is our most eloquent wartime evangelist, the Chinese people themselves are voiceless.

Already, undemocratic forces, which could not do their evil work so long as China was hopeful of her place as an equal ally of the United States and England, have been strengthened by our policy which has relegated Japan to the place of a secondary enemy, allowing Burma to be lost and the line to China cut. In the isolation and helplessness of China those in the government there who were voices for the people and for democracy cannot speak loudly and clearly as once they did, as they did when they were promising their people effective aid from us. Division within China is deepening in spite of the fact that the leadership and the genius of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek are not yet being challenged. He has become a legend among the Chinese people, and though they may reject others around him, they do not reject him. Chiang Kai-shek is still the rallying point and the center of unity for China's war. So long as this remains true, it can still be said that the war is a people's war.

It started altogether as a people's war. The government was reluctant to begin it, knowing that China was ill-prepared to face Japan's war machine. The people knew that, too, and yet they saw that the war had come upon them, whether they were ready or not, and that there were only the two alternatives—either they had to fight with whatever they had, or they had to surrender to Japan without fighting. They



PEARL BUCK AT WORK IN STUDY OF HER COUNTRY RESIDENCE IN PENNSYLVANIA

CHINESE CRISIS (continued)

chose as Americans would have chosen, as any independent self-respecting people would have chosen, they chose to fight. Chiang Kai-shek chose with them, and Left and Right alike, the people united under him. They understood very well that there were forces connected with him and playing upon him that were not good forces from the point of view of the people or of the common fight against Japan, but in their need they had to accept the evil with the good. Moreover, they were convinced that Chiang Kai-shek was still stronger than these forces. They knew him to be an unsentimental man at heart, and a man who would not, therefore, allow personal emotions to sway him too deeply. They believed that he had passed the stage of personal greed. He had wealth and power sufficient for him and the need for these things was not a disease with him as it is with some.

Around the figure of Chiang Kai-shek, then, the people centered. He became the symbol of their unity, and so he has continued to this day. The people still hope and believe that when the clouds are cleared away from the point where they now stand, at least his figure will still be there, ready for the future. Even the Leftists, now once again bitterly repressed and ignored by the bureaucrats, believe that it is still possible to find national unity in Chiang Kai-shek.

It is the people of China, then, whom we must thank today for the years of resistance to Japan. Those intrepid, reckless, plain people did for us in Asia what English people did in the West—they proved the enemy was not invincible. All over China the plain people were roused—they were fighting for Chinese soil, as the Russian people are fighting for theirs today.

But it is only common sense to realize that even a great and brave people rallying around a beloved leader cannot win a war without weapons. Their only hope for these was from America. The weapons are not being sent and there are three reasons for this: we are allowing ourselves to be persuaded that Japan is only our secondary enemy; we are allowing ourselves to be shaken by the reports that all China is being demoralized, we are allowing ourselves to be too easily persuaded that the problem of transportation cannot be solved.

We cannot alter the decision to fight and beat Hitler first. Even if we could perhaps we should not. But neither can we dare neglect the war against Japan or risk the loss of China. To America at least, and I believe to all democracies, Japan is an enemy of equal danger to us with Hitler. It may take Japan several years to consolidate her gains to equal the resources of Germany, but she is not allowing the strengthening of her military forces to wait for this. She is increasing and building up her fighting power. Nothing which is now being done, either by Chinese forces or our own, is impeding that growth. No American can afford to forget this. It is dangerous to be deceived by the small military actions now taking place. We have not yet met Japan's main forces. The efforts being put forth by ourselves in the Pacific and by the Chinese in China do not engage any great proportion of the Japanese Army. The British efforts in Burma are feeble indeed, because the British feel that the time has not come to invade on a big scale.

The liberals are silent

And now come these reports from China, even from Chinese sources themselves, that there are signs that in China this is ceasing to be a people's war. The great liberal forces of the recent past in China are growing silent. The center of liberalism in China for the past two generations has been in the students and teachers. Nowhere in the world have the young and intelligent played so heroic a part as in China. Their courage, their self-sacrifice, even to the lives of thousands who dared to oppose the officials, have provided the strongest correctives to bureaucracy and official corruption. Now those students are ceasing to speak. As China becomes more isolated the power of bureaucrats is grow-

ing. Oppressive elements in the government are becoming more oppressive. Chungking is a place where free speech is less and less possible and those who want to be free are going to other places.

These oppressive influences extend even into the Generalissimo's family. We who are the American people would be better pleased if we could hear the voice of Madame Sun Yat-sen today. It was Sun Yat-sen who provided for the Chinese people the clear direction toward modern democracy. Why is it necessary for Madame Sun Yat-sen to be silent? The people believe in her. It is not only fear, it is also hopelessness which deepens the people's silence. Economic conditions in China at this hour are so appalling that the persons who might be the leaders for freedom are turning away from public service and are taking up better paid jobs. More and more students, for example, are discreetly specializing in money and banking. Cynicism is killing the spirits and hunger is killing the bodies of those who were once such a strong and purifying political force.

Democratic methods are needed

Yet the Chinese people are agreed that certain evils now existing must go and certain reforms must be established if China is to continue as a democracy. The chief evil that must go is official corruption, first in high places but everywhere as quickly as possible. The only way to get rid of this corruption is to put into the hands of the people the power to accuse and dismiss their officials when corruption is proved.

But this means that the people must also be able to choose their rulers and this means that the technique of a modern democracy must be put into their hands. I find too much doubt among Americans of Chinese democracy. Instead of trying to help the Chinese to develop quickly the modern democratic technique, we tend to feel contempt for their efforts. We ought instead to be afraid of the effects of our lack of military aid upon these efforts. The Chinese are historically a democratic people. Even during the days of empire they governed themselves in matters pertaining to their everyday lives. But today the old techniques are useless and new ones have not been given. The people have no way of choosing their rulers, no way of indicting them when they are corrupt, no way of dismissing them from office. They now can only endure whatever is inflicted upon them. The personal efforts of the Generalissimo are not enough to counteract this deep-seated evil, this not only because it is too widespread but also because it is in places so high, so close to him.

This the people very well know. They do not blame him, but they hope that he can free himself. They still feel he is a great man but that his greatness for the future depends upon how strong he can be in dealing with these evils on the negative side, and in providing the people with a technique of democracy on the positive side.

In this state of mutual uncertainty it is inevitable that certain forces are for the moment strengthening themselves as they tend to do in similar periods in any country. There is now no real freedom of the press in China, no real freedom of speech. The official implement of repression is an organization far more severe than the secret service of a democracy ought to be, for insecurity of individuals in power breeds repression upon the people. These antidemocratic forces are being strengthened now, and not only by China's isolation. They could be weakened by more military aid, but they are being strengthened by the fact that the aid we do give China is almost entirely financial. Recognizing this as a grave danger, the Chinese people are asking that the American Government somehow safeguard its loans to the Chinese people, to be used by the people and for the people, and not to establish any political group, either Right or Left, by personal profits. "It is we who must return such loans," they say, "and it is to us the loans should be made."

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HER BEAUTY Whispered Romance

How that adorable Atlanta debutante, Elizabeth Anderson, and Douglas W. Chambers, of New York, met, dated and wed, as portrayed by Jerome Zerbe, leading society photographer



First meeting: Betty and Doug are introduced at Christmas party in Thomasville, Ga., where Doug visits on holidays from Lawrenceville (N. J.) School. Betty looks gay, lovely . . . her skin carressably smooth. Doug loses his heart.



"Dream girl date" Doug calls Betty when she accepts his bids to football games, parties. Friends predict a marital merger, approve Betty's bud-fresh complexion. Her recipe for skin-sparkle . . . a quick Woodbury Facial Cocktail before dates.



Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Chambers, during their courting days. The former Elizabeth Anderson has a soft, clear skin, says: "I've Woodbury Soap to thank." Let Woodbury bring you beauty, as it has so many lovely girls. Get it today.



Betty tells her beauty routine: "I smooth on a lather of Woodbury Soap. Crowd out alien dirt. Then whisk away soil with a clear rinse."



Prior to Doug's induction into Army, Betty visits fiancé's family. She uses a true skin soap, made extra mild by a costly ingredient.



White satin adorns the bride. Betty says, "I promise to keep my skin lovely always. I trust Woodbury Soap to help." Try Woodbury.



FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH
★ BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MAN
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Tugboats are still towing bargeloads of pineapple from the Dole island of Lanai to the Honolulu cannery. But, as you probably know, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the fruit and $\frac{1}{3}$ of the juice we pack is going to the Armed Forces.

However, we are planning and planting for the future—when you will be able to buy all the Dole Pineapple and Juice you want.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS

CHINESE CRISIS (continued)

Then there is the great problem of the Chinese Army. The division between the Eighth Route Army and the National Army still continues, in spite of the fact that all accept the Generalissimo as their leader. There are forces around the Generalissimo which keep apart these two great bodies of the people who ought not now to be kept apart. Nobody in China wants a civil war.

But there are serious facts which must be faced about the National Army itself. A third of its men are casualties even without fighting. This means a devastating amount of sickness and malnutrition. The Chinese Army is being slowly starved for lack of even fresh rice. Malaria and dysenteries and fevers are doing the rest of the damage.

Yet this is not all. Ever since China was isolated by the loss of Burma and we stopped sending her trucks and parts and gasoline, staleness has been creeping over her armies. In any army there must be a constant freshening process, because all soldiers tend to settle down in their routine camp. Officers must be changed from time to time, camp sites moved and everything possible done to keep men stirred and ready for action. But this process has become impossible in many places in China, and the result is exactly what it would be in any army. The Chinese forces are tending to become immobile, the men are settling down where they are, and being half-starved and getting little pay, the officers are actually "going into business"—that is, making what they can out of the local people.

Chinese resistance is weakening

The Chinese people are unchanged in their determination to resist Japan in every way they can. But they know, and we ought to know that their resistance is weakening, not because they would have it so, but because they cannot help it. They are being starved out and choked off and isolated beyond human power to fight, even with all the will in the world, which they still have.

What can we do about it? We can demand that our military men put their brains to the matter. It is primarily a military problem and the military men must solve it. The Chinese are brave and ready fighters and if they are not fighting it is because they have nothing to fight with except plenty of empty-handed men.

Seasoned American officers and reporters alike, and professional German officers as well, men who know the Chinese in peace and in war, agree in praising the Chinese soldier as unbeatable on his own soil, provided he is given leadership and weapons. Nothing could please the Japanese better than the way we are now treating the Chinese people. Not to give them any weapons, not to help their armies to fight, not to open up channels of supplies—and by our default to strengthen the anti-democratic forces and hasten the decay of the Army—splendid for the Japanese! When our military men shrug their shoulders about China, when our leaders turn up their helpless palms and say, "What can we do? Every plane takes so much gas!"—how splendid for the Japanese! We are in the process of throwing away a nation of people who could and would save democracy with us but who if we do not help them will be compelled to lose it because they are being lost themselves.

Can it be true that among all our brilliant generals and officers there is none who can see the truth about China, none who will act upon it?



Madame Chiang Kai-shek lays a wreath at statue of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Republic, during her San Francisco visit. Her sister is the widow of Dr. Sun.

JUST ELEVEN HOURS ON EARTH . . . WITH HITLER!

When Hitler launched his merciless air-blitz on England, 42,000 civilians were killed. The youngest was only 11 hours old . . . only 11 hours of life on the same earth with Adolf Hitler.

America bows her head in horror and sorrow for that child . . . *and then goes forth to fight.*

We fight with all the strength of our youth . . . our sons and brothers who are crossing the seas to get within range of the axis gangsters.

We fight with all the might of our industry. Machines that once formed the comfortable things of peace now shape the cold, hard steel of war.

It is grim business. But we must do it. We of The Texas Company know how grim it is to turn the petroleum that might have been used for transportation and warmth into toluene for high explosives, into Diesel oil for deadly submarines, into lubricants to speed the manufacture of huge projectiles.

But we are glad we had the oil wells, the refineries, the plant capacity, built up in time of peace, to accomplish this stern task.

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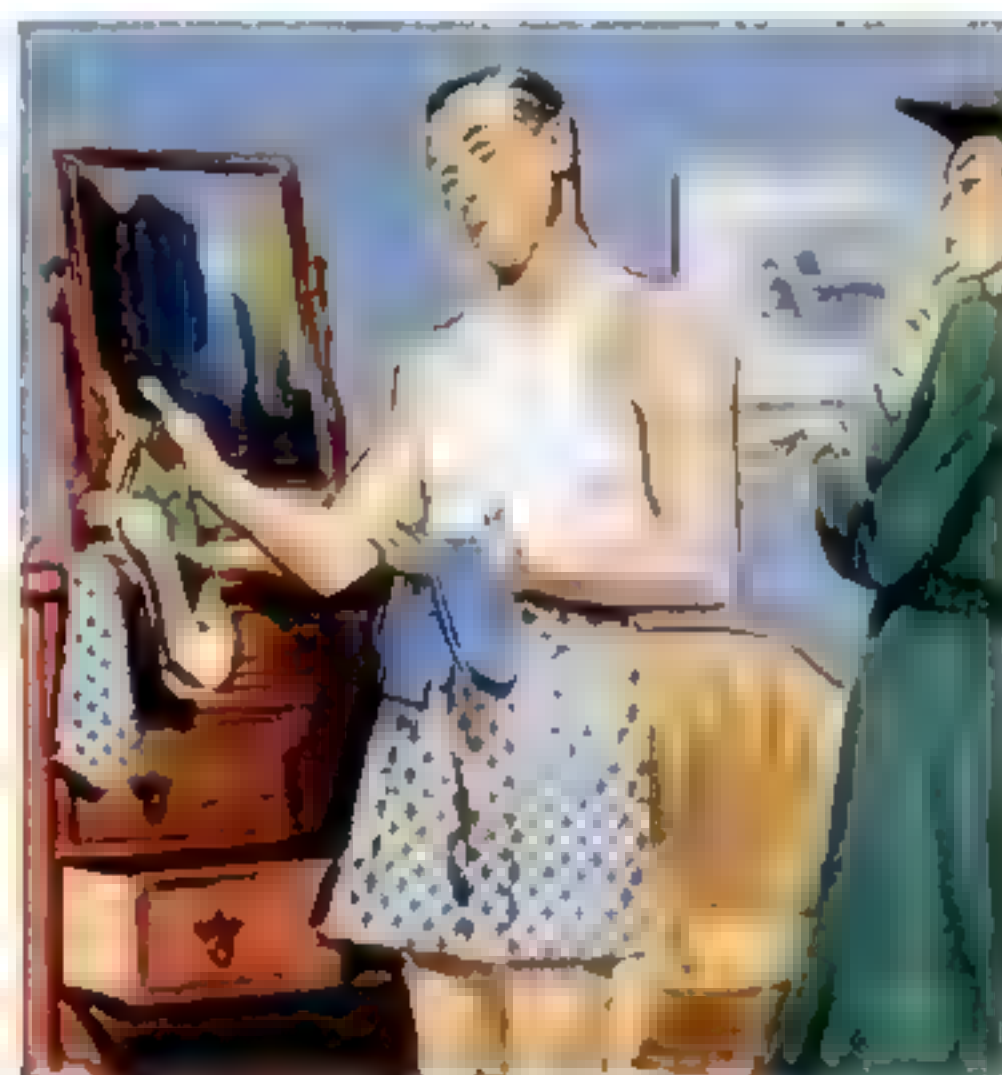


No, Bert—not back to your Birthday Clothes!

See here, Civilian Bertram! You're saving gas and tires... that's *fine*. You're buying lots of War Bonds... *good*. You can't make too many sacrifices right now! But, Bert, Uncle Sam doesn't want you to go nudist... you can be patriotic and thrifty as Yankee Doodle and *still* wear swell-looking duds that will outlast the Axis! Step below, Bert, and we'll show the folks how to get extra mileage from their wartime wardrobe dollars!



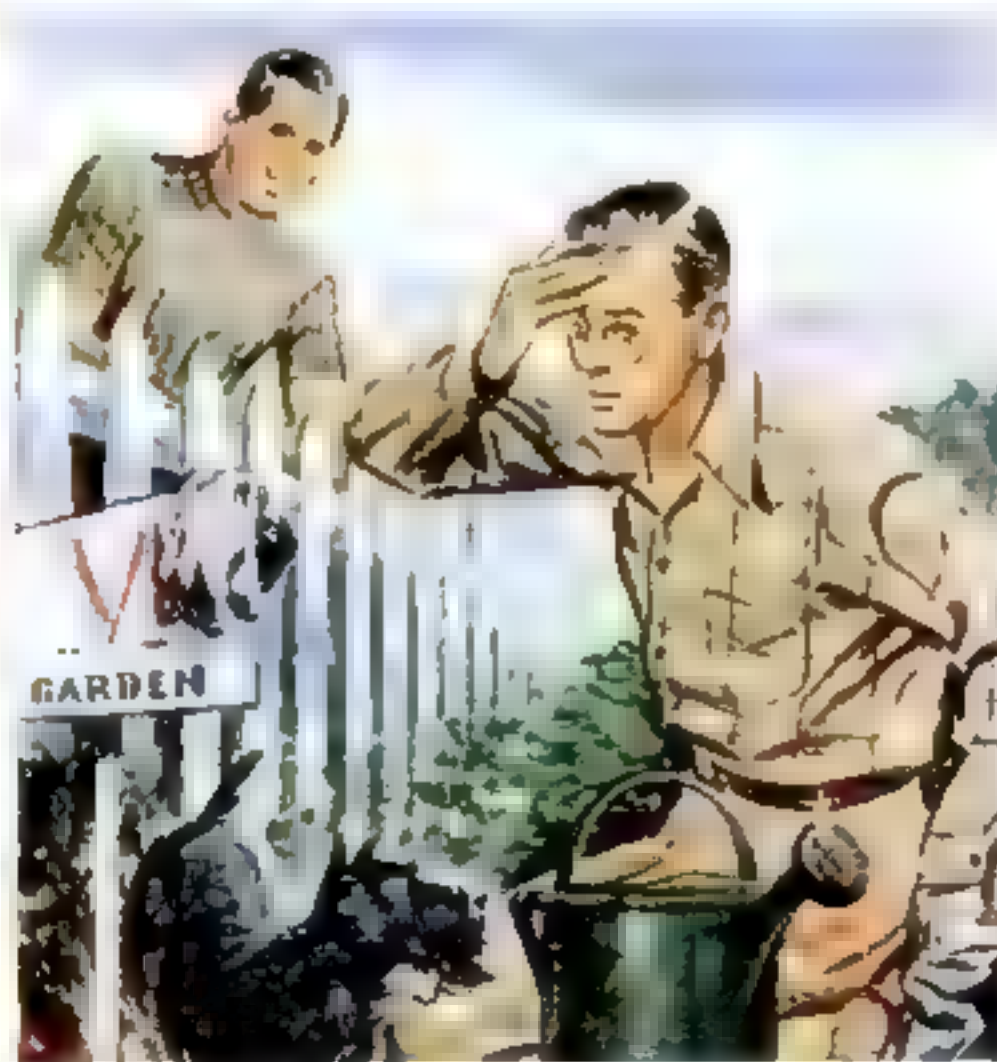
Let 'em See You, Bert! Chances are they'll ask where you got those Faultless Pajamas by Wilson Brothers. While momentarily lifting your paper, tell them how the generous *full-cut* of Faultless Pajamas identifies them as *quality* garments. Sweet sleep comes easily in them. Swell for lounging, likewise! (\$2.50 to \$5)



Daily Dilemma, eh, Bert, deciding what handsome pair of Buffer Socks to wear! They're *all* reinforced for extra mileage. Those Super Shorts you're wearing look as good as they feel (cut generously not to bind, and to wear for a long, *long* time). And that Double Check pattern is pretty special! (Socks 39c to \$1.50, Shorts 75c to \$1.50)



Two collar styles on one shirt, that's Wilson Brothers DuCol for you! Buttoned, with a Wilcrest Tie, it's dressy. Worn open, it's informal. Of course it has Wilson Brothers famous V shape for fit. And it's *full-cut* through the shoulders and chest for plenty of living room and long-term wear! (Shirts \$2.25 to \$4, Ties \$1 up)



Relax, Bert! It should be easy enough in that Skipper Leisure Shirt of exclusive plaid... designed to put more fun into free time. And pipe the Knit T-Shirt Pal Phil has on! There are many other sharp Skipper Leisurewear items, *all* planned to please. (\$1.65 to \$7.50) Lots of different Wilson Brothers T-Shirts, too! (75c to \$3.50)

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V-SHAPED SHIRTS
SKIPPER LEISUREWEAR
FAULTLESS PAJAMAS**

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WITH WRIGHT FIELD STAFF, COLONEL GODDARD (UPPER LEFT), PIONEER AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, STUDIES AIR VIEW TAKEN FROM 5,000 FT. WITH CONTINUOUS-STRIP CAMERA

AERIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHY

ARMY SHARPENS ITS EYES

The art of aerial observation was once the province of men with sharp eyes and retentive memories who flew wobbly planes over enemy lines and came back with as many details as they could remember. Today aerial observation is a science of high-speed planes and complicated cameras which fly at great height, at great speed often in darkest night to record exactly what the enemy is doing.

This war has shown that battles can be won or lost by aerial reconnaissance. Rommel's air reconnaissance let him down at El Alamein. The U. S. air reconnaissance failed at Faid Pass. Knowing this, the Army Air Forces for years has been testing the technique of air photography as carefully as it tests airplanes and guns. It has developed extraordinary equipment which has made the Army's eyes sharper and surer than they have ever been before. Its latest photographic device is the shutterless continuous-strip camera. Used on low-flying, high-speed planes, it takes not a series of snaps but one long, uninterrupted flow of pictures.

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

THIS IS HOW THE ARMY TAKES ITS PICTURES



The Army's fastest photographic plane is the P-5A, which is the 400-m. p. h. P-51 fighter plane fitted with five cameras in its nose instead of five guns. Here cameras are lowered into the P-5A. Small ones are used especially for mapping surveys; big ones with long barrels are for reconnaissance.

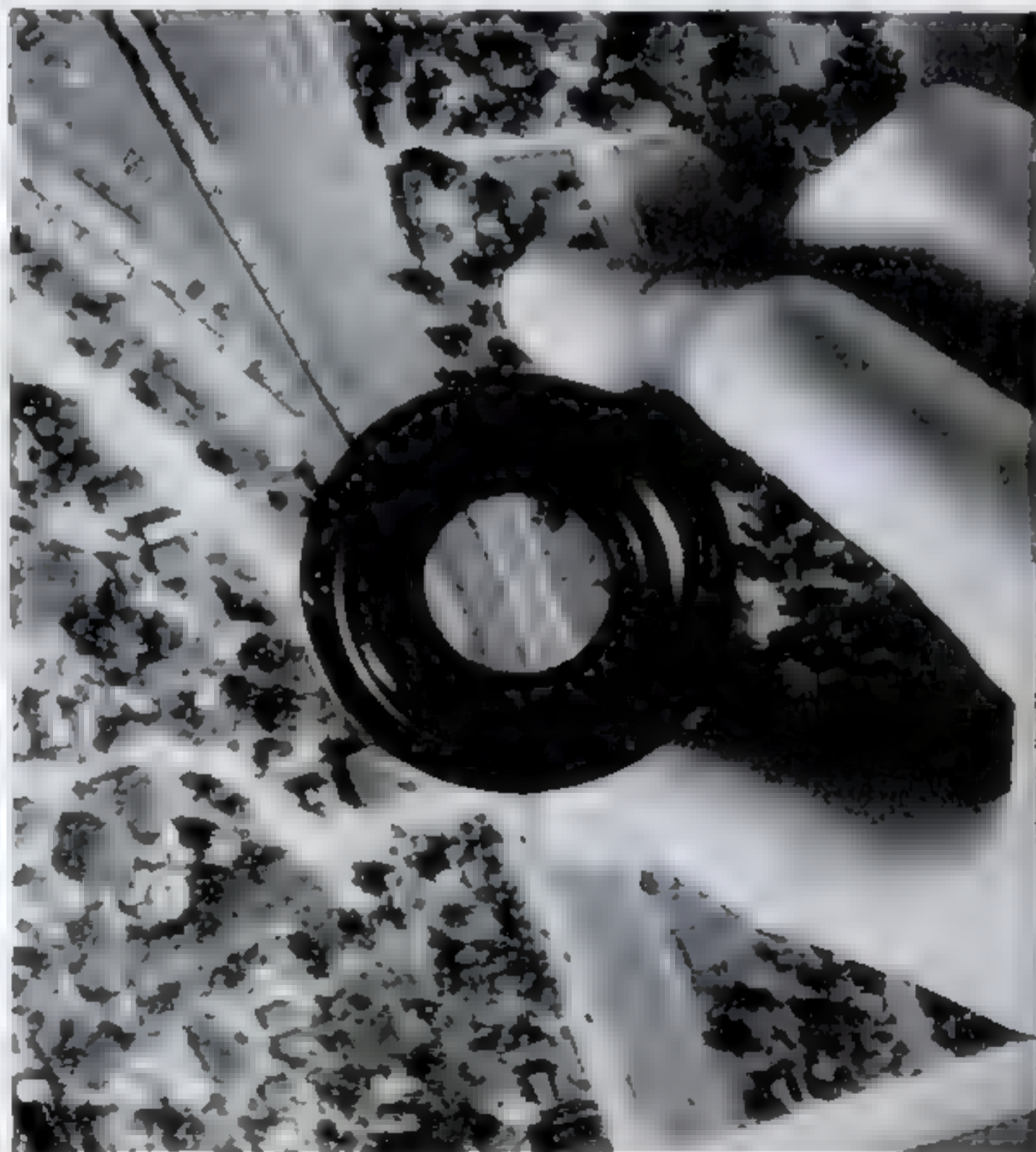


Flash bombs are dropped to illuminate land for night pictures. A flash bomb the size of a 500-lb. destruction bomb weighs only 30 lb. It is filled with magnesium mixture, set off by delayed fuse. Bombers carry them in regular bomb bays, P-5A's in special flare chutes.

THESE ARE PICTURES IT GETS



High-speed, low-altitude shot, taken by plane flying at 320 m. p. h. only 150 ft. above ground, emerges clear and sharp. It is taken with continuous-strip camera which has no shutter. The film winds past narrow slit in camera, its speed synchronized to speed and altitude of the photo plane.



Details from 18,000 ft. are so clear that under magnifying glass the railroad ties and spaces between them jump out sharply. Such exactness is all-important to ground officers. It enables them to tell the difference between small and big tanks, width of roads, ditches.



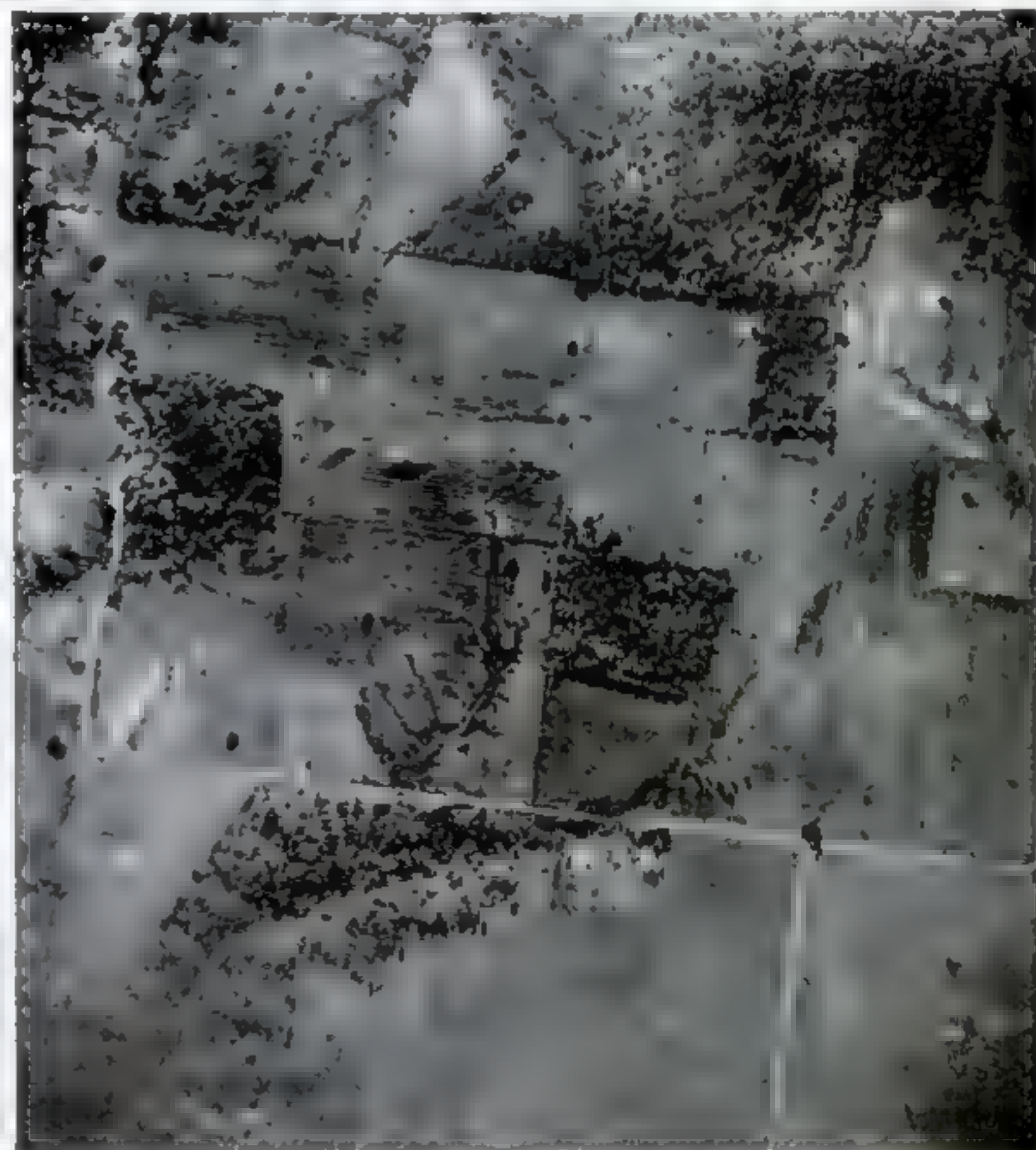
Electrically-heated cameras for use in high-altitude work are kept warm in snug jackets. Cameras must be protected because great cold will contract the metal barrel, force various elements of complex compound lenses out of position and produce fuzzy photographs.



A flying darkroom can be set up inside bombers used on photographic missions. The little tent has room for one man and a compact developing unit which winds film through processing baths. By time plane lands, the film developing is all finished. Or film can be parachuted to troops in field.



From almost eight miles up, 40-in. telephoto lens gets this amazingly legible photograph. High-altitude exactness has special value because photo planes are often unarmed, have to get in over objective and out again before enemy fighters can get up to intercept them.



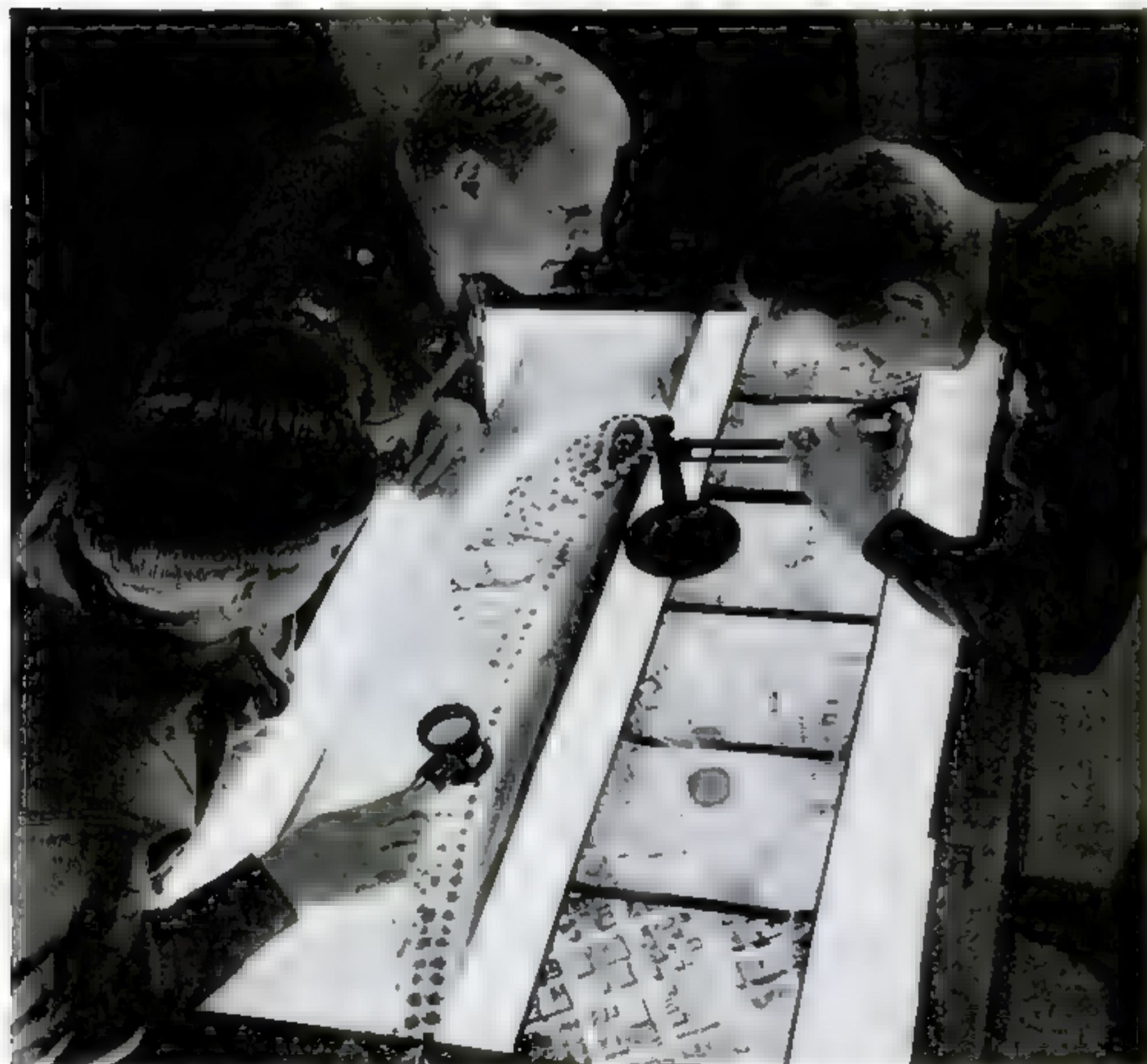
Night photograph from 10,000 ft. is taken with flash bomb set to go off at level which 1. will light up the ground, 2. allow plane to travel far enough so that flare of light will not blind the camera. Light from bomb sets off a photoelectric cell in camera which clicks shutter and takes picture.



Huge telephoto lenses stand on table where a Wright Field physicist tests their resolving power—the power to record

fine detail. These 50-in., 40-in. and 60-in. lenses dwarf the average-size news-camera lens at lower right. Inch measure-

ment refers to focal length of the lens. Big lenses are used for high-altitude pictures, either black and white or color.



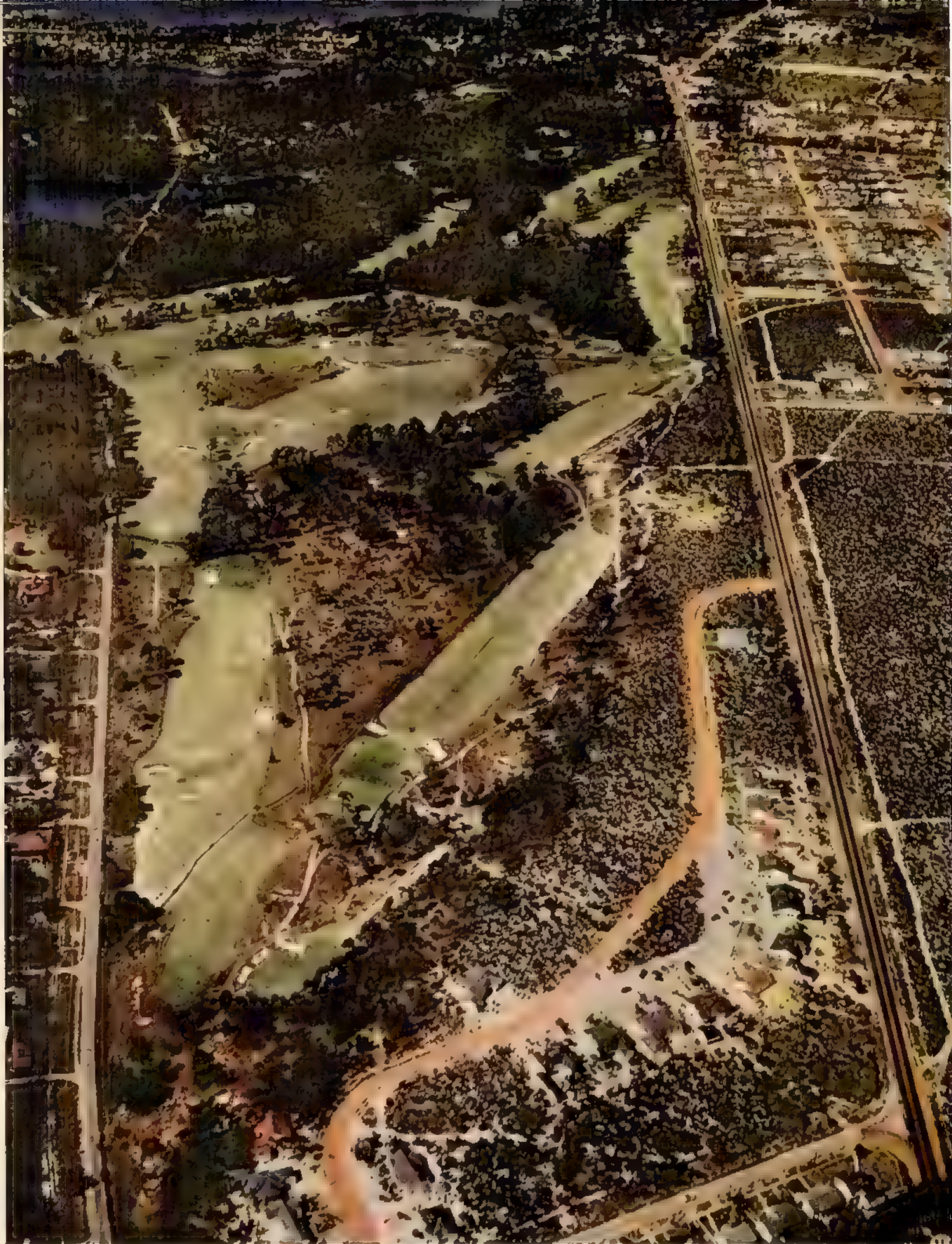
Kodacolor Aero, the new film, is studied on a light table in two of its forms. Film at left was taken with the continu-

ous-strip camera. Film at right was taken with conventional camera, black lines showing interruptions between pictures.

COLOR FILM CAN NOW BE USED IN WAR

However sharp and exact they may be, black and white pictures are ultimately not as useful as color films. Color can better uncover camouflage, can pick out more easily-remembered landmarks to guide pilots. But for years color film was of little use in air reconnaissance because, after a picture was taken, the film had to be sent back to the manufacturer for processing. This obstacle has now been overcome by a new, simpler color film which can be processed and developed anywhere, even in tent darkrooms on the battlefield. It is called Kodacolor Aero by Eastman, one of the firms that produced it, and has other trade names in other firms. Perfected and first used by the Army, it is also being used extensively by the Navy in the South Pacific. Kodacolor Aero was used to take the pictures on the next two pages.

Color was just one of many problems that Colonel George Goddard, chief of aerial photographic research for the Air Forces, has had to tackle. A great man in modern photography, Colonel Goddard has been doing air-photography research since the last war and works now in the Air Forces Matériel Center at Wright Field. He photographed Bataan for MacArthur in 1929, was a pioneer in night photography, simplified film developing and printing equipment. One of his brain children is the new continuous-strip camera. Another is a machine which can make 1,000 black and white prints an hour, even from wet film.



Kodacolor Aero is the remarkable new film that enabled a Navy photographer to take this picture of a golf course at

shutter speed of 1/150 of a second with an f8 diaphragm opening—an exposure that was formerly limited to black

and white photography. The film offers such fine detail that Navy experts study pictures with powerful magnifiers.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Altitude 10,000 ft. was probably the best for taking a color reconnaissance photo like this before Kodacolor Aeronautics was the only way to get U. S. aerial views. Now the Army and Navy photographers use color film, and the Coast Guard has special filters that

can interpret layers of haze in the atmosphere. The airman out here is for contrast, so that we can see the most even of the light. For this, the only way to get a good color is to use the photo interpreter with a magnifying glass and a special orange-red filter.



Data on water depths along the shorelines, interpreted from the shading of Kodacolor film, is especially useful to the Navy. Note shallow parts of the ocean where sandbars make their ribboned patterns, and how the dark blue streak (center) defines the ever-deepening channel.



Rainbow picture has added interest because of the dark landscape greens in foreground. With new Eastman film and filters designed for low-altitude obliques and verticals, Navy photographer managed to catch gradation from a sunlit-yellow shade to a black-green tone.



SITTING UP IN THE NOSE OF A B-17 BOMBER, WHERE THE BOMBARDIER USUALLY SITS, THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHER WORKS HIS TRIPLE, TRI-METROGON MAPPING CAMERAS

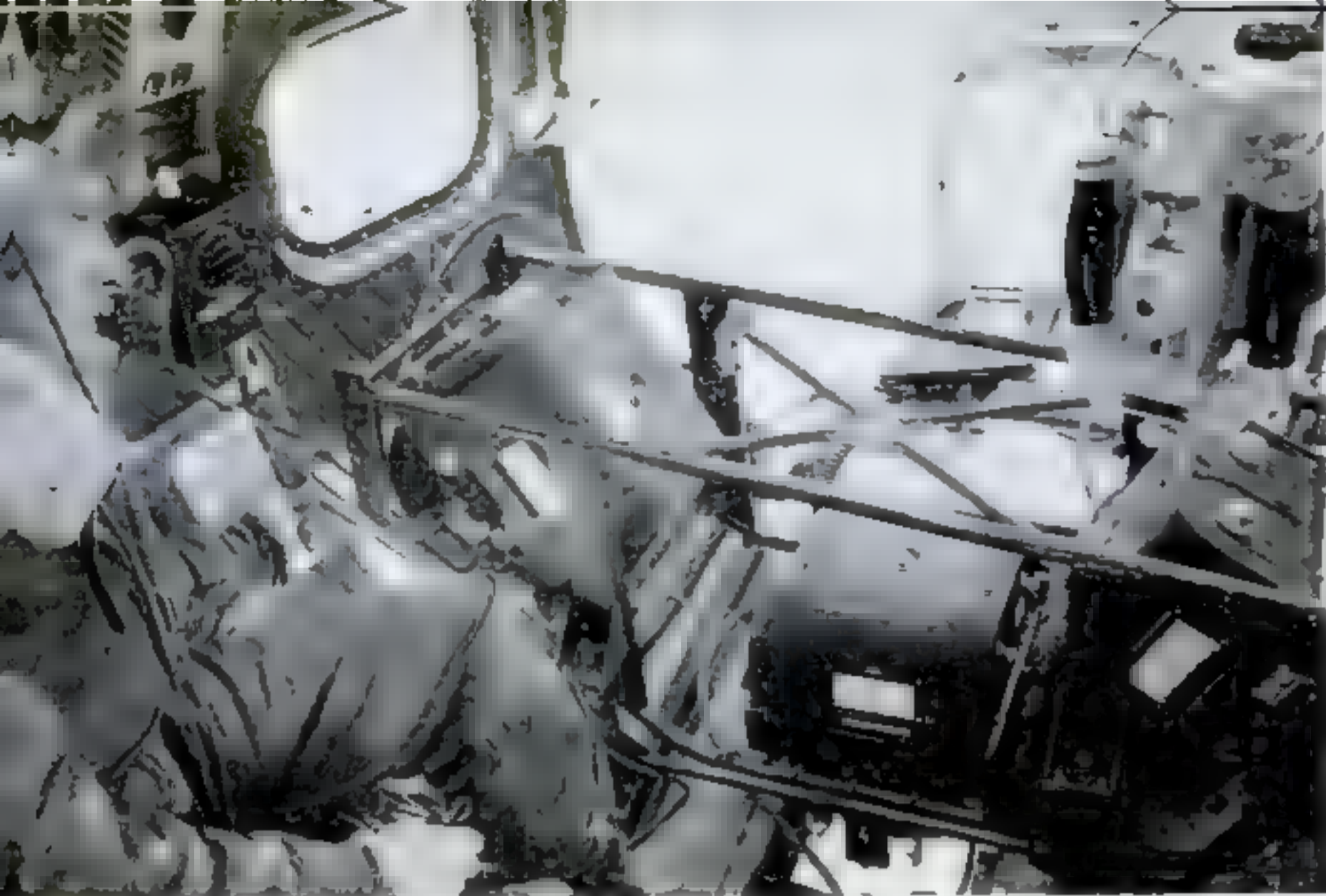
BIGGEST AND FASTEST SHIPS CARRY CAMERAS

There are still men in the Air Forces who remember the old days in their open cockpit planes when they hugged the stick between their knees and leaned over the side to aim their cameras. General "Hap" Arnold, now boss of the Air Forces, took one of the Army's first air snapshots in 1911. In World War I there were not many aerial photographers. Today the Air Forces is training 5,000 men for aerial photography.

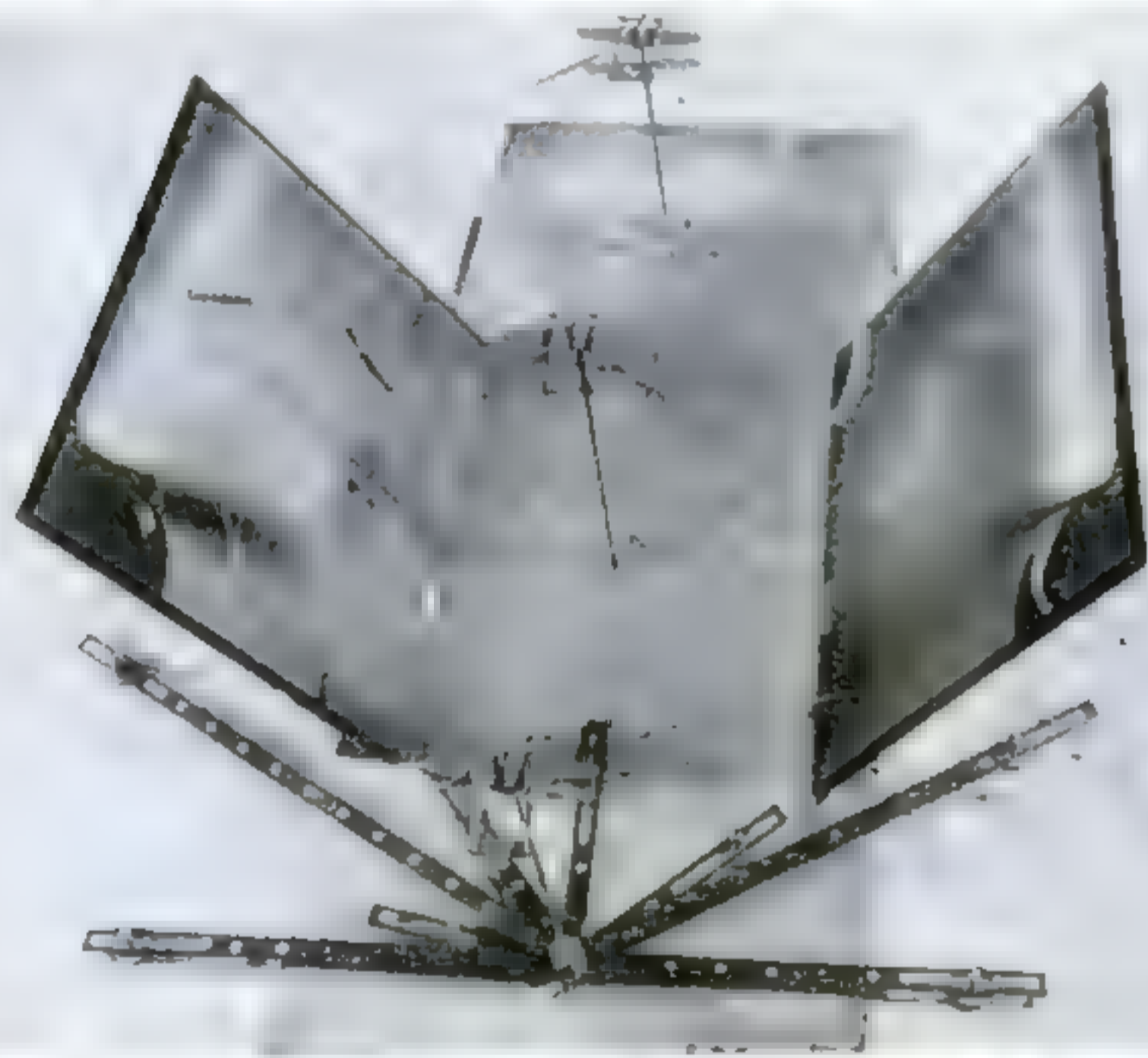
So important is this work that the Air Forces assigns its best and fastest planes for photographic missions.

The small fast ones go completely unarmed, partly because the cameras add so much weight, partly because the pilot who has guns on his plane is tempted to stay and shoot it out with pursuers instead of ligh-tailing for home with his pictures.

The job is still dangerous and unglamorous. The man in nose of the B-17 above misses the grim satisfaction of dropping bombs. But he has the all-important job of taking pictures for the new tri-metrogon mapping process which is described on the next page.



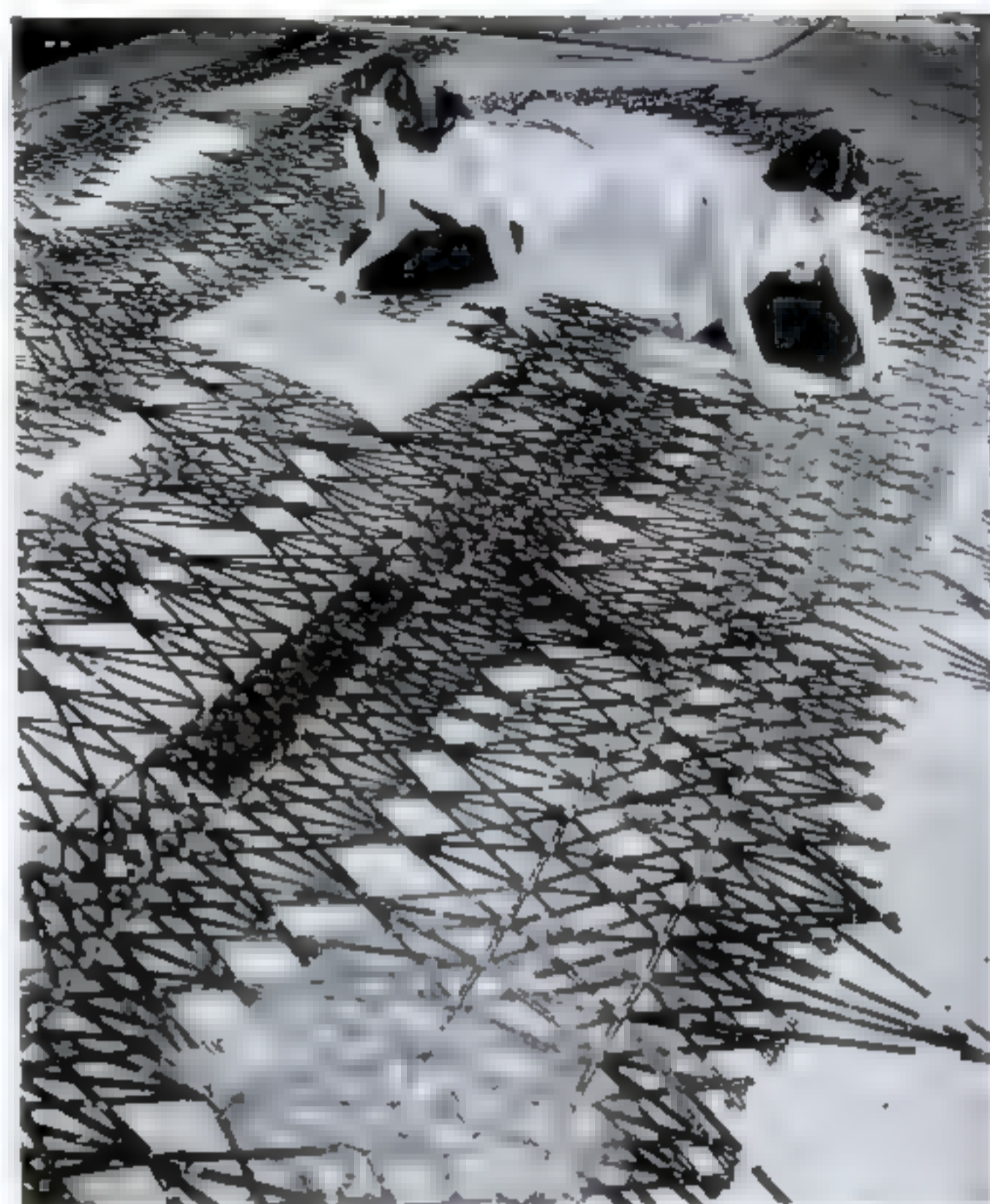
Three cameras in nose of a B-17 bomber—this same set shown on the previous page—are used in tri-metrogon mapping. The camera in center shoots vertically down, while the cameras on the sides shoot obliquely to the horizon. Pictures they take overlap so that all three can be accurately joined for final use.



Three pictures come from the cameras. The model above shows how they can be projected onto large strips, also shows how plane flying straight course gets one vertical and two oblique shots covering the wide-sweep of terrain from horizon to horizon. Below, flight pictures are carefully matched in long strip.



AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY (continued)

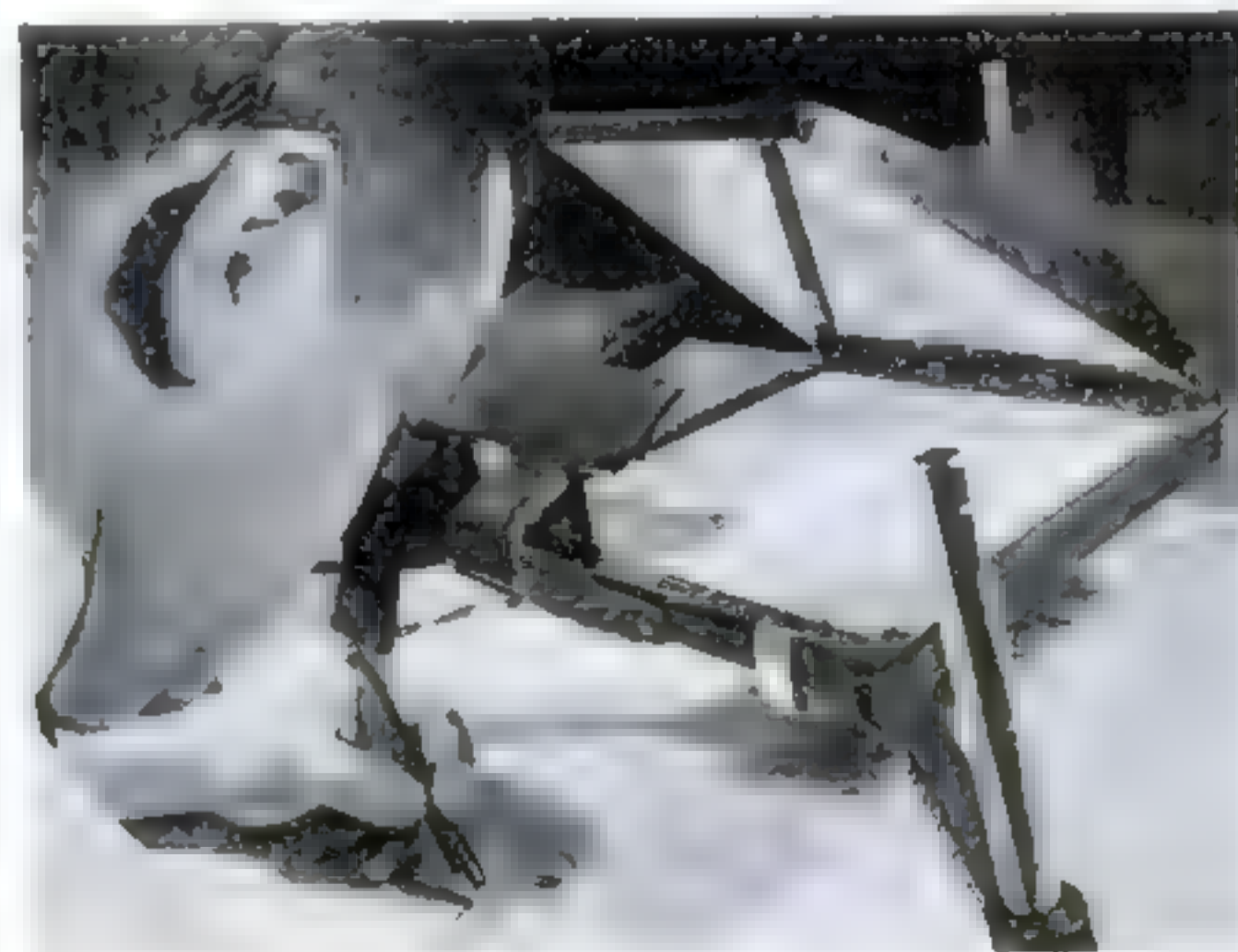


Web of templates is put together as base for master map. Each strip represents path of one plane. Intersections of templates indicate location of prominent landmarks.

NEW SURVEY METHOD SPEEDS MAP MAKING

When the Army two years ago faced the prospect of global war, it realized that it would soon have to send its forces over territory which was either inadequately mapped or not mapped at all—South American jungles, African deserts, Asian wastes. The job of helping get maps done was given Colonel Minton Kaye, now chief of Army Air Forces Photographic Services. With Lieut. Colonel Gerald Fitzgerald and the Geological Survey, Colonel Kaye devised the fastest method of photographing for map making ever tried. It is called tri-metrogon mapping.

The tri-metrogon method uses three wide-angle lens cameras set up, as shown at left, to photograph the terrain from horizon to horizon. Flying down a planned course, a plane can photograph 20,000 square miles in three hours. The pictures are then translated into useful, small-scale aerial navigation maps. From film to final map is so fast that one map covering 80,000 square miles of Africa (an area greater than Idaho) was ready for use only a week after films were received in U. S. On the opposite page, photographic map makers, called photogrammetrists, edit final details on the base map.

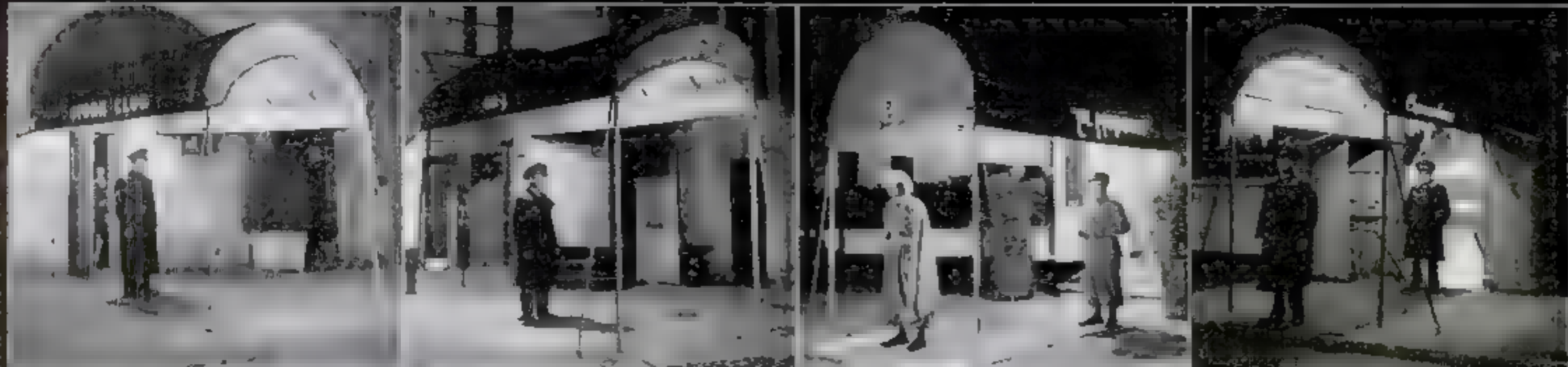


Tracing terrain features is done by projecting image of the photograph onto paper. Operator draws right over the image, sets down the details accurately in map form.





THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE'S STATELY SHOWGIRLS
CONFINE THEIR EFFORTS TO LOOKING HAUGHTY.



NIGHT CLUBS

THEY ARE ENJOYING THE GREATEST BOOM IN THEIR HISTORY

From coast to coast, U. S. night clubs are having their biggest season in history. The Latin Quarter in Boston, the Chez Paree in Chicago and the Bal Tabarin in San Francisco report capacity business seven nights a week. The night-life boom is fed by a national surplus of cash which cannot be spent for consumer goods and hence flows into entertainment. But beyond that, it reflects the wartime craving for escape. Night life is flourishing also in London, Cairo, Berlin and Tokyo.

In Manhattan the night-club boom reaches its glittering peak. By day, industrial New York may be a "ghost town" compared to war-boom cities, but visitors crowd it and by night its darkened midtown streets

teem with swirling throngs. The spending is far beyond that of the lushest 1920's.

This is a season of new faces, but also one of old acquaintance. The bands are playing *Brazil, You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To* and *That Old Black Magic*; but they are also playing *Whispering* and *Avalon* and *As Time Goes By*, which have sneaked out of other years. It is a season that discovered Frank Sinatra and rediscovered Mildred Bailey who used to sing with Whiteman when Whiteman was big and meaningful, and Libby Holman who used to chant *Moonin' Low* to bald-headed row. This season found Jackie Miles, impudent but very, very funny, at La Martinique, and re-found Jimmy Durante, the glory of Prohibition nights,

at the Copacabana. And thus, to complete the nostalgia, is the season when people tea-dance in the early dark at the Madison and the Pierre and the Savoy-Plaza as they used to dance in the dusk 25 years ago.

Scarcely anyone wears evening clothes any more, Florida sun tans are rare, and flush war workers can be seen at the Stork. With so many men off to war, the women they left behind dance together.

But although the customers have changed, the policies of the clubs have not. Drinks are still short and the food, in most places, something less than irresistible. The clubs exist and are waxing rich on human beings' propensity for crowding into small, noisy rooms and enjoying one another's more or less alcoholic company.

IN THE CANDLELIT CHAMPAGNE ROOM AT EL MOROCCO A VIOLINIST PLAYS PRE-ANSCHLUSS VIENNESE SCHMALTZ. PHOTOGRAPHER HERBERT GEHR SHOT THIS VIEW IN A MIRROR





EL CHICO in Greenwich Village is regarded as New York's most authentic Spanish night club. The floor show features flamenco dancers like the ones above. *Arroz con pollo* (chicken with rice), the specialty of the house, costs \$2.50. The minimum charge is \$2 week nights, \$3 Saturdays, \$2.50 Sundays and holiday evenings.

NICK'S *Chloroform*, crowded and lively with smoke, is a bar for the cool, exciting young crowd. Patrons like the Landshard, a street to such French jazz as Charles Mingus, Billie Holiday and Count Basie. Because of its location, as the friends go across the street to a bar where there is no cover charge.





EL MOROCCO is expensive and ritzy. As at the Stork, the cover (\$2) does not apply to regular customers. El Morocco prefers high-ranking officers for its clientele, but non-coms with money and social positions are acceptable. Headwaiter Carino receives such tips that his income is said to be \$10,000 a year.

STORK CLUB world's most famous night club, draws younger patrons than El Morocco and more celebrities. Owner Sherman Billingsley presents his favorite customers with lavish gifts. Common guests do not get into the Club Room (below) where Hollywood stars and other notables drink and play gin rummy.





ALTHOUGH ROGERS AND HIGHBALL GLASSES VARY IN SIZE, MOST OF THE NEW YORK NIGHT-CLUB OPERATORS FIGURE ON GETTING 15 DRINKS OUT OF A FIFTH OF WHISKY

NIGHT LIFE IN NEW YORK IS NOT CHEAP

What a customer spends during an evening at a New York night club depends largely on the customer himself. But rarely does it come to less than \$10 for two persons. This would include dinner, a few drinks and tips. Most places charge 75¢ for a bottle of beer

or a highball. Dinners start at \$2.50. And the waiter who receives a minimum 10% tip is not likely to provide the customer with all the comforts of home if they should ever meet again.

Night-club food varies. In the big Broadway clubs

like the Diamond Horseshoe it cannot be mistaken for the kind that mother used to cook. On the swankier East Side it is more palatable and in some cases, such as the 1-2-3 Club and La Vie Parisienne, first-rate. But entertainment, not food, is what the night clubs sell.



THE CIGARET GIRL AT THE LATIN QUARTER MAKES A SALE / ARMY, NAVY CAPS HEAPED IN CHECKROOM AT MICK'S / THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE SELLS PROGRAMS AND FLUFF



DIAMOND HORSESHOE HAS GIRLY MATCHES / EL MOROCCO GIVES TIES, SCARVES AND PERFUME TO FAVORITE CUSTOMERS / THE COTILLION IS A HANDSOME HOTEL ROOM



BIGGEST HIT OF THE NEW YORK SEASON HAS BEEN JIMMY DURANTE, WHO INSULTS WAITERS AND CUSTOMERS, BREAKS PIANOS AND CLOWNS WITH THE GIRLS AT THE COPACABANA

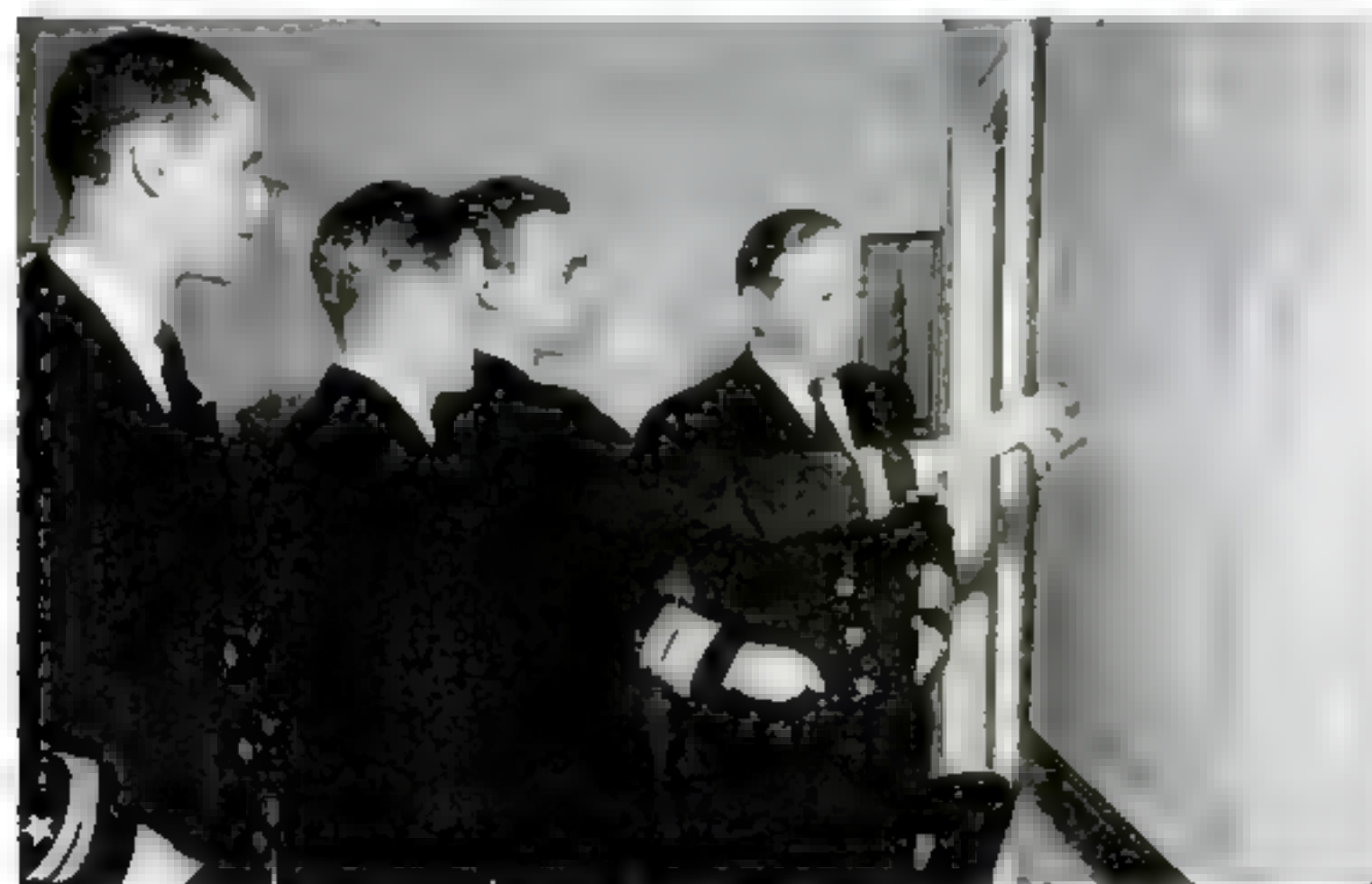


ONE SECTION OF THE SQUADRON SPEEDS THROUGH THE WATER AHEAD. LIEUTENANT TAYLOR IS STANDING (TOP) IN HIS BOAT AT THE RIGHT. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN BEFORE

PT SQUADRON IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Three skippers tell how they fought Jap warships

by JOHN HERSEY



HOME ON LEAVE, three PT skippers report to Admiral Adolphus Andrews, commander of Eastern Sea Frontier. Nikolovic is pointing out their scene of action while Taylor (left) and Searles watch.

This is the story of PT Squadron X which fought hard in the Solomon Islands. The story is remarkable partly because this was the first American torpedo-boat squadron to have actual combat duty—not just occasional guerrilla actions sneaking in on anchored shipping, but real fights with warships, night after night, for months.

But the main reason the story is remarkable is that the three boat captains who told it—Lieutenant (j. g.) Leonard Nikolovic, Lieutenant Henry Stillman Taylor and Lieutenant Robert Searles—had the humility to realize that the real heroes of PT boats, of the whole Navy for that matter, are the enlisted men.

That is why this story is told in the first person plural. There is no one hero in this squadron: no three or four men stand out above the others. The squadron is its own total hero. And this squadron is only a sample, and the names mentioned here are arbitrary choices. The enlisted personnel of the U. S. Navy, average American guys, the little men—these are its aggregate hero.

We formed up in Panama.

Most of the men figured Panama was their last chance at civilization. There was a lot of time spent enthusiastically on drinking, gambling and women. Legg, Nik's quartermaster, was one of the finest navigators any of us had seen. He would get dressed up in the evening, all in his dress whites. Then he would disappear by himself. Later we would find him sitting all alone at some bar drinking beer. He was very diffident, and if we offered him a drink he would be shy about accepting it. He would have six or seven beers and then go back to the base, still alone. Before retiring, while still feeling good, he would tidy up his boat from top to bottom.

The men got acquainted with the boats and each other. Beed worked like a fanatic on his engines. Bracy cooked great pies. Der talked tough. Wisdom grouched. Legg helped Nik on navigation. Kuharski cleaned his guns. Crosson discussed Plato and Schopenhauer, and Nale discussed the girls back home.

After the Solomons campaign began, we all figured we'd be out there sooner or later. We heard that the Marines, when they were being shelled from the sea night after night, wondered why it wasn't sooner.

Finally the time came. We went in two sections, four boats to a section, about ten days apart. Every PT boat comes with a cradle. They just put the boats into their cradles, slung boats and cradles in a crane right upon the deck of a cargo ship. We lived in the boats, perched up there 20 ft. above the deck. It was peculiar but it was very handy for working on the bottom. We spent the entire time shining up this and that, and when we got to the South Pacific the boats were like a bunch of 4,500-hp Swiss watches.

During the trip Monty got pneumonia. Monty was our commanding officer—Lieutenant Commander Alan R. Montgomery of Warrenton, Va. Some com-



THEY LEFT FOR THE SOLOMONS LAST OCTOBER. THE SQUADRON GOT 22 HITS, SANK SIX JAP DESTROYERS, ONE CRUISER AND ONE PATROL SHIP IN FOUR MONTHS OF ACTION!

manding officers are unreasonable men, but he was a delightful exception. He was the fairest man we ever knew. Most of the boat captains used to kid Monty, because he went to Annapolis, by referring to him as "that damn trade-school man," and by saying he "went to some academy—what was the name of that academy?" He took it beautifully and returned in kind. Monty was terribly sick on the way out.

Everything was snafu when the first section reached a rear base in the South Pacific. Apparently no one had figured soon enough how they were going to get the boats off the ship. Those boats weigh 50 tons. When we arrived, the Seebies were at work on a huge floating crane, and still it was three weeks before the boats got into the water. No one seemed to know where we were supposed to go, where our base would be. We had to wait, and so did the Marines, for the admirals to make up their minds.

We heard about how the Japs were coming down every night and shelling Guadalcanal, and we talked about how we would sink the whole Jap fleet. The Japs were starting down from an island called Bougainville, so we used to say: "We'll derail the Bougainville Express." We were pretty cocky then.

The first section's trip north to the Solomons was tough. We went in tow behind two old four-pipers converted to be Marine transports. There were two of us behind each one, and it was up to us to keep our helm over and keep apart.

Wisdom fixed the towlines

It took a real man to make us fast again when one of the towlines broke. On Stilly Taylor's boat, for instance, Wisdom always did it. Hobert Denzil Wisdom was Stilly's torpedoman. He was a great hulk of a fellow, very well-built and tough-looking. He had a slight paralysis of the face which gave him a queer, ugly look. He was the squadron's champion growler. The other men always expected him to bitch about everything. He growled like hell about fixing those towlines, but he did the job. The towline had to be made fast through a towing eye right at the chine, the point at the forefoot where all the plane surfaces of the bow met. Wisdom had to go over the side in water that wasn't too warm, and he had to work down there with that huge rope where the bow was pitching and pounding on the seas. Stilly had to keep the boat almost nuzzled against the port quarter of the towship, so there was a very good chance of Wisdom's getting crushed like a beetle between the boat and the ship.

When he was finished he was always black and blue and growling mad. "That's the damndest job I ever had to do," he'd say, "and I won't never do

it again." But the next time Stilly's boat broke away, he'd be the one to volunteer to do the job.

The only joy on the trip was the food that Bracy cooked. There was only a little oven about the size of a breadbox in the galley, but he would bake custard pies and lemon meringue pies that made you think of mother. Henry Duff Bracy was one of the happiest guys that ever rode a boat and he was itching to make mincemeat out of some Japs.

By the time we got to Tulagi, on October 12, Monty was terribly thin and weak. He'd had so much sulfa drug that he had water blisters all over his skin. The very first day he went ashore over on Guadalcanal and spent all day talking with people, getting the word. We based ourselves—and braced ourselves—in Tulagi Harbor.

We didn't have to wait long.

Our first attack came the night of October 13-14—the night after we arrived. We encountered more than our share of the Jap Navy that night. There were probably three cruisers, one battleship and about eight destroyers. They came down to give the airfield and Marines one of their worst pastings.

PT boats ought to be manned by cats. They might have been able to see what was going on that night. We couldn't. All we could see was the flash of gunfire in a tight formation which was moving down from Cape Esperance to Lunga Point at about 20 knots, swinging out and around and back again—and the tracers arching ashore.

We were eager. We closed with the enemy—too fast. Wisdom was standing at his battle station by an after-torpedo tube with a mallet in his hand, ready to fire by percussion in case the electrical impulse didn't work. All of a sudden he looked up and you could hear him start cursing under his breath. Stilly had taken the boat incredibly close to a Jap destroyer without even seeing it.

Being that close was unfortunate because there wasn't time to fire a torpedo and the Japs picked up the boats in their lights. Monty got off his torpedoes, Tom Kendall was fired on, Bobby tore over to help us, and everything was confused.

Bobby saw a target loom up. He fired—and a terrible clatter began, like a car running with a burnt-out bearing. One torpedo had got away all right, but two of the torpedoes had stuck halfway out of their tubes and were having hot runs. Torpedoes have to run a certain distance through the water before a little mechanism up in the warhead "arms" them so that they will explode. Ordinarily in hot runs the fish don't get armed, but if the boat is running fast—as Bobby's soon had to—spray can get up in there and arm them, so that after that a 7-lb. blow can kiss the boys goodbye.



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PT BOATS (continued)

When Beed, Bobby's elderly engineer, heard all the clatter, he thought the boat was under machine-gun fire. He clamped all the engine-room hatches shut so as to make the engine room lighttight, whipped out his flashlight and began checking his engines as calmly as if they were still in Panama. He soon had them singing and the boat made its getaway out of the searchlight beams. Fortunately the fish did not get armed.

Pretty soon the Japs lit out and chased our boats. The stuff about PT boats making 50 knots is strictly Hudson River stuff. Under battle conditions we seldom got them going that fast. And the Jap destroyers could sometimes keep up with us. Monty, who as C.O. was riding in a boat with Bobby's brother, Jack Searles, had a nightmare of a time. He was chased all over hell-and-gone. Finally he crept inshore and Jack cut his engines and they lay doggo. First thing they knew the waves were driving them ashore. They were finally beached and helpless. Luckily the Japs didn't get them in their lights again.

Well, that was our first night of it. So far as we knew, we had got zero Jap ships plus one helluva scare. It wasn't until the next day that we learned from intelligence reports that we had sunk a cruiser. We still aren't sure who got it.

About a week later Robbie, the second in command, came up. Then Monty practically collapsed. It broke his heart to have to leave. Although only a 27-year-old lieutenant, Hugh Marston Robinson took over the squadron and, if any one man deserved credit for the things the squadron did from then on, it was Robbie. He did all the administrative work and tactical planning.

Tension caused some acrobatics

The tension of running patrols night after night, working all day, not knowing what was coming next, was terrible at first. Robert Charles Barnard, a machinist's mate on Stilly's boat—a kid from Jackson, Mich. whose father owned a bar—was so nervous on some of the first patrols that he had to go out on deck and turn hand-springs and somersaults. After a while, though, we began to be able to relax a little and think about our comforts. For instance, Nik's shoes got worn out and he found time one day to go over to Tulagi to get some new ones. He came on a marine who'd been evacuated from the Guadalcanal beachhead with malaria. Nik asked him where he could get a pair of those nice soft Marine shoes.

"You want some *lucky* shoes?" the marine asked.

"Sure do," Nik said.

"I got some for you. They ain't new. They're lucky though. You better take 'em. They belonged to a pal of mine—he got killed. He went out on patrol after patrol and he killed a slew of Japs—as long as he wore these here shoes. But one day he went out without 'em. He came on a Jap dugout and he jumped in and pulled the trigger of his Reising gun but it just went *click*. He should've worn his shoes. You want 'em?"

Nik took them and wore them every time he went out.

He was glad to have his lucky shoes on Oct. 28. That was when the second section had its first serious action.

Some of the first section happened to be out that night, too. The two brothers, Bobby and Jack Searles, were riding a boat together, doing some spotting. Stilly was doing the same thing. Brent Green was up the line in Jap territory trying to "lead" a reported force of eight or ten Jap destroyers into us—which means tracking them so we could get them at an opportune place and time for attack.

We of the second section were fat, dumb and happy that night. We couldn't wait to get in there and make an attack and get baptized. All the men were excited. John Der, a tough and happy character from Akron, Ohio, who had the most magnificent eagle tattooed all the way from his shoulders to his belly button, kept running up to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



Tulagi Harbor was operating base for PT boats. After each engagement, they headed for the harbor, to be repaired and rearmed in Chief Torpedoman Shorty Long's shop.



Just before the battle he puts the time to bed!



Deck crews dive for their guns! But this man makes a bee-line for the navigator's stateroom.

He carefully picks up a square wooden box, puts it on the bunk, and tucks it away as gently as a mother tucks in her child for the night. The bedsprings will cushion it against the tremendous, shuddering shocks of the ship's broadsides!

What's in that box to make it so precious? It holds one of the ship's chronometers—an instrument that keeps such exact time that its daily rate varies by no more than half a second . . . month after month!

Who is the man that's putting it to bed? He is the Chief Quartermaster, responsible to the navigator for the safety of this valuable instrument. Even if he's ordered to abandon ship, he takes the chronometer with him!

He has good reason for such precautions. The chronometer helps the navigator determine the ship's position at sea. It times

the sending of every message, the take-off of every plane, the firing of every broadside.

To build such a precise instrument takes skill, experience, infinite pains. And mass production of chronometers was unknown in the world before the war. So we of Hamilton are very proud that we are able to build them—along with many other precision timing instruments—to meet the exacting standards of our Navy and Army.

It means that, for the duration, we cannot make many watches for civilian use. But, thanks to the experience we are gaining now, tomorrow's Hamilton may well be even more precise than the one now famed as "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy." Hamilton Watch Company, 352 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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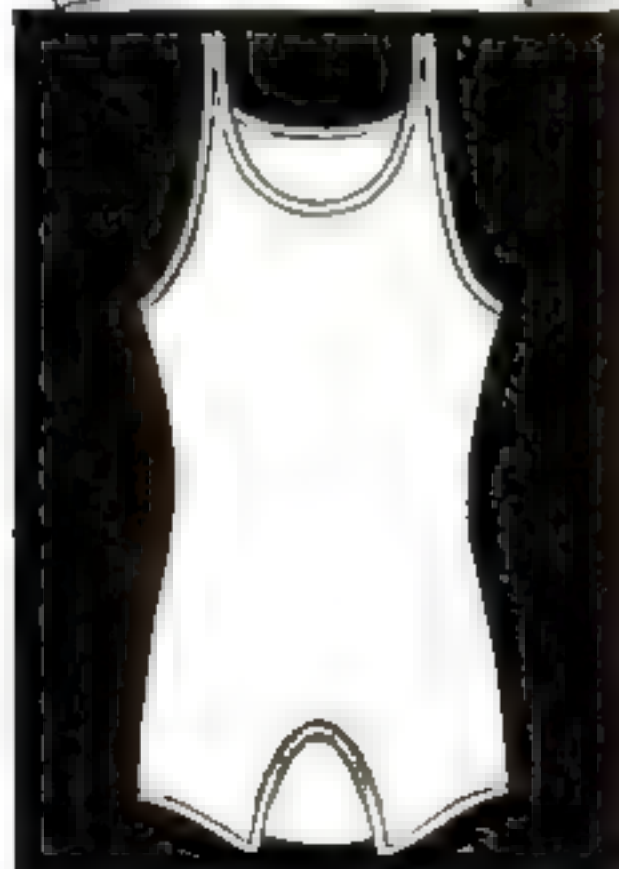
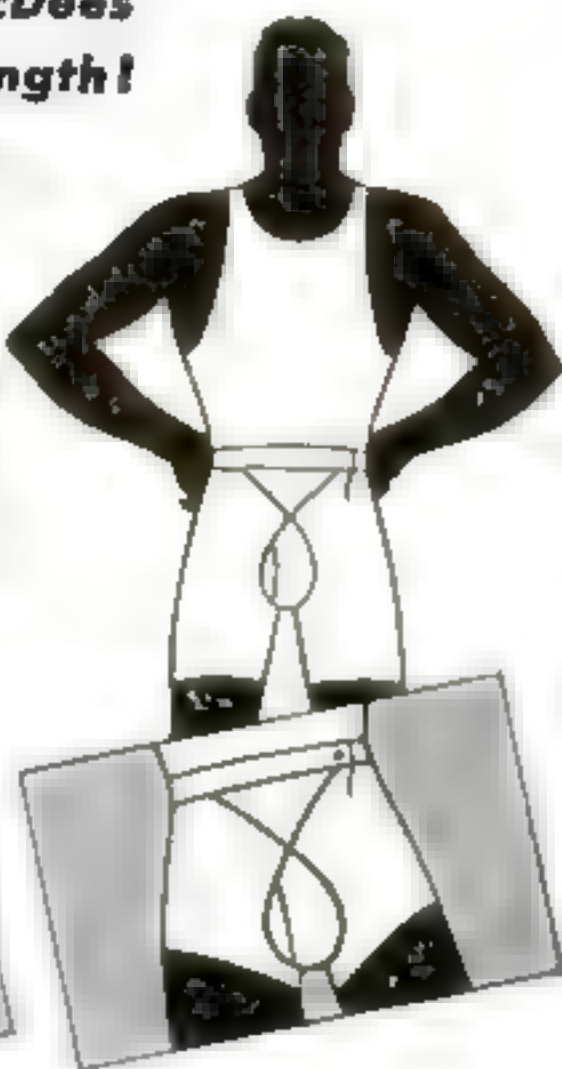
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Automatic Support of Improved MacDees Combats Weariness—Conserves Strength!

Here is welcome relief from excess weariness for thousands of men in our armed forces! An amazing new kind of underwear—improved Healthknit MacDees (briefs or "mids")—provides gentle, lasting support where support is needed, to combat fatigue and conserve strength.

Ask your dealer to show you improved Healthknit MacDees today! See how the scientific cantilever principle acts to provide needed support—and note the long-lasting comfort of the new web belt. Wear MacDees and learn for yourself how this restful, gentle support stretches endurance and reduces fatigue!

This simple string-and-pencil demonstration shows how MacDees provides gentle, natural support!



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Improved Healthknit Kut-Ups Shirts are the perfect team-mates for Healthknit MacDees. They meet every comfort need of men who must be strenuously active for long hours! Because of the patented Kut-Ups feature, these shirts accommodate themselves to every body position—can't crawl or bunch up around the waist. When you tuck 'em, they stay tucked!

And for men who perspire profusely, the soft, absorbent cotton yarns of Healthknit Kut-Ups Shirts are exactly what science prescribes, taking up excess moisture and acting as an automatic air-conditioning system for overheated bodies.

Ask your dealer for Healthknit Kut-Ups Shirts and Healthknit MacDees. He has them or can get them for you easily!

Here's How Improved Kut-Ups Work:

THE OLD WAY—See how old style shirt bunches around this poor man's middle? There's no "give" to the hem. It has no place to go but up. So it crawls into a binding, ropey bunch!

THE KUT-UPS WAY—See how the new Kut-Ups Shirt fits when you sit! It's engineered for comfort—can't creep, crawl, or bunch up. When you tuck it in, it stays tucked in, for keeps!

NOTE TO WIVES: For longer service, launder Healthknit garments easily at home!



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PT BOATS (continued)

Nik's bridge and saying, "We'll sink dem bastards. We'll sink 'em all. Don't worry, Skipper, we'll sink 'em."

Finally the Japs came in on the front of a big black cloud. We couldn't see them. There were flares and shots fired toward the beach, but every time we ran toward them there wouldn't be anything there.

The Searles's radioman, Stevenson, suddenly came up on the radio and said: "We're being chased by William. Hurry, hurry, hurry." At that time "William" meant enemy ships.

Nik decided to run in and take the heat off the Searles brothers. Legg said: "Skipper, you can't go home and face Mrs. Searles if both those boys get it tonight." Nik opened up wide and plunged into the smokescreen Bobby and Jack had left. The boys on that boat expected to see the whole Jap Navy on the other side of the screen.

Instead they saw nothing. The destroyer had got word that a whole bunch of PT boats were after it and had turned to run. By great good luck it turned so as to make a perfect shot for Brent Green. He fired a spread and the Jap was sunk. That was how the battles went. The boys who thought they were going to be heroes never were. Someone would just get surprised into a success.

By this time we were beginning to get our base established. The men hewed out a nook of civilization ashore. Our base was on an island we called Cannibal Isle. The men would find themselves a place to pitch a tent and go to work.

The only way Wisdom could keep himself from growling was to be doing something with his hands. So he set up a tent, built a deck for it and made himself some very fine furniture. Others did the same thing. Some settled around the bay, others in a settlement on a bluff which they named Snob Hill—three native huts and some tents. The fellows up there really kept it clean. They had little ditches for drains. They built a little bench out in front of their tents which they called the Seat of Meditation. They kept their own discipline. Wisdom was the justice of the peace.

Talks and tattoos on the beach

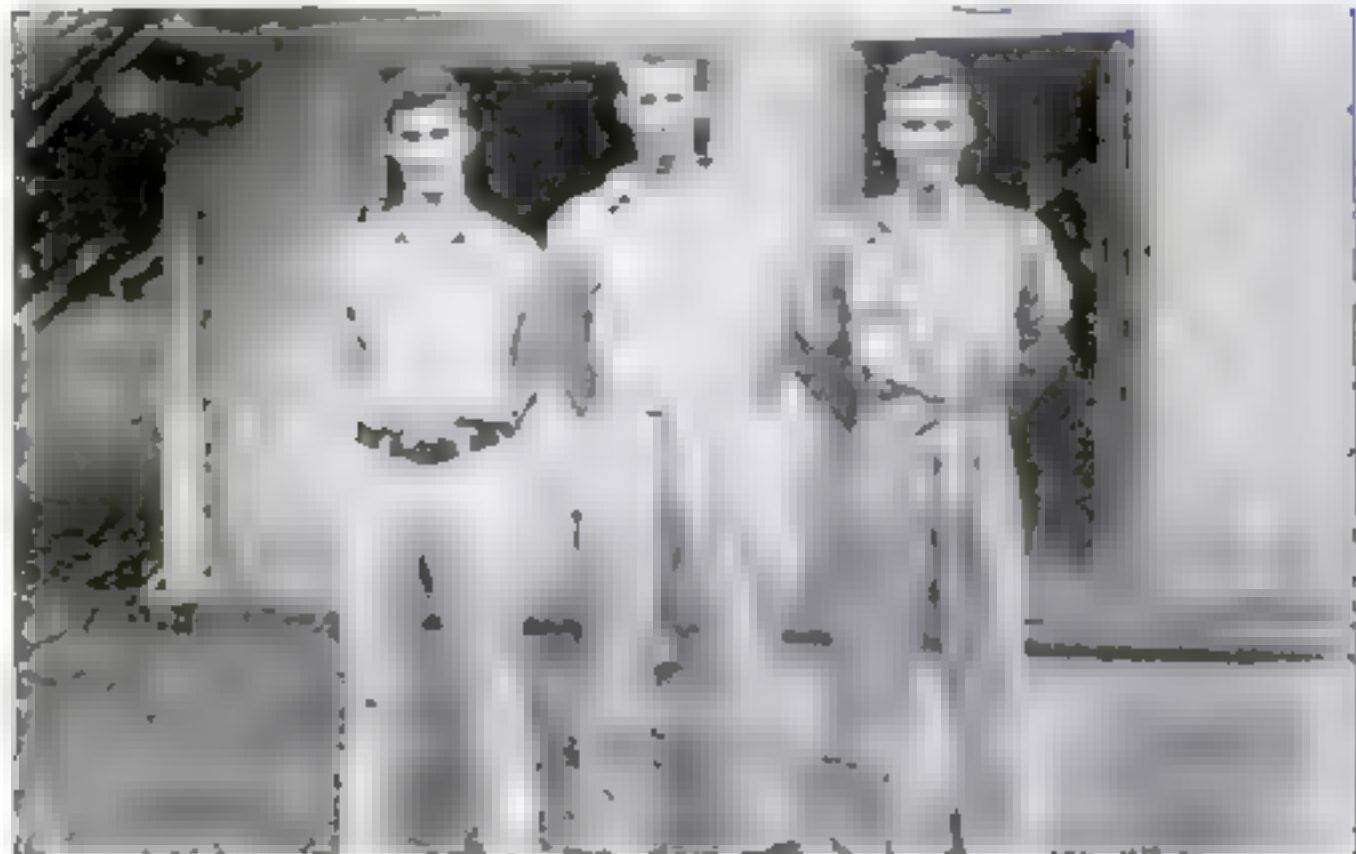
On off nights the men would sit together in a tent, four or five of them together, and play checkers or blackjack or red dog or poker. Mostly poker. But the main amusement was just shooting the breeze. Crosson would discuss various historical facts with anyone who would listen. Sooner or later, of course, the discussions always got around to girls and sex.

Sometimes they would compare tattoos. Der would explain the fine points of the huge eagle on his chest, and Leon Nale would demonstrate the multicolored lion's head on his shoulder and show how shaggy it was, as well as the scene of crossing the equator and the girl, very lewd, on his forearm.

This Nale was only 19, one of the youngest boys in the squadron, but he was as tough as the thing his name sounded like. He was very fresh; called his skipper not sir, but just "Rumdum." "Say, Rumdum, you sure hacked that one," he would say after a patrol. For a while he gave us plenty of laughs by trying to raise a mustache. He was so young that it was three weeks before we could even see it except in very strong light. "Ain't that wonderful, just like Clark Gable!" he would say, cocking his face up. The others finally got him down one day and shaved the fuzz off.

The days ashore grew more and more pleasant. The nights at sea

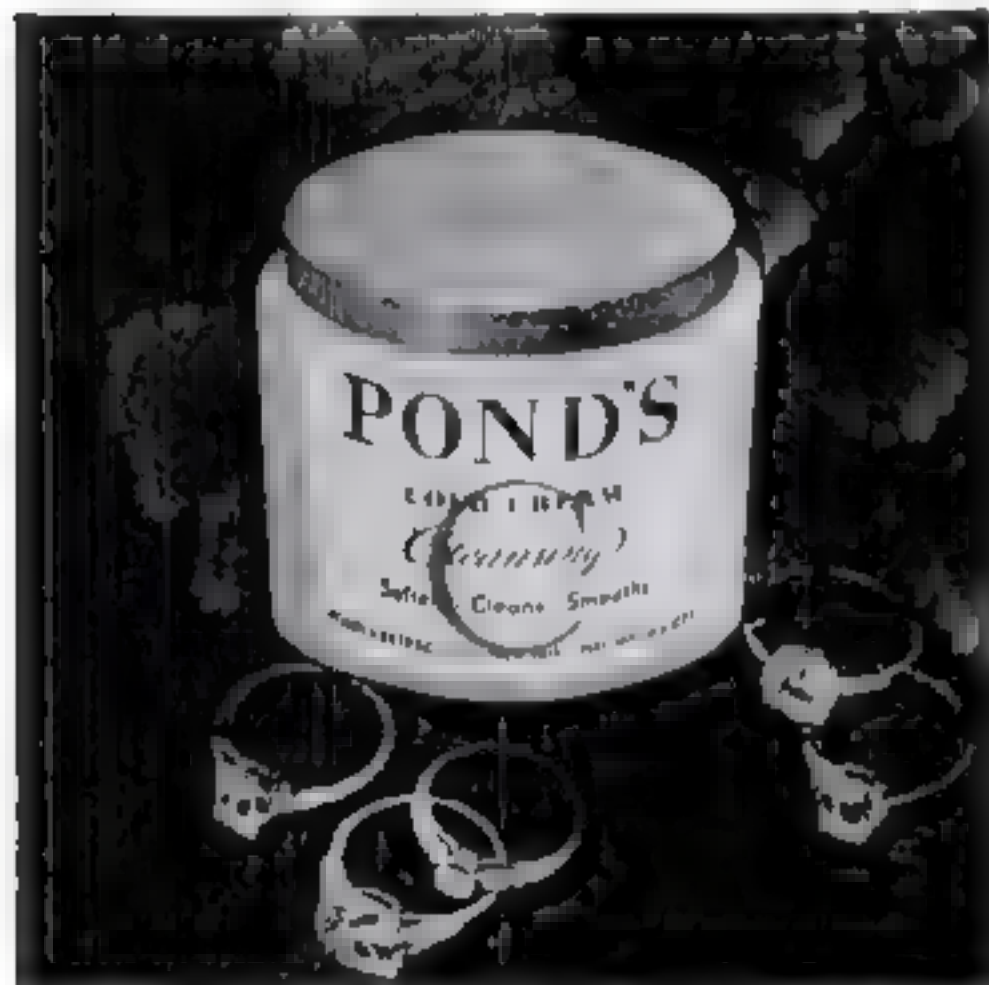
CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



Before native hut where they lived stand Kendall, Taylor and Nikoloric. Fever, lack of sleep and nervous strain caused each to lose 20 lb. despite plentiful and starchy diet.



SERVING COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS TO THE NAVY. Jacqueline has completed a year of special volunteer work in canteen training and civilian evacuation methods. She graduated a Lieutenant and on duty wears this becoming deep brown uniform and cap—so attractive with her soft, fair Pond's complexion.



HER SOFT-SMOOTH SKIN is a lovely "thank-you" for the exquisite care she gives it with Pond's!



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Jacqueline Proctor is the pretty and piquant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Otis Proctor of Boston. Her engagement to Guy de Brun of New York, now in the Army at Camp Barkeley, Texas, was announced last spring. She is a descendant of James Otis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

JACQUELINE RADIATES CHARM. Her great brown eyes are like velvet pansies. Her fair skin has an appealing "little-girl" look—it's so smooth, soft, naively fresh and sweet.

"My face just adores Pond's soft-smooth skin care," Jacqueline says. "It's so thorough the way it cleanses, and leaves my skin with such a softer, rested feel."

Copy Jacqueline's complexion care with Pond's: She pats this silky-soft Cold Cream all over her face and throat with brisk, little pats. "It's a grand way to soften and release dirt and make-

up," she says. She tissues it off well—then "rinses" with more Pond's for extra softening and cleansing. Tissues all off again.

"Do this every night," Jacqueline says—"and for daytime clean-ups. You'll adore Pond's, too." And you'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Victor du Pont III and Miss Mimi McAdoo are Pond's Cold Cream devotees.

You'll find Pond's Cold Cream on sale at beauty counters everywhere—all sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes when you buy, you get even more for your money.

Today—more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price!

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Hickory is 14 with me—the smoothest foundation I've induced just now—just a hint, today's memory with her elastic more controlling—and just as good and comfortable as ever! It trims your tummy—right in a bad situation with the marring precision that blazes all-year bulges. Make known the Captain of your clothes brigade at \$6 to \$11 at all the leading stores.

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BRA-TOP FOUNDATIONS and BRASSIERES
Styled Exclusively by
HICKORY

"The Lift that never lets you down"

PT BOATS (continued)

grew less and less so. We called November our Hell month. It really was.

Early in November the Japanese were making landings at Koli Point, to the east of the Marines' beachhead. This was the first time they had tried to land to the east since August. It was pretty important for us to interfere with their landings. A typical night was that of the 4th-5th.

We were patrolling off Koli Point. In Nik's boat Legg had the glasses. Nik could not see a sign of the enemy. Finally Legg, instead of shouting that he had sighted the Japs, quietly said: "Sir, how many of us did you say were out tonight?"

Nik said: "Two boats besides us," knowing very well that Legg knew how many there were.

Legg said: "Mmm. I count one, two, three, four. . . . Well sir, I guess this is it."

So Nik practically split his throat yelling "General quarters!" The men rushed to their battle stations.

The boat turned toward this guy, to get in a good lick. Legg conned Nik in, calling off the enemy's course and speed. Some of the crew yelled from their battle stations, "What is it?"

Nik yelled back: "I think it's a destroyer."

They were moving full throttle now, with a good roar. Legg kept saying, politely and quietly: "I suggest you come right a little, sir, now come left a hair."

Suddenly Nik saw the destroyer. "Don't you think I ought to go a little closer?" he asked Legg.

Legg said: "Excuse me, sir, I think you're close enough, Skipper. If you want to shoot, shoot now."

Crosson had the tubes all set, fanned out at an angle. (Torpedoes have a gyroscopic mechanism which allows them to be shot at an angle, then turns them onto their proper course.) Nik pressed the impulse buttons. The boat shied like a skittish horse. A spread of four fish hissed into the water. All four ran their course and missed Pearle, Nik's radioman, said on the radio: "We missed. The enemy is moving south."

Robbie, the commander, could not find the destroyer. He came up on the radio and said: "Where the hell is he? I don't see anything. What are you guys doing anyway?"

The next thing we all heard was Cavanaugh, Les Gamble's radioman. He was practically singing: "We got a hit! We got a hit! We're heading for the barn. We got a hit. . . ."

A night for self-reliance

The enlisted men knew the practical things. They were technicians. The officers were selected for qualities of leadership and were trained in tactical command under wartime conditions. They didn't have the time to learn the details, but they could give their men confidence and courage. The smartest thing they could do was to rely on their experienced enlisted men. Finally the men became self-reliant, as was proved on the night of November 8-9.

Nik's section was out after the Tokyo Express (same thing as the Bougainville Express, only Admiral Halsey called it the Tokyo Express and who were we to argue with him?). Nik had no idea of the Jap disposition. He bulled right in because he was determined he "was going to be a lousy hero." The Japs found him before he found them. They turned two lights on. They straddled the boat with two salvos of 4.7's. The second was so close that everyone in the boat was knocked down—and out, in the case of the two officers. Before Nik came to, this is what happened:

John Der, the tough and happy guy with the eagle tattooed on his chest, got up in a daze off the deck. It ran through his spinning mind that there had been a big noise. Noise meant torpedo. He looked at his. It was still in the tube. Wham! He hit the percussion cap with his mallet. The torpedo made its run, hit a Jap.

The boat, meanwhile, was racing in the direction of the enemy, getting to be a better target every second. Legg stood up, stepped over Nik's body, took the wheel, turned the boat around.

Leon Nale, the cocky 19-year-old, had been in the after cockpit manning the machine gun. He was knocked off his stance over the fuel tanks and right down into the tank compartment. He came to, scrambled up again, wheeled his gun around and knocked out both searchlights while the PT was in a fast turn.

Crosson came to, manned the smoke valves, heaved them open, and established a first-rate smokescreen.

Porterfield and Carner teased the engines so the boat got up more speed.

Pearle, the radioman, had done his job, so he dove into an empty torpedo tube.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

HE'S GOT A SANDWICH MADE WITH FRENCH'S!

HOT DAN'S Own Sandwich

Mix 1/2 cup chopped hard-boiled eggs with 1 tbsp. diced stuffed olives and 2 tbsp. French's Mustard. Spread between slices of whole wheat or cracked wheat bread. French's gives the zesty different flavor men like!

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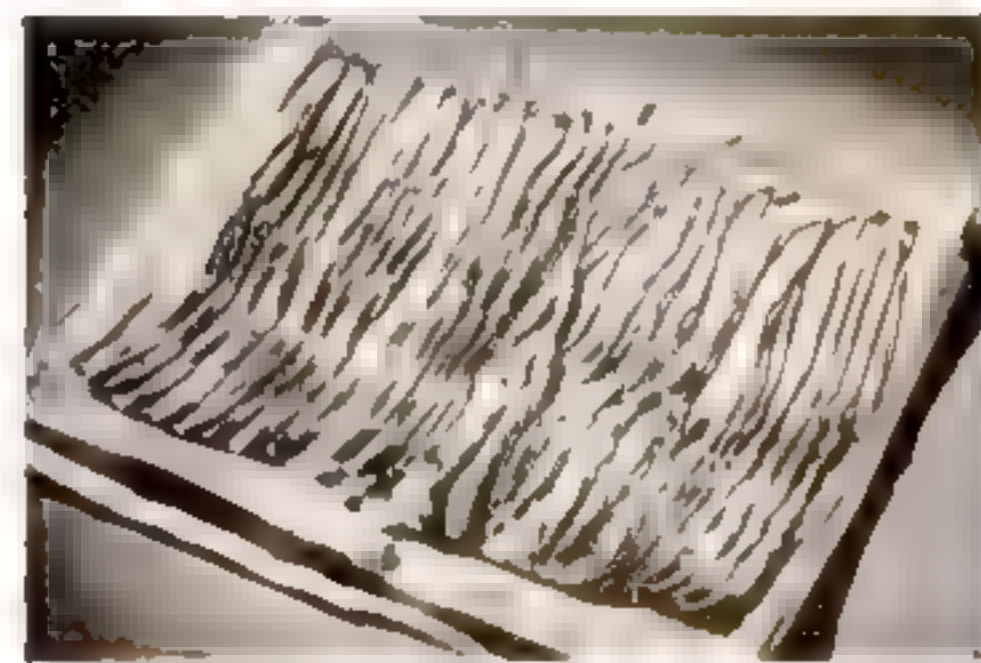
"The Lift that never lets you down"



Buy War Bonds for Victory



Leftover cooked meats should be stored in a covered dish to prevent drying. Generally, leftover meat should not be cut or ground until just before using.



Smoked meats, if mildly cured, require refrigeration but will keep up to two weeks. To prevent mold, wrap in cloth wrung out of vinegar; then wrap again in waxed paper.



Frozen meats will keep indefinitely if kept frozen in freezing unit. After thawing, frozen meat is more perishable than other meat. Caution: Never refreeze, after meat is once thawed.



Fish should be cooked within twenty-four hours after purchase. If it is to be kept longer freeze it immediately. To freeze fish and meats at home, follow directions at left below.

Answering another wartime problem

FRIGIDAIRE

here tells you

HOW TO KEEP MEAT



Fighting men come first, so there's less meat at home. Less meat—but more storage problems! If you buy a week's allotment at one time, or buy meats you have never used before, you want to know: How long will meat keep? What kinds keep best? Should meat be frozen at home? These answers will help the users of the more than 7 million Frigidaires sold...and every other refrigerator user!



Steaks, chops and roasts keep best of all meats. May be kept up to three days just below the freezing unit. When buying roasts for later use, choose them well-covered with fat.



Poultry, unlike meat, should be cleaned and washed before refrigeration. Whole birds keep better than disjointed birds. Cut up birds just before using. Freeze chicken like meats.



Ground meat should be cooked within twenty-four hours after purchase, or frozen when you get home. Before freezing form it into cooking portions. Avoid unnecessary handling.



Variety meats, such as liver, kidneys, hearts, sweetbreads and brains keep best when frozen. Freeze them as soon as you get home or cook them within twenty-four hours after purchase.

HOW TO FREEZE MEATS

Wrap meat in waxed paper and place in ice tray. (Separate individual portions with waxed paper to prevent freezing together). To freeze quickly, place tray on bottom shelf of freezer and turn control to fastest freezing point. For continued storage after freezing, reset control to a colder than normal position. Keep meat in freezer until time to use it. Never refreeze meat after thawing.

GENERAL RULES

Never wash meat or wipe with damp cloth until just before cooking. After purchase, remove meat from market paper. If not to be frozen, store in meat compartment or defrosting tray. Cover lightly with waxed paper. Leave ends open. Fresh meat requires free air circulation. Do not cut or chop meat until just before using. Both fresh and cooked left-over meats spoil quickly when cut or chopped.

Get this free booklet now

WARTIME SUGGESTIONS — 36 pages of helpful, practical ideas. This meat information is typical. Get your free copy from any Frigidaire dealer. Look for his Frigidaire store sign, or find name in your classified directory under REFRIGERATORS. Or address Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corp., 451 Taylor Street, Dayton, Ohio.



Next month: "How to Make Room in a Crowded Refrigerator"

For Excellence



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Peacetime Builders of

Home Appliances, Commercial Refrigeration, Air Conditioners



Bill never did like big talk

FOURTH of July orators made him squirm. Election-day speakers made him mad. He hated big words and fancy talk.

Nobody had to sell the war to Bill. He saw his duty and left a good paying job to go and do it.

If you were to ask Bill today to set down in writing the things he is fighting for, he probably wouldn't talk about great concepts like the Four Freedoms, or free enterprise, or the dignity of man.

He'd say simply: "I am fighting for my home and my wife and the kids I hope we'll have some day. I am fighting for my right to sit in a sunlit picnic grove with my family... my right to criticise, over a coke or a highball, the Brooklyn Dodgers or the men in Washington... the privilege of watching my son

grow in the image of me and my wife instead of some dictator."

These are a few of the thousands of "little freedoms" that add up to the American way of life—and that essentially is what Bill is fighting for. He'll do his job and we folks back home must get on with our job.

There is much to do and not much time to be wasted talking about it. In the column on the right we are printing a check list to serve as a reminder of the jobs that have to be done by us at home.



We at National Distillers don't like big talk any more than Bill does. We wish to state simply that we, like the rest of the distilling industry, are devoting our entire production facilities 100% to war alcohol—used for munitions, rubber, medicines and many other essential war needs, and are producing no whiskey today.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Check this list. It will help you decide—

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP WIN THE WAR?

- I regularly buy War Stamps and Bonds—at least 10% of my income.
- I avoid unnecessary expenditures in order to help prevent inflation.
- I cheerfully observe all rationing regulations and do not hoard.
- I budget my ration points carefully and don't waste food.
- I work where I can do the most good for the war effort.
- I get to work on time and am never avoidably absent.
- I do my best to stay healthy.
- I do my best to avoid accidents, especially if I work in a war plant.
- I watch what I say and spread no rumors.
- I conserve tires and gasoline.
- I share my car with others.
- I travel only when absolutely necessary.
- I carry my own bundles when shopping to save manpower, gas and tires.
- I contribute to the Red Cross and all War Relief funds.
- I save and turn in scrap metal, used cooking fats and other needed materials.
- I do Civilian Defense work.
- I work with the Red Cross or other volunteer groups.
- I am a regular blood donor.
- I volunteer for Nurse's Aide work.
- I pay my taxes on time and in full.
- I do community social service work.
- I am prepared to quietly cooperate with the F.B.I. in apprehending suspicious persons.
- I am growing a Victory garden.
- I contribute books to the men in the service.
- I write to friends and relatives in the service.
- I observe dimout and blackout regulations to the letter.

This list, of course, is not complete. Every man, woman and child will find many other ways to help. Check this list with your neighbors and find out what they are doing. But get going! Do all you can! And do it now! Consult your local Civilian Defense Council for further information.

These famous bottled-in-bond 100 proof whiskies are offered from stocks distilled years before Pearl Harbor

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CORNS GO

while YOU carry on!

Dr. Scholl's 4-Way Relief
Acts Instantly

1. Sends pain flying
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YOUR patriotic duty is to keep your feet fit! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve your misery from corns and gently remove them—while you carry on! These soothing, cushioning, protective pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful pressure. NOTE: If corns have formed, use the separate Medicated pads supplied for removing them. The pads alone will give you immediate relief and prevent sore toes, corns, blisters from new or tight shoes—an other advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over old-time caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toilet Goods Counters. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

TENDER, HOT FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tender, perspiring feet. Soothing, cooling, and refreshing. Send it to the boys in Service. 35¢.



Step Lively with Non-slip

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Now, at home, you can quickly and easily lift telltale streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownstone and a small brush does it—of your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownstone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent, is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60¢ and \$1.00 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNSTONE today.

QUICK REPAIRS!

Loose drawer pulls can be quickly, easily reset with P.W. Handles like putty, hardens into wood. At Paint, Hardware and 10¢ Stores.



PLASTIC WOOD



Native village, where the men of one PT squadron live, is turned into a sea of mud by frequent rains. Men took over thatched huts, built their own furniture to keep busy.

PT BOATS (continued)

Then Nak came to. While he had been listening to the birdies sing, his half-conscious men had executed a successful attack, broken off and conducted a retreat.

As you can see, we were busy those nights. The men were losing a lot of weight. And yet no one slacked off. Take Bracy. Most of the cooks were moved ashore into the base force. But Bracy refused. He would cook pies and cakes all day and we would eat the stuff out on patrol, while Bracy stood lookout. He had wonderful eyes and was always spotting something. The men said he could see through a keyhole at 20 ft.

The battle that turned the tide

Everyone has heard of the great battle of Guadalcanal, November 12 to 15, when we broke the Japs' backs. We fought part of it and we watched part of it.

The squadron had been in action almost continuously for ten days and we knew the Japs were making their big attempt. Everybody was very tired and had the shakes, both officers and men. On the night of the 13th-14th, there were only five boats left in condition to patrol and one patrol had already been out, so that left only three boats running. But a big Japanese battleship had been reported hanging around all day with lots of destroyers, so we took our three saucy rigs out against it.

First we had to screen one of our crippled ships that was being towed in. Then they sent us over for the big game. The Japs were lying over there shelling Henderson Field. They had put a flare up over the beachhead, which lit things up nicely for us. One ship appeared heavier than the others, it looked like either a battleship or a heavy cruiser. Stilly got on a collision course, approached to 1,200 yards, fired a spread and moved away without ever having been seen. At least one torpedo found its target. Then Jack fired and got two hits on one of the screening destroyers. Our best results came from what seemed to be the easiest attacks, like this one.

We fired 18 torpedoes that night. Every time we fired a spread, we used to think, "Golly, there go 40,000 bucks." This night we spent \$180,000. But we figure we cost the Japs plenty more than that.

When we came back in, there wasn't a fish left in any one of the tubes. Assembling and mounting torpedoes is a mean job. The way that job was handled the next day, so that three boats could go out with fish in them that night, was certainly a tribute to the base force.

The soul of the base force was embodied in a chief torpedoman named Long, whom we called Shorty. Shorty was a small, quiet self-effacing guy who had been in the Navy for over 20 years. In no time at all, Shorty Long and his side-kick, another chief named Wing, got a really respectable torpedo shop going. Shorty would visit machine shops on various ships and he would come out with his clothes just bulging with tools, rope, odds and ends—and then he'd say he just couldn't think how those things had got in his pockets. Malaria and dengue fever knocked Shorty out badly for a while, and he looked 65 when we came out, though he couldn't have been more than 45.

Getting torpedoes into the boats is a highly complicated and very technical business. But Long and Wing went to work before the sky turned from black to gray in the morning and they didn't knock off until it was too dark to see a thing. Then three boats were ready.

No torpedoes were fired that night (November 14-15), but for those who were out it was the most terrific night of the whole campaign.



A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave every day—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

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You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean without scraping or irritating the skin.

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For men who must shave every day—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

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If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-03, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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"Shorty" Long, chief torpedoman, worked all day and night assembling the torpedoes.



Marvin Crosson, Nikolovic's torpedoman, read Plato and Schopenhauer.

PT BOATS (continued)

At the port director's office that evening we were told that a Jap invasion fleet — not just a task force; this time it was an invasion fleet — was on its way. The Japs had destroyers, cruisers, at least one battleship, possibly two, and a whole bunch of transports.

They also said: "We may have a battleship task force, Admiral Lee's outfit, coming up here to meet the Japs, but we're not sure. Even if they do come, we don't think they'll get here in time. We want you fellows to sift through the destroyers and cruisers and get the transports."

It was certain suicide. Nik, for one, was dripping with sweat when he left that office. He had never been so scared. He didn't expect to live through the night.

When Nik went aboard his boat, the crew clustered around and asked for the dope. He didn't have the heart to tell them. He said: "I don't know for sure, I think some Japs are supposed to be coming down. I'm not sure, maybe we'll get the word on the radio later."

We got out on patrol and ran up and down like frightened terriers. Finally Robbie picked up the Japs. His radioman came up with a dull voice and said: "Here they are."

Robbie came on, just as dull, with "Well, let's see what we can do."

We turned and there, just west of Savo Island, we saw them. Counting the mirages our frightened minds conjured, there were a thousand ships spread out there. It was the greatest show of force any of us had ever imagined, much less seen. Even our boats seemed to tremble as we deployed for what we knew would be our last runs.

Just then a cheery singsong voice, not one of us, came up on the radio. It said: "Boys, this is Ching Chong China Lee. Do you know who I am?" We all knew that Admiral Lee had spent several years on the China station.

Robbie's deep voice boomed out on the radio: "Yes sir, we sure do!"

He came back with: "Get the hell out of the way. I'm coming through."

You have never seen three PT boats move the way we did. We almost took on some altitude.



Robert Wisdom, torpedoman and champion growler, was big, tough and efficient.



Teddy Kubarski, gunner's mate proved calm and quick under Jap fire.



John Dor, machinist's mate, loved to show off his tattoo, an enormous eagle



Loran Good, engineer, was always tinkering with engines. His boat was fastest.

We withdrew northward and as we did we saw Lee go by with his force. It was pathetically small, compared with what we had seen of the Japs, but it looked like mama to us little babies.

We stopped our engines. Porterfield went below and made some sandwiches and coffee. We all went up and sat on the foredeck, and half an hour later we were all sitting there eating tuna fish sandwiches, sipping coffee and watching from a front-row seat one of the greatest battles of this war. It was just like sitting at Ebbets Field. Only different.

We sat there for a time and nothing happened. Then somebody dropped a number of flares. We don't know which side. The destroyers opened fire first with some small stuff, over near Savo Island. A few ships exploded. Each explosion gave off some daylight. First we'd see a ship explode, then there'd be huge burning for a minute or so; then there would be another explosion, then there would be the burning again.

Then the battleships began.

There would be a little flash. Three red balls would then go into the sky, up, and over, and down, and then whoomp! A ship would blow up. We can't remember a single time that those three red American balls went across the sky without something being hit. It was unbelievable.

The two groups of ships were operating about five miles apart. You could just sit there and watch this whole Jap fleet blowing up all night. Each time the Americans would fire, something would blow up. Those three red balls would go up and seem to hang there in the sky, and they seemed to go very slowly. But very surely.

The Japs fired too, with everything they had, to try to stop this slaughter. But they just weren't as good. A couple of our destroyers did blow up, we saw them. But the main impression was watching the three red balls.

This went on for about an hour, or maybe two or three. It really didn't take very long to clean up that Japanese fleet.

We were just sitting there on the deck the whole time. We were so impressed and amazed at the sight that nobody spoke for many minutes after the thing died down. Finally one of the men said: "Jesus Christ, what a sight, what a sight."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Henry Duff Bracy, baker, preferred Jap-chasing to doing shore duty as cook.



John Legg, quartermaster, always apologized for pointing out the skipper's errors.

OFFICIAL PHOTO,
U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

GRAFLEX-made Cameras

...in ships like this...
are picturing the way
to VICTORY

THE FOLMER GRAFLEX CORPORATION
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

You can't fool your feet!

When it comes to picking the right shoes, your feet are the best judge. Instantly they recognize the flexible feel of good leather and natural-fit comfort. That's why feet love Walk-Overs, the shoes that are as carefully tailored inside as outside. For a bit of heaven-on-heels, choose BAMBI, cushiony platform-shoe in butter-soft tan Brogan. Walk-Over prices: \$8.95 to \$12.95. Gen. E. Kestli Company, Brockton, Mass.





Almost all of the Nescafé that is made these days goes to the Armed Forces—only a little to civilians. Yet every cup that is consumed on the home front—or in canteen cup on the fighting front—helps conserve coffee. It is a fact that each pound of coffee used in the manufacture of Nescafé produces at least twenty more cups of the same strength than is produced by ordinary household methods. Thus, precious coffee is conserved because

1. The Nescafé process scientifically extracts all of the soluble coffee from the beans.
2. Nescafé's added carbohydrates "seal in" the flavor and aroma.
3. Waste is eliminated—you make only the exact amount you need.

A Nestlé product, composed of equal parts of skillfully brewed soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U. S. A.



PT BOATS (continued)

It was the terrible power of the thing that got us. You could guess what was happening there in the ships, the men blowing up, the men being hurt, the groans, the people and the things in the water.

As we talked it over, we spoke unnaturally, almost pompously. We couldn't help it. One man said: "What a terrible loss of men and equipment we have witnessed in an hour."

When it was surely over, we sat around and talked about battleships for awhile and then went home to our base.

After that night, things tapered off a bit, understandably. Toward the end of the month we occasionally had a job nobody liked. That was to stay out after dawn and strafe stores that the Japs would float off destroyers on oil drums. We had become a bit feline by now; we liked nights best. Dawn made us uneasy. Men like Nale and Wisdom would say: "I don't think we'd ought to stay for the weekend, Skipper," or, "Hell, Skipper, I'm so hungry, let's go home before I start eating rags."

A little later on our effectiveness fell off 100%. We had had enough; we were no good any more. All of us had had malaria or dengue fever or dysentery. We had all lost 10 to 30 pounds and were terribly nervous. We weren't closing properly with the enemy any more. Every time we reported in before a patrol we would be wringing with sweat. We prayed that the Japs wouldn't come down. We were no good any more. About the only thing that held us together was Robbie Robinson's leadership and understanding.

We had been incredibly lucky on casualties. We had only lost one officer and one man, and they got theirs while riding in another squadron's boat. But we began to lose men by disease. Nemeck died. Silent Joe, we called him. Bobby remembered a phrase from one of his letters to his mother that he had censored: "It's exciting here and naturally I'm scared. But I guess the Japs are scared, too." Peritonitis got him, not Japs.

After three months even Wisdom wore out. Stilly had to relieve him. After his relief he suddenly looked ten years younger and nobody could get him to bitch about a thing.

We began to have disciplinary trouble. One of our gunners was a bloodthirsty kid. He had had two ships sunk out from under him; the *California* at Pearl Harbor and then the *Seminola*. He would ride on Higgins boats, carrying supplies out to the ships, a dangerous mission, just for the fun. He even fought with the Marines at the Matanikau River, to see what it was like. He lived on Snob Hill and one night some fellows needled him. They threw his bunk over the cliff. He got sore. He went down and got himself a couple of Tommy guns and Springfields and announced he was going to hold that hill against all comers. He was crazy mad. Everyone took to fox-holes. Finally Charley Tufts went up and talked the guns away from him.

An unhappy Christmas present

Christmas Eve was one of the unhappiest nights in all our lives. The U. S. hasn't been in the war long enough to realize the accidents that are bound to happen in war, especially in night fighting. We think it is only right for the people to hear about these accidents accurately, not by word of mouth and rumor, which is worse.

On Christmas Eve a couple of fellows were out on patrol. Robbie and Nik were standing by. Suddenly Tom Kendall, one of the boys who was out, came up on the radio: "We have sighted a Jap destroyer. We're attacking. Please send a plane from Henderson to check."

Robbie looked at his charts and said, "Nik, I'll bet a thousand bucks they're attacking this little island." And he pointed to an island which we, and the fliers too, had often mistaken for a destroyer. Nevertheless, air support was requested and we started out.

Well, they had attacked the island. Then they started home. About that time the planes came out, spotted two other PT's, thought they were Japs and attacked. We all screamed on the radio but those fliers never got the word. They just attacked and attacked. Finally the boats had to fire on them to keep them off.

Just as the fight ended, it was eight bells—midnight, and the beginning of Christmas Day. One of the boat captains said on the radio: "Boy, what a nice Christmas present I got."

But Christmas itself was wonderful. The Navy arranged to have a real turkey dinner sent to us with all the fixings, even cranberry sauce. And they brought up wads of mail. No fighting man could ask for any nicer present than mail from home.

New Year's Eve was pretty good fun, too. We brewed some cocktails out of medical alcohol and powdered pineapple juice. We called them Tulagi Torpedoes. They were terrible, but we got nice and high.

We had a few drinks now and again, on a New Zealand corvette which worked out of Tulagi. Its skipper was a man named Britton who weighed 285 lb. and had a laugh in every pound. He used to play the accordion and in the wardroom he had a gadget he called the American Horse-Dung Grinder, and he would turn the handle whenever our stories got too tall. Britton's exec weighed 275 lb.

One night Les Gamble, who was easily our highest scorer—he got two destroyers and several other hits—was on patrol. Communications and our dispositions were all fouled up that night. Les fired a pair of fish at what he thought was a Jap. Fortunately it was the only time he ever missed. Britton spoke up on the radio: "Are you little bastards firing at me?"

Les had to admit weakly that he had.

Britton said in a lordly tone: "The bar of His Majesty's Ship *Censored* will be closed to Americans for the duration."

That particular duration wasn't to be much longer for us, thank goodness. One morning in the middle of February a mail boat came in and someone handed a slip of paper to Nik who happened to be on the deck. "This is it, this is it!" he screamed. He showed it to Robbie who jumped up and down and shouted

"It" was supposed to be a confidential document, but within 60 seconds the whole island had the news. "It's come! It's come!" Men hugged each other and cried.

The order instructed the officers and operative personnel of our squadron to proceed to another base. We were relieved at last, after four long months.

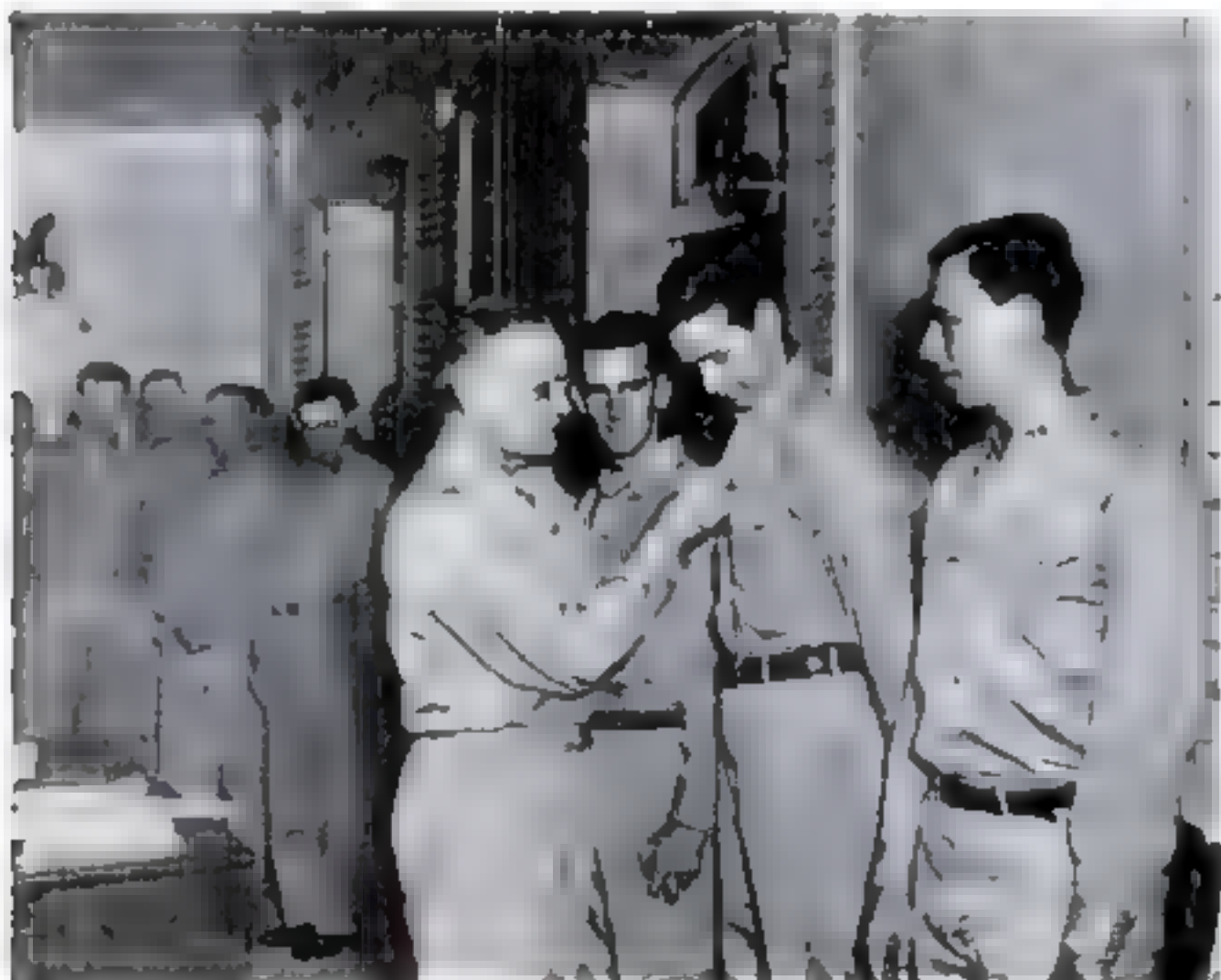
We left our boats behind. We care now but we didn't then. We were bitter then, and we thought PT's weren't good for much except carrying generals out of places. All in all, we had encountered some 250 targets. We had only sunk one cruiser (Bobby and Jack Searles), six destroyers (Brent Green, Stilly Taylor, Jack Searles, Nik Nikolovic and two for Les Gamble), one positive patrol ship (Jack Searles), and one probable (Tom Kendall and Nik Nikolovic). We had 22 hits altogether, and we think Les Gamble sank two or three other ships, and Robbie, two. But we thought that wasn't a very devastating average. We knew we hadn't prevented the Japs from fulfilling a single mission.

Now that we've cooled, we know that we weren't even intended to sink the whole Jap Navy and that we were useful as a harassing weapon. We chased the Japs more than they chased us. There ought to be more of us.

But bitter as we were when we left, we were at least friends. For the boat captains, at any rate, that was worth all the horrible things. We boat captains mostly went to Ivy League colleges. We had led sheltered lives. Another way of saying, that is, that we were snobs. To discover what the men in our boats were like was the best thing that could have happened to us.

The enlisted men on the PT's don't get much glory these days but we couldn't have done a thing without them. We value their loyalty and friendship. Stilly says that the thing that pleased him most out there was not sinking a destroyer, not getting his Silver Star. It was having one of his men come up one day and say: "Skipper, don't mind if I say this, but I hope to Christ we'll have a chance to go out on a binge together someday."

They have.



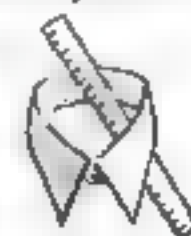
Admiral Halsey pins Silver Star on Lieut. Taylor at South Pacific headquarters. Searles (next to Halsey) and Nikolovic (right) also got stars for "conspicuous gallantry."



Keep cool, look cool, this busy summer—wear a famous Manhattan Vericool Shirt. Through a thousand windows, its open, porous weave invites each fresh breeze.

Vericool is *Size-Fit* (average fabric shrinkage is 1% or less) and the collar is hand-measured for precision accuracy. Vericool, like all Manhattan Shirts, is *Man-Formed*—*shaped* to fit.

When it's hot—make sure you do what you can to be *very cool*. Wear a Manhattan Vericool! . . . Price \$2.50.



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VERICOOL SHIRTS

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



A soldier's favorite food is shown above: roast chicken, mashed potatoes, corn, lettuce salad, cookies—with ice cream when there is ice cream—and hot coffee. Other little-wasted foods are roast beef, frankfurters, baked ham, roast veal and sausage. Soldiers don't like food cuts.

His least favorite food is served below: liver, pan-fried potatoes, kale, turnips, bread and lard and hot tea. Kale is very good for soldiers, but they won't eat it. Three-quarters of kale served is sent back wasted. Though they like fruit, soldiers can't go very much for green vegetables.





Garbage-can investigators visited 500 Army mess halls to see what kinds of food are thrown away. They found that new soldiers wasted more food than older hands.

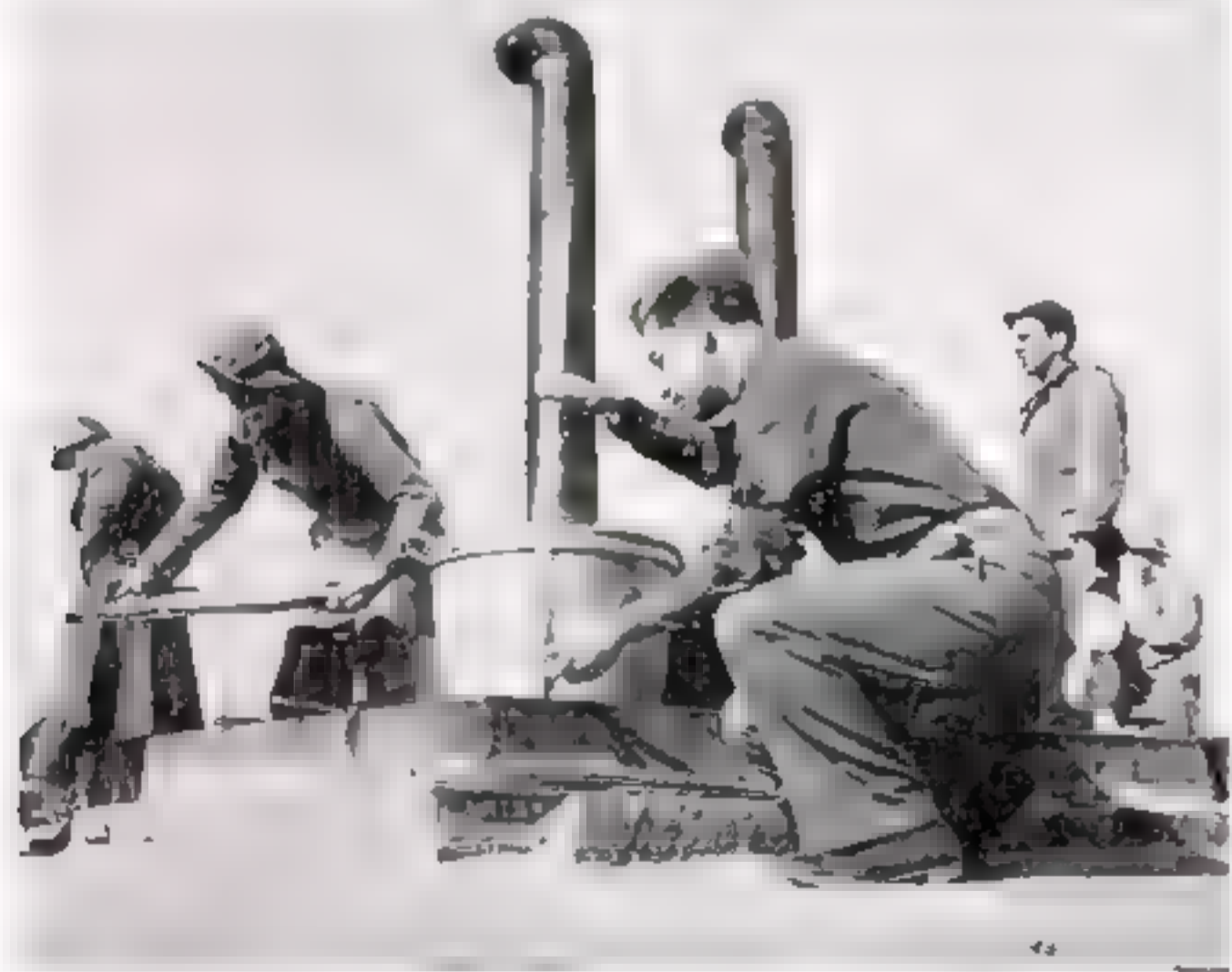
SOLDIER FOOD

Army finds a way to cut down its food wastage

Months before columnists and Congressmen began to get excited about the way the Army wasted its food, the Army's Quartermaster Corps was worrying about the problem. When it discovered that as much as 20% of the food served soldiers was not eaten, the Quartermaster Corps decided to make scientific sense out of the mess sergeant's folklore of what and how the soldiers liked to eat.

For almost two years, a detail of 50 quartermasters watched soldiers at their mess tables, peered into their garbage cans. They observed the eating or leavings of 2,474,302 Army meals and emerged with data which, when applied, have enabled the Army to reduce its food wastage to 11%.

Greatest cause of waste was not cooking or type of food, but mealtime absenteeism. Mess sergeants had always prepared food for the number of men who answered the morning roll call. They never properly calculated the number of men who were present at roll call but absent from meals—because of indisposition, snacks at the post exchange, early leaves. Now they allow for mealtime absenteeism, which runs up to 35%. Another great cause of waste is food preference. The Army now knows that soldiers do not like soups or pudding. It knows that they prefer fruit and gelatin dessert to pie, dry cereal to cooked, any kind of meat to liver, anything at all to kale.



Food in containers standing on field stove was measured in inches. Soldiers out in the field and on rifle range ate more. They also eat more heartily on cloudy days.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



As Far Apart as the Poles

WHEREVER they may fly, within the arctic circle or over the equator, there's one great advantage the aircraft of the United Nations have over those of the Axis powers . . . the advantage of oil that has greater resistance to the damaging effects of heat and cold . . . oil that lubricates better and lasts longer, no matter what the temperature.

Today, Quaker State's four great modern refineries, using Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil exclusively, are working at full capacity . . . day and night . . . to help maintain this important advantage in lubricating oils which Nature has provided for the United Nations.

In quality, Quaker State oils and the best natural . . . or synthetic . . . lubricants that the Axis scientists can produce are *as far apart as the poles*.

Have you considered the importance of Quaker State for your car? Now, when it is your patriotic duty to preserve your car, you should buy the best lubrication obtainable . . . Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pa.





Making soldiers stand at attention before seating themselves, which is a discredited Army regulation, causes them to eat less than when allowed to sit down and fall to.



Allowing soldiers to smoke at meals increased food consumption 5%. Army gladly allows smoking. Curiously enough, men eat better when officers join them at mess.



Negro soldiers waste more than whites when they serve selves in cafeterias, their eyes being bigger than their stomachs. But at regular mess they waste less than whites.



*Who says you
can't get a
good Martini?*

ARE you finding the *makings* getting scarcer and scarcer?

A queer *changing place* creeping into the Martinis served to you?

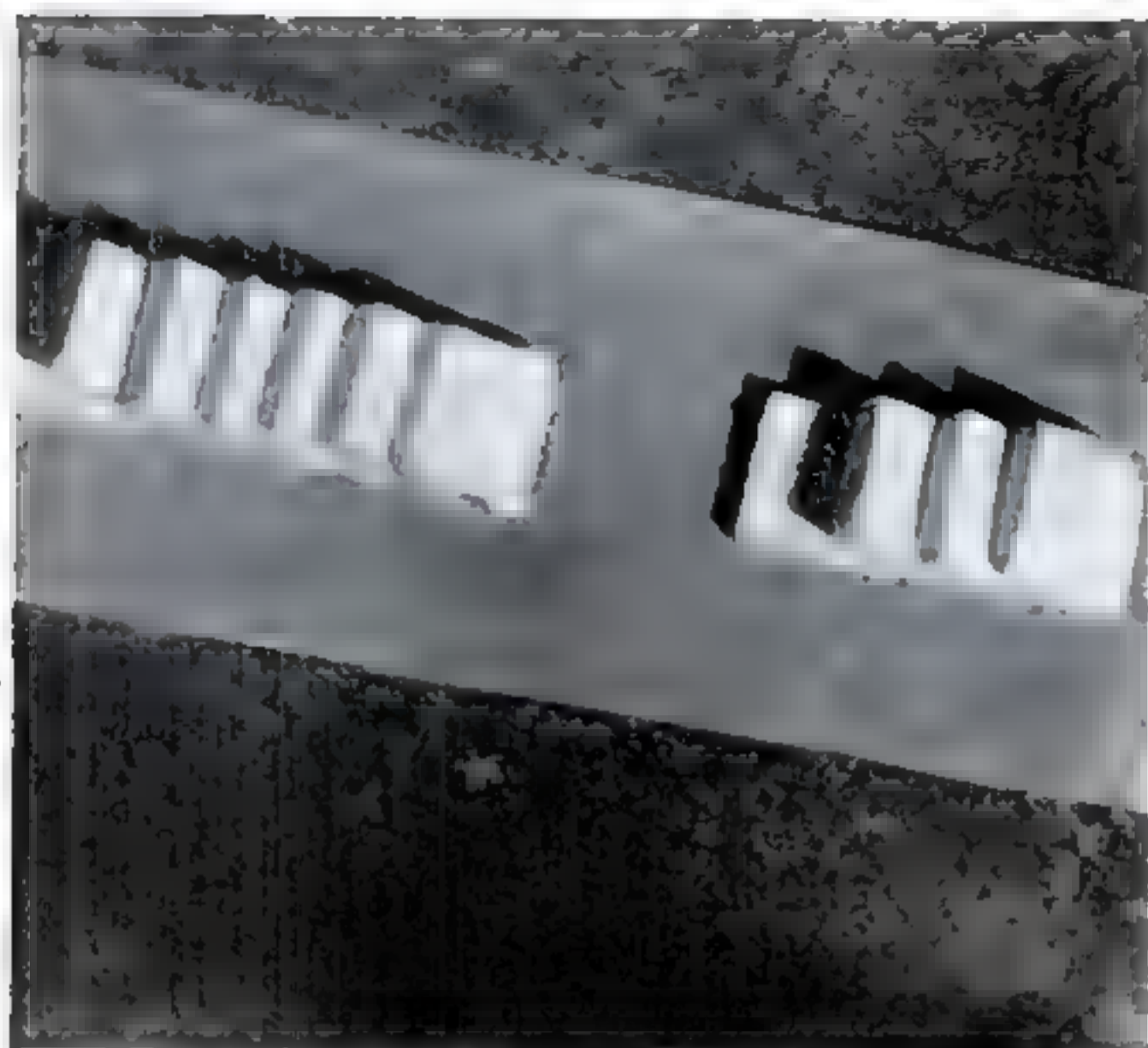
Can down like *us* your local liquor store can supply the finest Dry Martinis you ever tasted — already mixed to this date perfection — you just add ice and serve. Or *be a party*, or a *day* today!

HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS

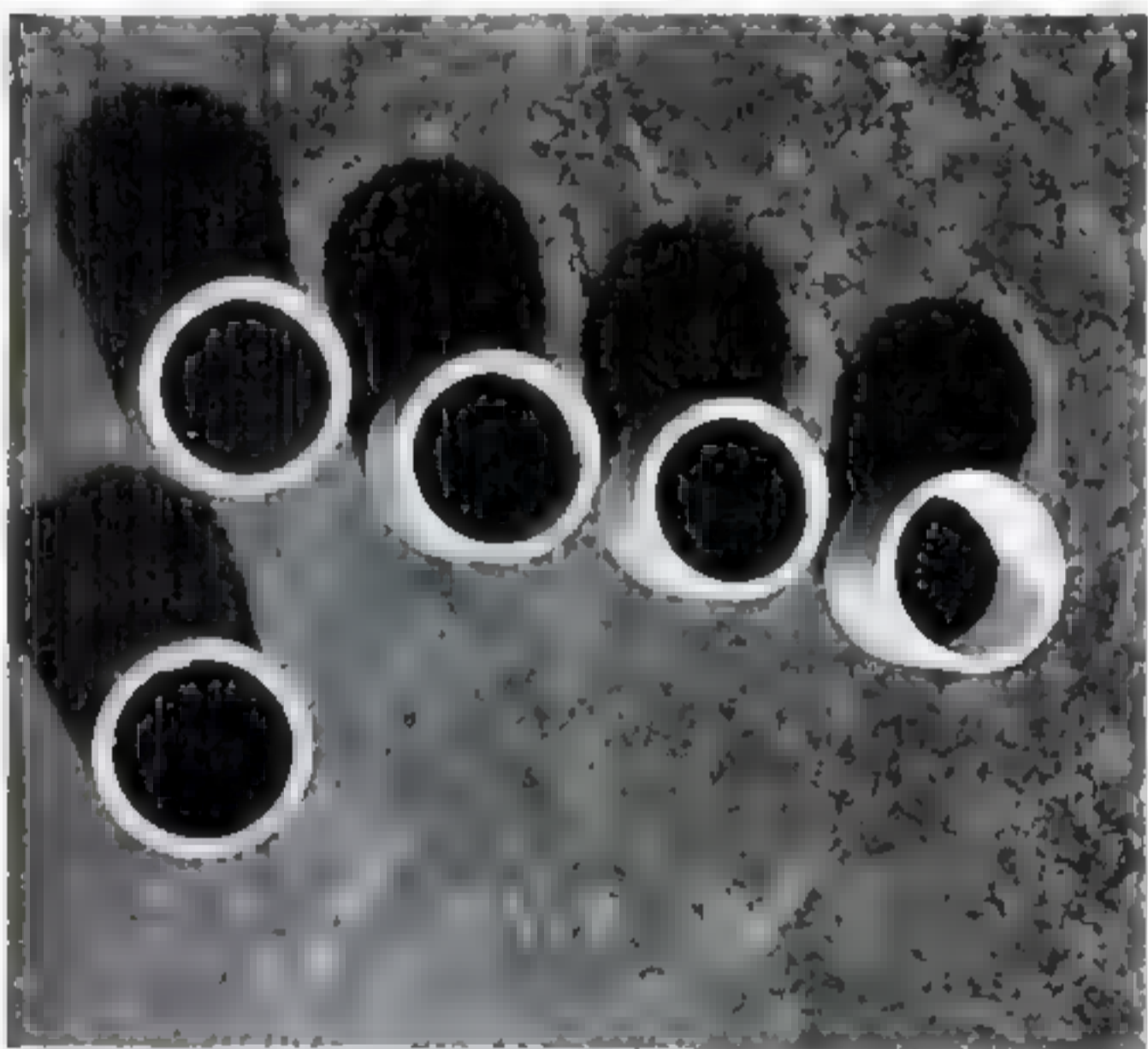
Dry Martini, 71 proof • Old Fashioned, 80 proof
Martini, 60 proof • Daiquiri, 70 proof
Manhattan, 65 proof • Side Car, 60 proof



★ Made of *Milshire Gin* (the genuine pot-still gin) and the world's finest Vermouth.



The Army gets short butter rations. Instead of 1.89 oz. per day, a soldier gets 1.12 oz. He still eats well, puts away 5½ lbs. of food a day against less than 4 lbs. for civilians.



Coffee rations are short, too. Instead of getting almost four cups of coffee a day a soldier now usually gets one. Soldiers prefer weak coffee to strong and cocoa to either.



Preferences in potatoes are carefully measured with a scale and a calculating machine. Order of potato popularity is: mashed, boiled, baked, hash browned, pan fried.

AMERICA IS SMOKING *MORE**

* Government figures show all-time peak in smoking



SKY-PASSENGERS on Pan American Clippers are served with America's FINEST Cigarette!

And far more Americans
are wisely smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!

Doctors report, in medical journals, that:

**EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT
DUE TO SMOKING, CLEARED UP COMPLETELY—OR
DEFINITELY IMPROVED . . . WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED
TO PHILIP MORRIS!**

No claim is made of any curative power in
PHILIP MORRIS. *BUT*—this evidence clearly
proves PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating for nose
and throat—therefore better for you. Try them!

And do they taste GOOD!



**CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS**
America's FINEST Cigarette



Louis Chighizola, at whose tomb Lyle Saxon (above) makes notes, was son and namesake of one of Lafitte's lieutenants in piracy. The original Chighizola, an Italian, was known as

Nez Coupe because he had lost part of his nose in a duel. The tombs in bayou cemeteries are very solidly built to prevent their being devastated by frequent storms. On Allhal-

low Eve they are aglow with the spooky light of hundreds of candles. Gloomy beaded wreaths mark adult graves. Tombs of young people are decorated with ornate china flowers.

Life Visits the Pirate Country of Louisiana

Historian Lyle Saxon explores their hideaways

Between New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico stretches for 60 miles a mysterious swampland known as the Lower Bayous. Here live the descendants of a band of pirates who 125 years ago did a wealthy business in slaves and booty seized from incoming cargo ships. Of these 1,000 men "of every shade of complexion and villainy" Jean Lafitte was the young and daring leader. With his brother Pierre, he lived like a king on the tiny, wind-swept islands in the Gulf where he could intercept the Gulf commerce and smuggle the booty into New Orleans.

During the War of 1812 the British tried to bribe Lafitte, but he offered his services instead to the U. S. Louisiana's first American governor, Claiborne, refused them until Andrew Jackson appeared on the scene and realized that Lafitte's men and ammunition could turn the tide and save New Orleans, which they did. Lafitte was pardoned for his sins, but respectably bore him, so he started pirating again off the coast of Texas. A few years later the Government drove him out for good.

Today the bayou people of Jefferson Parish are again showing their patriotism. Their knowledge of intricate bayou geography makes them a valuable ally of the Coast Guard in its constant watch over the strategic Gulf coastline. Last month Lyle Saxon, Louisiana's No. 1 historian, took a few days off from his work in Washington to guide Photographer Peter Starkpole through the bayou country. He is the author of half a dozen books, including *Lafitte, the Pirate* from which the motion picture *The Buccaneer* was made, and he has just completed a new book on Louisiana folklore. Born on a Louisiana plantation, he lives at the St. Charles in New Orleans.



The pirates' house (above) still stands on Grand Isle after 125 years. Legend has it that Jean Lafitte and Nez Coupe here successfully escaped from Government agents.



Mary Perrin keeps watch over a grave which, according to bayou legend, holds bones of Lafitte, Napoleon and John Paul Jones. Lafitte is supposed to have brought Napoleon from St. Helena to Louisiana.



Pirates' postoffice was a hole bored in an oak (above), where Lafitte and Nez Coupe left notes and money for each other. Saxon reported it looked genuine but disappointingly empty.



Miss T. Mercedes Adam, justice of the peace for Grand Isle, shows Saxon a gold thumb ring Lafitte had made for Nez Coupe's wife. On the table is Lafitte's sword, behind them, his bed.



Pirates' grave, said to include mortal remains of Nez Coupe, is a murky tomb which stands unmarked and untended in a lonely spot near Bayou Rigaud. Note skull in background.

Loaded for War

Take a good look at the picture below. It shows a Santa Fe train loaded for war.

That war train is ready to roll. It is going through.

In railroad language, it has the right-of-way over everything else on the line.

So it must be with all American transportation until this war job is done.

Victory Rides on Wheels

For this is essentially a war of rolling wheels.

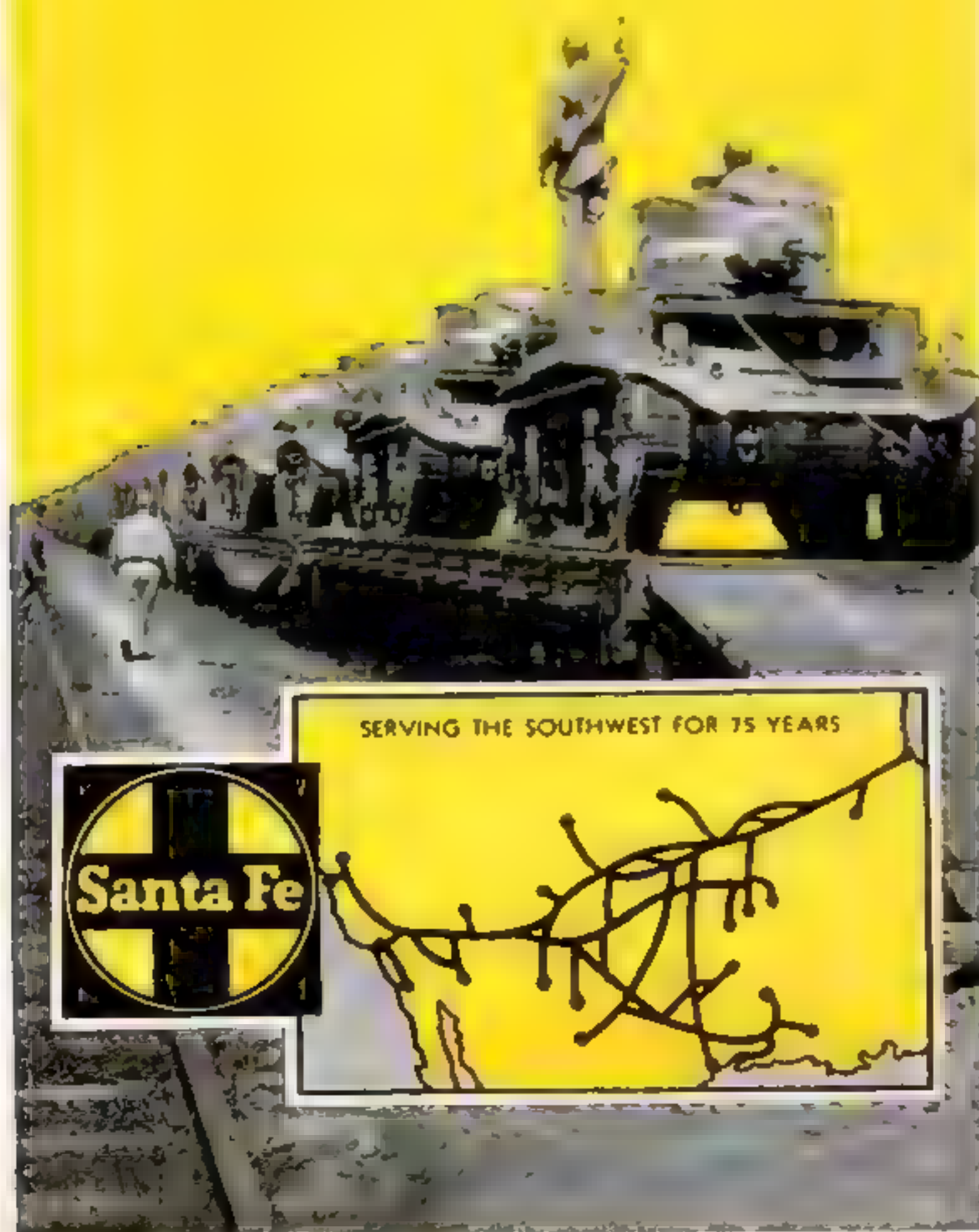
Millions of men and millions of tons of vital foods, raw materials, and finished products must be moved swiftly and surely, where and when they are needed.

Stop the wheels that move them

and we stop all the fronts and fleets as well.

That is why, on the Santa Fe, movements essential to the war effort are topping the greatest transportation job in all our history. They must come first, beyond argument or selfish interest.

* During 1942, with 25,000 fewer locomotives, Santa Fe moved 122 more freight car miles, and 79 more military and civilian passenger-miles than in 1918, during the first World War. The War Department, the ODT, and civilian shippers and travelers everywhere are cooperating 100% with the railroads of America in making resources and supplies move.



Life Visits the Pirate Country (continued)



Coast Guard Petty Officer Joseph Chighizola (right), great-grandson of Nez Coupe, typifies patriotic bayon people. He met Saxon at a Saturday night beer-hall dance.



Bayon jitterbugs are Mabel Adam (left) and island friend, Ruby Santiny. Both girls are direct descendants of Chighizola. Boys play football on the tavern dance floor.



Horace Perrin (sitting with his wife Marie) is a cousin of Mary Perrin (see p. 93). As a result of a family quarrel, Mary tells people: "Horace? He's dead years ago!"



Mme. Thérèse Rebaud Rigaud's great-grandfather owned most of Grand Isle, pirate headquarters. At 88 she does her own work, bus four grandchildren in services.



Eule Charnie is a fisherman. At 25 he makes \$150 a month (with food and tobacco) in the essential oyster industry, by which many bayou people earn their living.



Elaine Perrin, a child of pure French descent, is one of Horace's 36 grandchildren. She speaks some English, more often Cajun French. Her father is a fisherman.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FALSE TEETH WEARERS RISK DOUBLE DANGER BY BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



DENTURE BREATH—You may not know you have it, but others *do*. Stains and film that collect on plates and bridges hold unpleasant odors. But—don't try brushing

them away with toothpastes, toothpowders, soap or other makeshift cleaners. This often scratches plates, causing odorous film and stain to collect faster and cling tighter.



LOOSENING OF PLATES Do you wonder why your denture which seemed to fit at first, no longer fits so well? The reason often is that brushing with makeshift cleaners

wears away the delicate fitting ridges. This is easily done because dental plate material is at least 60 times softer than natural teeth—as proved by recent laboratory tests.



PLAY SAFE Soak plates or bridges clean in Polident daily—the method approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of denture materials. No brushing,

no danger, yet the daily Polident bath leaves your dentures sparkling clean and odor free. Even the tiny, hard-to-reach crevices and corners are thoroughly cleaned.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE No fear of "Denture Breath." No wearing down and loosening the plate. Polident, used daily, maintains the original, natural appearance of

dentures for less than a penny a day. Today—get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—80¢; 7 oz.—60¢. Your money back if not delighted.

POLIDENT

The Safe Modern Way to
Clean Plates and Bridges





WHO PAYS... FOR THE RING?... FOR THE LICENSE?... FOR THE BOUQUET?

*It's **Etiquet** for the groom to send a bouquet to the bride... to pay for the ring and the license... and to give a fee to the clergyman or justice. Don't embarrass him by sending yourself a bouquet! And, above all, don't embarrass him with under-arm perspiration and its odor. Use **Etiquet** new antiseptic deodorant cream. More effective! Works 5 ways!*

Copyright 1941
by **Etiquet** Co., Inc.
New York, N.Y.

*It's **Etiquet** that stops
under-arm perspiration 1 to 3 days*

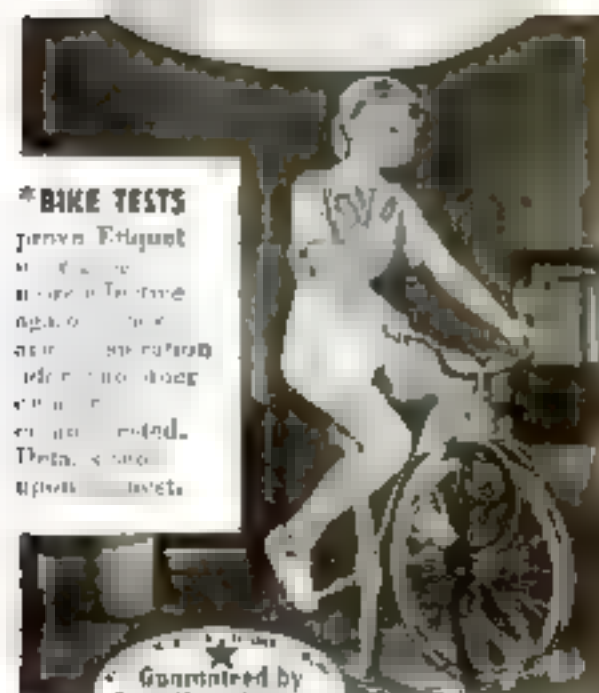


- **SAFELY STOPS** under-arm perspiration itself 1 to 3 days. Use twice a week or oftener.
- **SAFELY STOPS** under-arm perspiration odor 1 to 3 days. 24% more effective than other deodorant creams tested.*
- **SAVES ON CLOTHES.** Prevents clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to under-arm perspiration.
- **ANTISEPTIC.** Pure. Soothing. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day.
- **WORKS FAST.** Disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off. Dab on... dress... dash!

**LOOK FOR THE BLUE PLAID JAR AT
TOILET GOODS COUNTERS. 10¢, 39¢**

Etiquet

THE ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM



Buy War Bonds and Stamps!

Life Visits the Pirate Country (continued)



Fort Livingston, perched on top of island of Grand Terre, was begun in 1845 and partially destroyed by hurricane of 1893 which wiped out all structures but the brick tower. Before 1811 last remnant of house on Grand Terre and appears Grand Isle as now.



Bayou Signelle is a jungle of cypress swamps overhanging with Spanish moss, typical of the country where you never know when the water gets out. The land begins. Alligators and water moccasins rather in and out among swamp Exemthls and at



The place where poor, bare slaves were kept until they were sold at auction in a southern Louisiana town. The small, sandy wharf, long way, was named after the late slave, Fessenden, who once was against Government charges.



At dusk the croaking of thousands of frogs breaks the eerie silence. Up such waterways, which are sluggish tidal inlets, pirates by night paddled their heavily laden pirogues (little boats pulled from logs), the only means of transportation to New Orleans.

Never missed a day
in 316 years



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*The Oldest name in Scotch
Famous since 1627*

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PROMOTES
Healing
—usually without
a scar!



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88 Million Packages have been sold since World War I.

WHEN a burn preparation takes the lead and holds it for generations, there must be something to it—and there is! Unguentine meets the modern requirements of a burn ointment.

- ★ It not only relieves pain but is antiseptic.
- ★ It is not only antiseptic but promotes natural healing.

No wonder that Unguentine has been "the first thought" in burns for generations. Keep a tube or jar on hand for first aid treatment of minor burns, scalds and other skin injuries. Don't wait until the accident happens! Get a tube, tin or jar from your druggist, today!

FREE . . . First Aid Booklet
—"WHAT TO DO"

We will be glad to send you our pocket size booklet on First Aid made easy. It's free. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

DOE'S TRIPLETS

Sirs

Four years ago there was great excitement on the W. H. Ramsey farm near Kerrville, Texas. A one-year-old doe had given birth to triplets, an event quite as remarkable as quadruplets for human beings. The following year there was even

more excitement—the doe had done it again! Now this occurrence has become a routine annual event. This photograph shows the doe, a bare 5 years of age, feeding her fourth litter of triplets, looking youthful and unaware of the sensation she has caused in the animal kingdom.

HILL MANNING

Austin, Texas



SKIRTS BALANCE

Sirs

One may dispute the point of whether war is responsible for this or not. But in any case here it is with us, men in skirts and women in trousers. The men are Grey Smith and Dick Beckinger, members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity at Car-

negie Tech. and of this university's famous Kappa Band. The girl is Gene Gottlieb, sophomore drama student at Carnegie Tech. I thought your readers might be interested in seeing how the balance in favor of skirts is being re-established.

THOMAS P. BOKMAN

Pittsburgh, Pa.



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A WISP OF *Smoke*



A warning whisper
Smudge
may be on
your teeth

At the first sign of telltale smudge on your teeth—be warned! Start using IODENT. No. 2 is made by a Dentist especially to clean hard-to-bryten teeth and IODENT No. 1 is made for teeth that are easy to bryten. Powder or Paste—Choose the IODENT for your teeth... enjoy the satisfaction of a truly fine dentifrice.



RELIEVE HEADACHES NEURALGIA & MUSCULAR ACHES



USE ONLY AS DIRECTED
ON PACKAGE
10¢ and 25¢

Lubricates • Cleans • Polishes • Prevents Rust



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

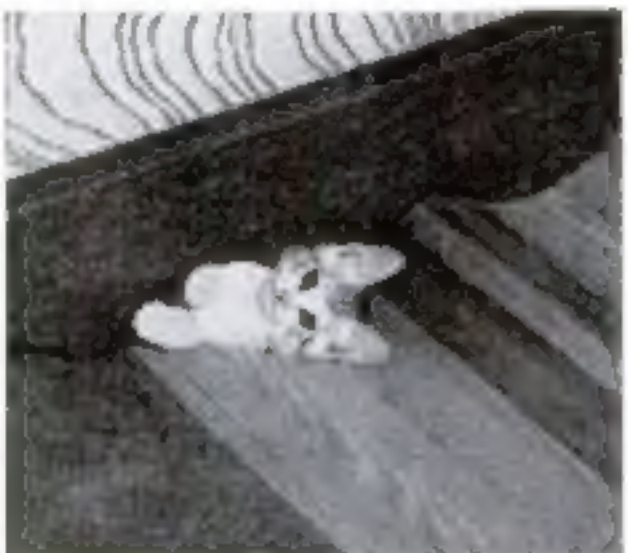
COMMANDO CAT

Sirs:

Proving that the spirit of all-out war effort has penetrated the most individualistic group of the U. S. A.'s population, these pictures show our kitten taking his Commando training seriously. With an old spool as his objective, he is learning to reconnoiter the terrain carefully before launching a full-scale and devastating attack. They had better look out, the dogs!

E. B. LEMMON

Miami, Fla.



CABIN IN THE SKY

Sirs:

It took an osprey family with determination to get a custom-built home out of the Atlantic City Electric Co. They acquired it by repeatedly building their nest of watted sticks on a high-tension pole on Roosevelt Boulevard in Ocean City, N. J. Short circuits resulted whenever it rained. Acknowledging defeat, the company erected another pole with crossbar which, as this picture shows, the ospreys found an acceptable substitute.

JOSEPH McAREE

Ocean City, N. J.



AMAZING PROFESSIONAL MOTHPROOFING METHOD now available for home use



NO ODOR • NO WRAPPING • NO STORING AWAY

JUST a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes for a whole year.

Now Mrs. Neal won't have the bother of wrapping up this suit or storing it away! She just puts it back in the closet on its usual hanger.

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas, or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries, and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, \$1.19 per quart. Dry-cleaning won't impair its year-long moth-protection, either.

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At All Drug and Department Stores—Larvex, New Brunswick, N. J.

LARVEX

ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR

LARVEX IS DIFFERENT



CHEAP! Just one LARVEXING will mothproof this \$89 upholstered chair for a year!

QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!



SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat LARVEXED fabrics!



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ECONOMIST?
JUDGE?
BANK PRESIDENT?
RUBBER EXPERT?

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SIZE AND SHAPE FOR EVERY TASTE

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Walt & Bond, Inc., Newark, N.J.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

CRANE'S FRIEND

Sirs:

The sand-hill crane is a wild, shy bird which will not even nest within sight of human habitation. Unique therefore is the enclosed picture of a sand-hill crane playing with young Wendy Walkinshaw, whose father found the bird as it was

emerging from the eggshell. Abandoned by its parents, the crane has since become a household pet, a fact which amazes ornithologists.

GEORGE B. DOLLIVER

Battle Creek, Mich.



WORM ART

Sirs:

Through a piece of light-weight balsa wood went a procession of worms, intent on depositing their larvae (visible in tunnels) in a sheltered spot. Result is this pattern showing an owl's head which

came to light when the piece of wood was split and the halves joined. The wood was not retouched, hole in center being the heart of the tree.

J. A. WESTON

San José, Costa Rica

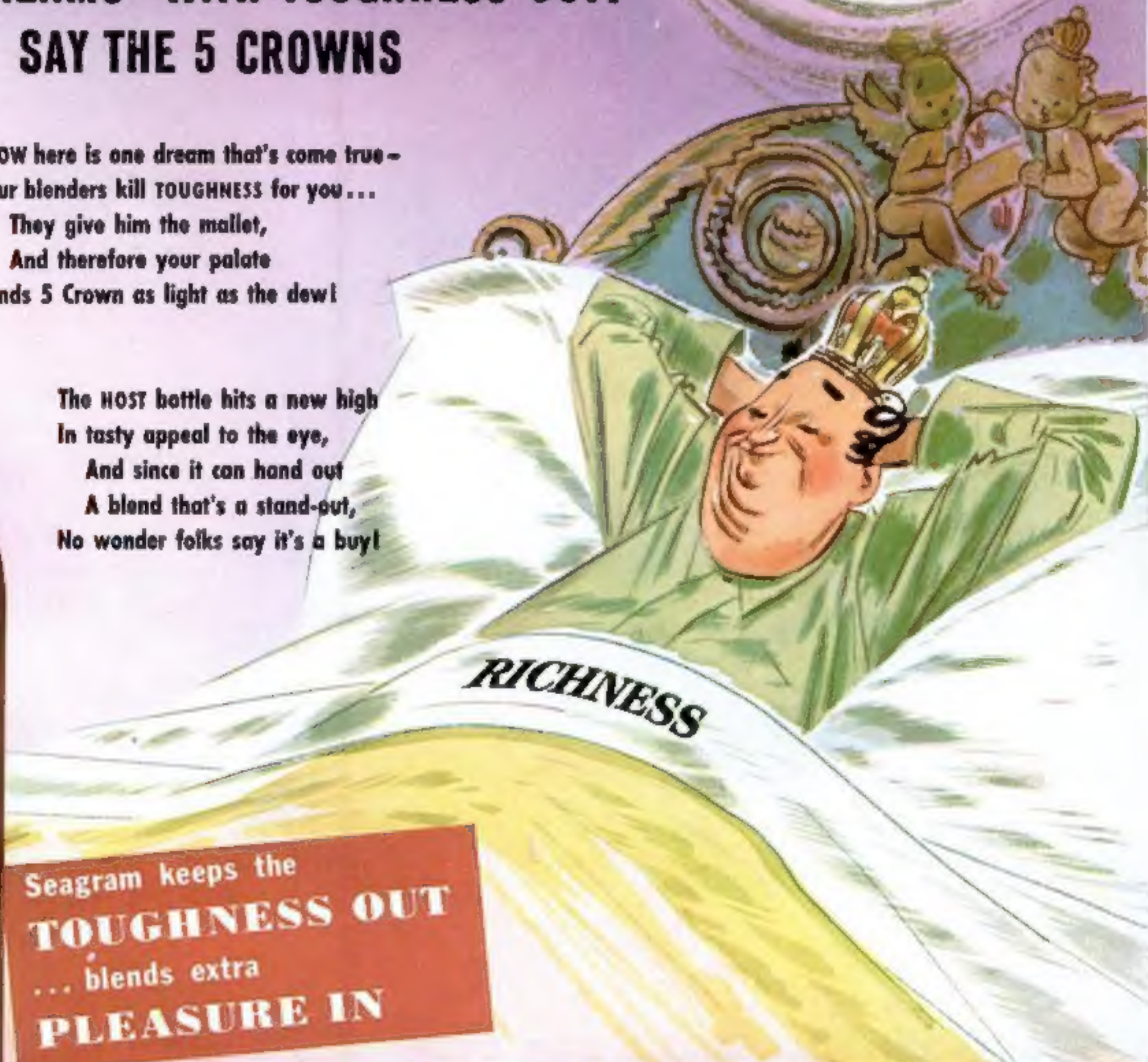




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